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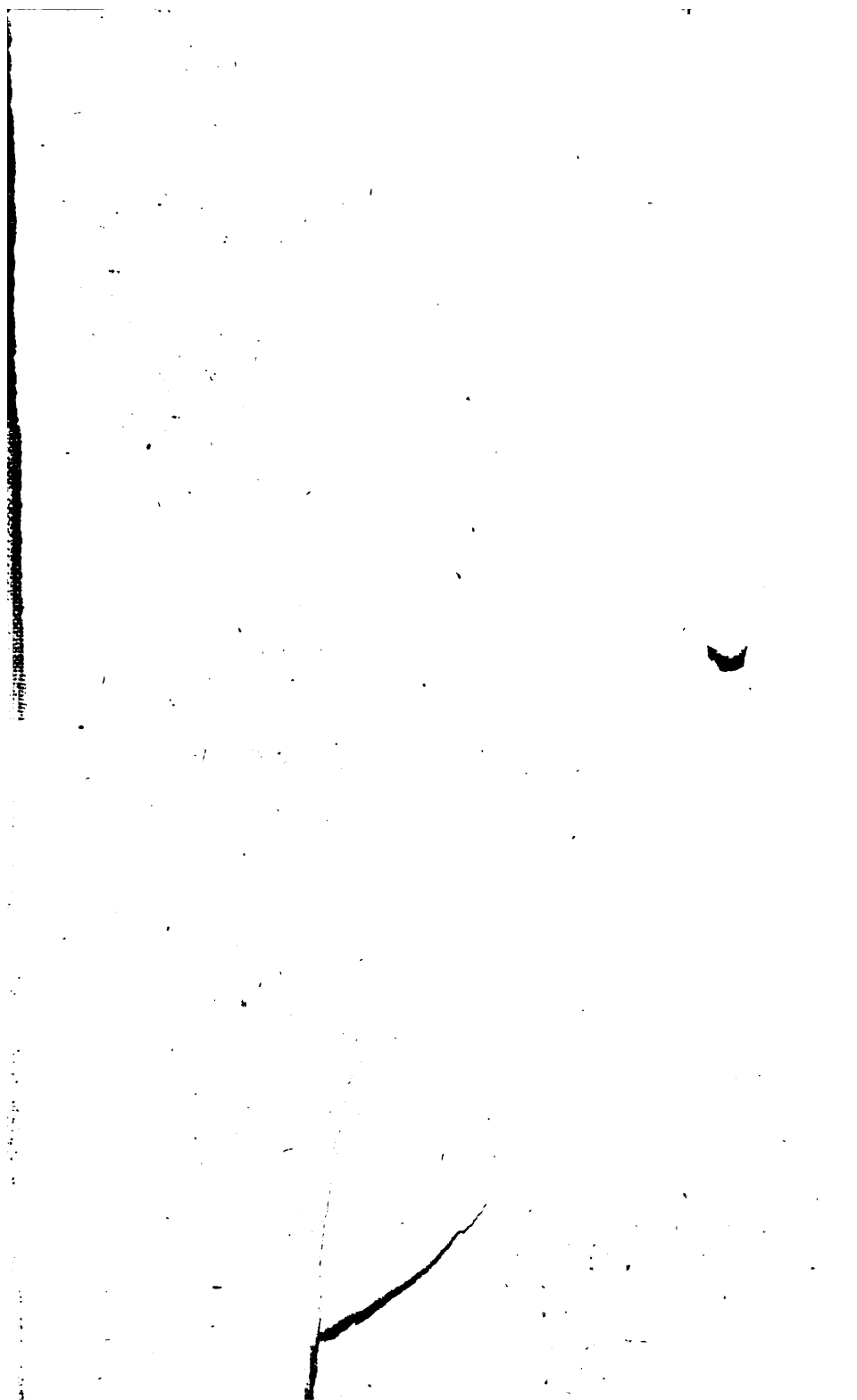
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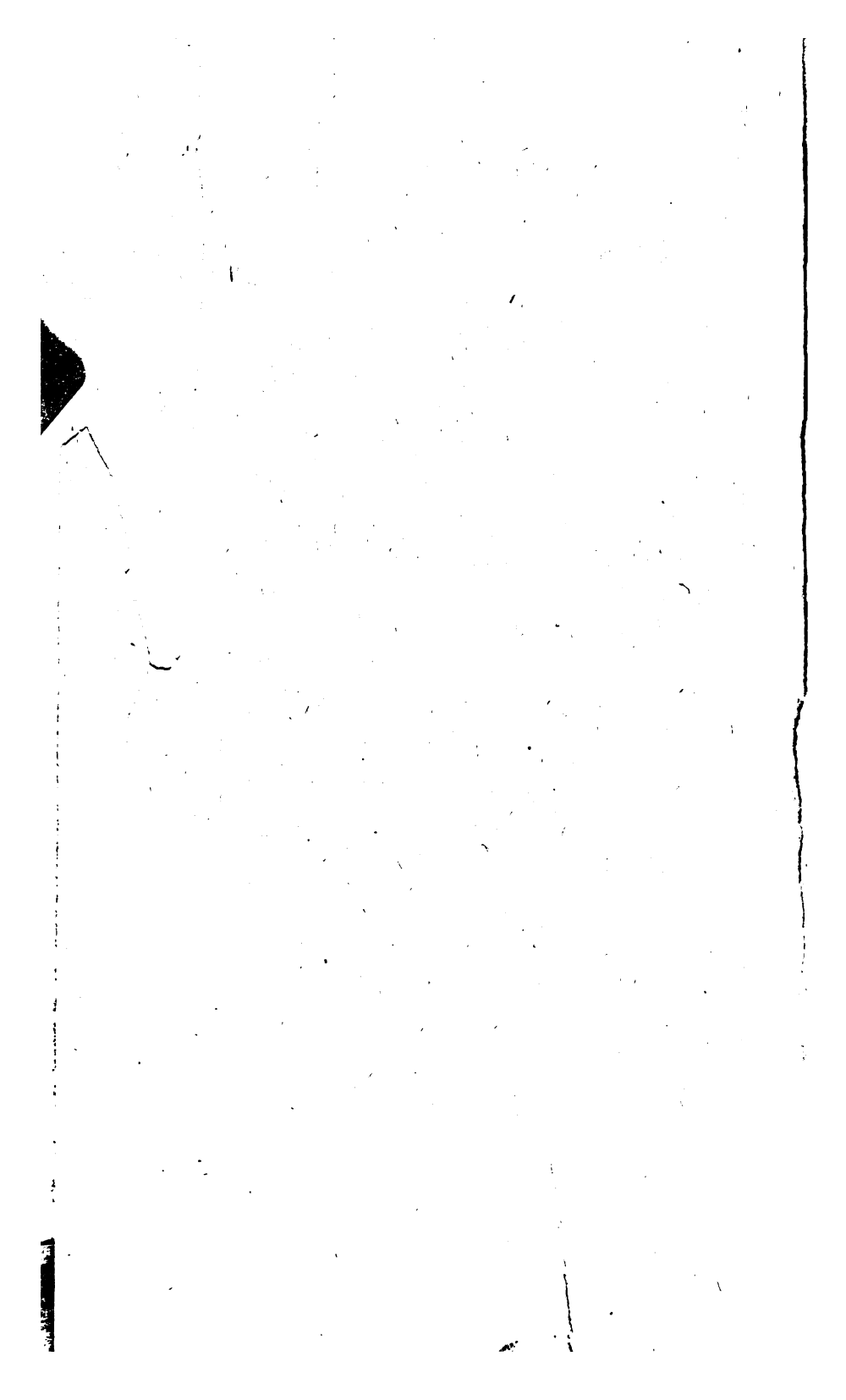
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Joseph Geldart.









THE
MONTHLY REVIEW,

FROM
JANUARY TO APRIL INCLUSIVE,
1826.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

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NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

LONDON:
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1826.



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THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW, considering the inconvenience which might arise to their subscribers from consecutively augmenting the unusual number of volumes (one hundred and eight) to which it has already accumulated, have deemed it expedient to commence a New, and they hope they may be allowed to add, an Improved Series of that Journal, with the present number.

They trust that the Numbers of THE MONTHLY REVIEW, which have been published since it was transferred to their hands in AUGUST last, have afforded a favourable anticipation of the manner in which it is in future to be conducted. Their desire is to sustain, and as far as possible to extend, the influence which this work has applied, for more than three quarters of a century, to the general improvement of the country.

They are aware that in order to deserve that influence, a Review should be carried on with an absolute disregard of all interests, whether of a public or a private nature, save only those of morals, literature, and constitutional liberty. To these interests alone the management of THE MONTHLY REVIEW is devoted; of all others it is perfectly independent. It is inaccessible to personal solicitation, or party feelings of any description: it has no prejudices, scholastic, religious, or political to gratify. Its principles of criticism are strictly judicial.

The original plan of the MONTHLY REVIEW will be adhered to, with the exception of that portion of it embraced under the title of *Monthly Catalogue*, which was in a great measure limited to minor publications. These must, of necessity, give way to the more important works with which the press abounds, in order to enable the Review to keep pace, in some degree, with the teeming intelligence of the age, by noticing every new work of consequence as soon as possible after it is published.

This object will be still further assisted by an enlargement of the pages, which will considerably augment their contents, without imposing any additional charge on the subscribers. It is the wish of the Proprietors not to diminish those facilities, which the present moderate price of each Number affords to all classes of readers, for possessing a literary Journal, popular in its form, and as compendious in its details as the variety of its matter will permit.

For the information of new subscribers it may be useful to add, that four Numbers of THE MONTHLY REVIEW, together with an Appendix, form a volume. The Appendix, which is published every four months and contains the Title-page Table of Contents and Index for the volume, is of the same size as one of the monthly Numbers, and is chiefly dedicated to *Foreign Literature*. Arrangements have been made for securing the earliest copies of interesting works published in FRANCE, GERMANY, ITALY, and other parts of the Continent, as well as in the UNITED STATES, for the Appendix, in order that each volume of THE MONTHLY REVIEW may enable the reader to inform himself of the progress of literature in all the most civilized parts of the world.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1826.

ART. I. *Substance of the Speech of Francis Jeffrey, Esq. delivered at the Public Dinner given at Edinburgh to Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P. on Friday, the 18th November, 1825.* Edinburgh, A. Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1825.

THIS brief address recommends itself to our earliest attention, not only as it discloses the views of an individual who occupies an influential station among the patrons of liberal opinions, but as the subject of it is one upon which the public and the Parliament will soon be required to form a deliberate and perhaps a permanent decision. We may presume that Mr. Jeffrey expresses the sentiments of Mr. Hume, and of those of his friends, by whom the repeal of the Combination Laws was supported, as well as of the assembly before whom this speech was delivered, and at whose unanimous request it has been published.

Of the independence and public spirit of the members of the Scottish bar, and the citizens of Edinburgh generally, we are disposed to speak in terms of the highest praise; and we will do them the justice to say, that, in sitting in judgment upon the present question, they have the merit, at least, of being an impartial jury; for we conceive that few, if any, of them have any direct interest in its decision: but we think, at the same time, that it would have been desirable to have seen Mr. Hume surrounded by individuals of a more mercantile class, and that more practical information had been evinced before deciding so unequivocally on a measure, regarding which a great diversity of opinion exists among the best-informed statesmen, and in which the interests of trade are so vitally involved.

It is admitted, on all sides, that at the present juncture considerable depression and embarrassment pervade the commercial and manufacturing community,—that the silk trade is on the brink of ruin,—that the price of the raw material of our cotton manufactures has fallen, while that of the manufactures themselves has advanced, from a cause altogether novel,—that in several districts of England and Scotland property is as insecure as it is any where in Ireland,—that machinery is rusting from being unemployed,—and that

bands of mechanics are at this moment subsisting upon the savings of past times, idle from principle, profligate from idleness, and yet complaining of inadequate wages; while the immense capital invested in that machinery, and which gave employment to those men, instead of yielding proportionate profits is, like the workmen, consuming the gains formerly acquired.

This is a fearful state of things; and yet, with the exception of what relates to the silk-trade, it is not denied that it has resulted, in no slight degree, from the wanton and vitiated conduct of those persons for whose express benefit the legislature repealed certain statutes, which Mr. Jeffrey characterises as 'unjust' and 'mischievous' restrictions on the freedom of labour. What renders this condition of things the more deplorable, as it respects the future, is, that the repeal of these laws was not an experiment attempted upon a limited portion of the labouring population, or carried through Parliament with a small majority. Had this been the case, Parliament, with a better grace, could have retraced its steps. But it was carried with acclamation, — it was unbounded in its application, — it was hailed, not only as a measure of long-delayed justice, but as the precursor of a new era of enlightened policy, by which the workman would be admitted within the pale of liberty, and bound more closely and cordially to the interests of his employer,

Never, indeed, was an act of the legislature lauded more enthusiastically; and never was there one that so instantaneously recoiled upon its advisers in deeds of more revoking outrage; or one, every clause in which might be said to operate as an encouragement to the contravention of the criminal code. Had we not crime enough? Were our provincial gaol-deliveries not sufficiently alarming, that a constitutional license had to be given to acts of insubordination, intimidation, assault, arson, and murder?

But what were these restrictive statutes, in abrogating which, such deeds of violence were hazarded? They enacted, that all combinations to raise the rates of wages were indictable offences. In other words, combination was deemed so grievous an evil in a country so extensively commercial as this, that the law visited it with fine and imprisonment. The learned gentleman therefore states only one side of the case, when he affirms, that 'it was made an offence for the whole workmen to leave their employer at once if he refused to give the wages they required.' Every workman was left to the unshackled exercise of his own judgment. The law could not take cognisance of his individual acts. He might leave his employer when he chose. But the moment he entered into a compact with his fellow-workmen, to *compel* his master to accept those terms which he conceived would be most advantageous for himself or the trade, then, and not till then, the law interfered, and the coalition was punished.

These restrictions, however, Mr. Jeffrey pronounces 'fundamentally unjust in their principle, and mischievous in their oper-

action,' and the repeal of them he attributes to the persevering exertions of the honourable member for Montrose, and hails as 'one of the *happiest* and most *beneficial* of his many triumphs.' We would willingly concede to him the first complimentary epithet, if he would demonstrate to us the truth of the succeeding one.

But by what rule of reason or jurisprudence does the learned gentlemen arrive at this conclusion? Is not security to property — security to manufacturing establishments — the very *shibboleth* of commercial policy? If the Combination Laws partook of the character of injustice, surely the acts of intemperance and violence which have followed their repeal are unjust and criminal in a more aggravated degree? It may be injustice to punish a mariner for lighting a fire in the cabin of his ship, while the ship is in harbour, but the security of property demands it. It may be injustice to declare it felony in a boy abstracting an apple from an orchard, or cutting an ash-sapling in a wood, but would this kind of property be safe otherwise? It may be injustice to transport an individual for being causelessly absent from his dwelling-house between the time of sunset and sunrise, but the preservation of life and goods frequently calls such a law into operation. It is on the same principle, — the security of property, — that the law of England says a man shall suffer death for breaking a stocking frame. If we are to continue a manufacturing nation, tranquillity in the manufacturing districts, and the most perfect security of property, are indispensable. The laws, therefore, which conduce to these objects, — which subject no individual, however humble, to pecuniary loss, — which limit not the exercise of any man's ingenuity, nor the rewards of his industry, — which shield the well-disposed, and punish the machinations of the incendiary, cannot be 'fundamentally unjust.'

When we say that the statutes against combination had no tendency to depress wages, — that they did not diminish the average amount of the artisan's earnings, — that they left him *per se* free as air to exercise his calling according to his judgment, and employ his information and his talents as he pleased, we only echo the sentiments of Mr. Jeffrey himself. What are his words? 'The simple doctrines of political economy,' says he, 'demonstrate the *utter impossibility* of any set of labourers permanently getting either more or less than their *fair* share of wages by any contrivance whatever, and the perfect inefficacy of combination to increase that share.' This truth must be obvious to the most ordinary capacity. All the combinations in the world cannot raise wages one fraction above their natural level, for if they should do so apparently, the weakly or monthly increase which the workman receives is only a portion of that sum, — or, rather, of those profits, — which he idly wasted during his cessation from labour. He must eventually be a loser by this forced advance. When, therefore, combination can only prove hurtful to the interests of the labourer, when it can only have the effect of rendering property unsafe and trade pre-

carious, if not ruinous, we are at a loss to conceive why laws made to repress such a practice, even though rigorous in their enactments, should be so unhesitatingly stigmatised.

We are not, however, defending 'restrictions upon labour.' We wish trade, labour, genius, to flourish and be free, but on a principle which is consistent with public safety, and the interests of the whole body-politic. The chief point in dispute is, are those evils, which have accompanied the repeal, of lesser enormity than the severities of the former laws, and is it probable that they will abate so as to supersede the necessity of resorting to severer legislative measures? Mr. Jeffrey assumes the affirmative of this last proposition. He says they will work their own cure, that the healing hand of time, and the returning sense of the workmen, will terminate those violent proceedings of which the country stands so much in dread.

'The persons,' he observes, 'who betook themselves to them were sure to be the greatest sufferers, and, above all, it was certain, that by their very sufferings, they must soon be convinced of their error, and deterred, most probably, from ever venturing on their repetition. They were the errors of inexperience and ignorance, and led directly to their own cure. They were the natural accompaniments of a change from restraint to indulgence, and were sure to pass away like a summer-storm on the breaking up of the bad weather. They were not the symptoms of any permanent distemper in the body of our labouring population, but merely of the *seasoning fever* of men new to the climate of liberty.'

— p. 11.

That a conviction of the inefficiency and injustice of combination may induce the workmen to return to obedience and temperate conduct, none can be more sincerely desirous than ourselves. But we are afraid that this hope will prove fallacious. The mechanics of these kingdoms are not 'new to the climate of liberty,' nor are they strangers to the consequences of insubordination and crime. They have not yet forgotten the perilous examples of 1812, 1813, 1820, and 1821. In various parts of England and Scotland, cessations from work took place, especially among the cotton weavers, and the principal point of contention was a universal, unfluctuating, and standard "table of prices." The combination was carried to a most alarming extent; but such was the inconsistency of its members, and to such an extremity did they carry their obstinacy, that mendicity clubs, and provisional committees of pauperism were established; and the same men who refused to earn honestly the wages proffered them, submitted to every kind of suffering and degradation, and even accepted the alms kindly given them by those very employers against whom they contended, and whom they represented as avaricious and pinching task-masters. To these deluded men, and their starving families, it was an act of benevolence, on the part of the legislature, when it stepped in and suppressed the associations. The follies and privations of the periods to which we allude cannot surely be effaced from the recol-

lections of the workmen; and yet, neither experience nor the entreaties of those who call themselves their friends, nor the remonstrances of others who might be supposed to retain a kind of paternal influence over them, has conduced to shake their contumaciousness or improve their morals.

But this, after all, is not to be wondered at when, the varied characters of those who, unavoidably, form part of the working classes, are considered. It is not the intelligent and well-disposed labourer who is the most active or influential member of these combinations. Such a person almost involuntarily shrinks back from such scenes; and even were he disposed to obtrude his advice it would be unavailing. The most idle, and too frequently the least reputable, are the most discontented, and the readiest and the loudest in decrying the system by which they subsist. These are the men who too often possess supreme authority with their brethren, and are able to blow every accidental spark of temporary depression into a flame. To such men, whom the strong arm of the old law kept in check, the repeal has opened an almost unlimited field for the exercise of their machinations. Formerly they laboured in secrecy, and plotted, as it were, with an indictment about their necks. Their influence was consequently restricted, their measures ambiguous, and their adherents dared as little countenance their actions as they themselves durst appear conspicuously at their head. But these men, the worst foes of the poor and honest mechanic, are now protected by an act of the legislature. They can hold their court, and preside in public over a combination-fraternity, and, without being guilty of any infringement of the law, can keep the minds of the workmen in a state of perpetual excitement, and unceasing variance with their employers.

Mr. Jeffrey, indeed, reprobates those acts of violence with great eloquence, but he ascribes them 'not to the abolition of the Combination Laws; but to the *delusive opinions*, and, above all, to the *bad spirit* which had been engendered by their *previous existence*.' But here, also, we are at issue with the learned gentleman. If we could be persuaded that this *apology* had any foundation in fact, or that the hypothesis of the workmen of their own accord ceasing from their intemperate proceedings, had any foundation in probability, we would be the first to congratulate the country on the repeal of the former laws. Admitting this for a moment to be the case, — admitting that their violences proceeded from the novelty of the situation in which they found themselves, — would it not have been infinitely to their advantage if they had never found themselves in such a situation at all? If they are unable to appreciate the privileges which they have acquired, and do not prove to the country that they *can* be as temperate and tranquil when unrestrained by coercive laws, as they were while such laws were in force, what then? — We must either submit to their violences or suppress them! Is this nation so feeble, or so desperate, that we must choose the first alternative?

Nevertheless, we would not here too nicely enquire into the cause of these disorders, if we could place any reliance on the assurance that is made, that they will speedily terminate, without farther interposition on the part of the legislature. Where is there a symptom of this? At this hour, in various places, the spirit stalks abroad as alarmingly as ever. In some parts, it is true, temporary obedience has been restored; but we fear, that so far from the 'seasoning fever,' as Mr. Jeffrey calls it, being over, the present tranquillity proceeds only from exhaustion. The calm interval is only that short and hectic slumber that intervenes between the paroxysms. For two years nearly every town in the empire has been the seat of these lawless proceedings. Among all orders and descriptions of operatives the same temper has manifested itself, modified less or more by local circumstances, or the paucity of numbers. And what is most to be lamented, as it demonstrates what a slight portion of justice mingles with their motives, is, that those classes, who are paid the highest wages, are the most audacious in their conduct, and the most stubborn in refusing the conditions of their employers. The colliers and cotton-spinners are a less numerous body, and earn much higher wages than the cotton-weavers, and yet, of all the classes, these have been the most obdurate, and the most criminal in their proceedings! Here, therefore, is evidence that *reasonable wages* are not the desideratum. This simple fact demonstrates the existence of feelings which no acts of conciliation, no tenderness on the part of the legislature, no persuasion on the part of their friends, nothing, in short, but the law, can controul.

Our statesmen, we are afraid, have not well considered the dilemma in which they have placed the parties, on whom they have conferred such privileges. By the former law combination was illegal, — by the present it is legalised. Threats and acts of intimidation and violence, indeed, as heretofore, are cognisable by the statutes. But in permitting the workmen to form associations, — to meet, and deliberate, and condemn, and resolve, — is the legislature aware that it has put a sword into their hand, but has interdicted the use of it? It has given them the power of convoking diets, holding committees, framing laws, admitting members, and issuing mandates, but has refused them the privilege of enforcing a single decree. This is like granting to a company the exclusive right of pursuing a particular business, but restraining it from recovering its debts in a court of law. The consequence is, the workmen assume the powers which the legislature withheld, and usurp the prerogative of coercing refractory members, although by so doing they run the hazard of losing their charter. Is it to be supposed, that so long as the workmen are allowed to assemble, and enter into resolutions to work only at a specified price, or that so long as a minority of the trade, or a mere faction of that trade, can so meet and adopt such resolutions, that this minority, or this faction, will not find means of enlisting a

considerable proportion of their brethren into the combination? This faction we shall suppose eventually becomes the majority; but further than a *small* majority we shall likewise suppose it never reaches. How will these associated workmen act? Will it not wound their feelings and ruffle their tempers to see the minority, perhaps from poverty, perhaps from principle, thwarting their measures, and standing as it were in the gap between them and their imaginary triumph over their employers? Most assuredly it will. Human nature must have its sway, and its ruder sensibilities operate with most force in the lowliest life. The honest part of the majority will of course endeavour to persuade the recusants; the vicious part will try to intimidate them. If the former fail, family-feuds will be engendered; and if the bravadoes of the latter are unsuccessful, they will proceed to carry their threats into effect. Nothing can be more natural; and we fear not contradiction when we say that to this source alone, ninety-nine out of the hundred acts of outrage which have been perpetrated, could easily be traced. Much better had it been if the legislature in legalising these public combinations had given their members the powers of a chartered company, — a complete jurisdiction over every member of the particular trade, and the right of enforcing every order to work or strike as they might determine. In this way we would have seen the disputes of the workmen settled in a court of equity, — the refractory compelled by an injunction of that court to be obedient at the hazard of starvation, — instead of by the bludgeon-code of waylaying and assassination.

If Mr. Jeffrey has misapprehended the cause of these disorders, and displayed little of his usual acuteness in his anticipations of their *self-suppression*, he is even less fortunate in his mode of cure. We give him credit for comprehending the symptoms pathologically, but as to his mode of treatment, if we were disposed to characterise it, which we are unwilling to do, we would call to our assistance one of the inimitable works of Le Sage. In proposing certain rules, which he is desirous should be impressed on the minds of the labourers, he suggests the following as a remedy for the evil of obstinate combination:

‘ Finally, I would beg leave to suggest, that it would be of infinite advantage to the workmen, both as giving efficacy to such occasional combinations as may be necessary, and as preventing that necessity by the perpetual presence of an effectual check to injustice on either side, if workmen would generally instruct themselves in the exercise of more than one trade or branch of industry. In all the simpler and most numerous branches, this might be effected, I am persuaded, with the greatest facility; and the result would be, that when a workman left one occupation, from a conviction that the wages in it were below the proper or general standard, he could scarcely fail, if that were the fact, to find more advantageous employment in that other to which he might then at once betake himself; while, on the other hand, if a master was left by his workmen, combining to ask what was really too high a rate of wages, he might instantly supply their places with other

skilled workmen, whom a very slight and temporary advance would immediately draw from their actual employments.' — pp. 14, 15.

We have seldom seen any proposition coming from so high a quarter, that more slightly bears the impress of those talents which are so generally, and we will add, so justly, ascribed to the writer. It strikes directly at the root of all improvement in mechanics and handicraft, the elementary source of which is the restriction of mind to one particular, or at least, one ascendant avocation. Into what branches of trade would the learned gentleman introduce his improvement? We know of none, where the workman of superior excellence in one branch, is particularly conversant with any other; or where he who is the most inferior, the worst paid, and the most liable to dismissal and privation, is not generally a lecturer and an available assistant in many. In short, it is proverbial, that wherever you find an individual practising two trades he is sure to be an inferior workman; and he is rarely a degree, in point of condition, above the independence of a pauper. In case of cessation, the suggestion, if practicable, would be of no avail, and if available in some professions would certainly prove disadvantageous to the workmen themselves.

Of a far different kind are the almost prophetic admonitions of the subjoined extract. Every one who reads it must feel that it emanates from the heart. It speaks home to the passions of the deluded individuals, in a tone of ardent and yet generous reproof, which we are sure none of those who are alive to their own interests and to the duties which they owe to their country and their kind will peruse unmoved.

'The worst and most fatal aggravation of the crimes of which I have been speaking, is, that they tend to bring disgrace and discredit on the whole of those important classes; and expose millions of deserving individuals to the imminent hazard of having their hard-won liberties again taken away, for the guilt and misconduct of a few thousand undeservers. I have already said, and every one that lives in society must be aware of the fact, that the frequency and extent of the shameful outrages to which I have alluded have so much disgusted and alarmed many good and reasonable men, as to make them doubt of the policy of the late abolition of the laws against combination, and to lend no unfavourable ear to the suggestions which are so eagerly made for their re-enactment, as to make them fear, in short, they had judged too favourably of the sense and virtue of the lower orders in general, and almost to make them believe that they are still unfit to be trusted with what cannot be denied to be their rights.

'For my own part, I cannot part so easily with opinions that are so necessary to my comfort, and to all my happy anticipations for my country. I believe that this crisis is but temporary — that the authors of the criminal acts that disgrace it are but few — and that their influence arises altogether from the transitory excitement which is inseparable from the newness of liberty, and cannot continue long after it has become familiar. But I can have no assurance that this will be the belief or opinion of the legislature, or the majority of the country; and it is impossible to deny, that a little longer continuance, and a little greater

excess of these disorders, will make it difficult for *any one* to maintain this belief, or adhere to these opinions.'— pp. 19, 20.

We wish we could speak so favourably of all the precepts which the learned gentleman has embodied in his address. We are not hostile to the liberties of our humble countrymen when we say that, as a body, they are not morally ripe for the due exercise of the important privileges which they have had conferred on them. Yet we do not mean to insinuate that we are prepared to wish for the re-enactment, in their original shape, of those laws which have been recently repealed. All counter-revolutions are injurious when they attempt to restore things exactly to their former state. Allowance must be made for the feelings which have been generated, and the ideas which have grown up in the minds of the workmen during this period of Saturnalian liberty which they have enjoyed. Concessions should not be demanded from one side only. If the workmen should be prevented from combining together for the purpose of raising their wages, the masters should be prevented from combining together in order to depress them. Combination on either side tends to create that most odious of all nuisances in a free state—monopoly; and if it be rendered illegal on one side, it should be made equally unlawful on the other.

We are friendly to the principle of free labour. Every man should undoubtedly enjoy the right and the power of carrying his skill and industry to the best market he can find. But we cannot admit that labour is free, when it is obliged to conform itself to the arbitrary, and often extravagant rules, laid down by a confederacy of workmen. It is well known that, in many cases, numbers of individuals have felt aggrieved by being compelled to join associations and to abandon their employments, so long as the rulers of these rude assemblies thought fit to persevere in a course of hostility and defiance against their employers. We would have no power lodged in any quarter, which could thus interfere with the labour of any working man, and dictate to him when he may continue, and when he should suspend it. It is not merely the petty tyranny thus exercised that is most mischievous on these occasions, but the demoralising habits which even a few days' absence from occupation produces among men of industrious habits. The true principle of free labour is to let *every individual* make the best use he can of his particular handicraft; that principle is not promoted, on the contrary, it is violated, by allowing a few, or even a number of discontented men to lay down the law for the rest. We say, therefore, let combination be made criminal on all sides; for, wherever it is permitted, it is wholly inconsistent with that fair competition which the constitution of the country loves, and which is essential to its commercial freedom and prosperity.

ART. II. 1. *An Autumn in Greece*; comprising Sketches of the Character, Customs, and Scenery of the Country; with a View of its present critical State. In Letters addressed to C. B. Sheridan, Esq. By H. Lytton Bulwer, Esq. To which is subjoined, *Greece to the Close of 1825*; by a Resident with the Greeks recently arrived. 8vo. pp. 349. London, Ebers. 1825.

2. *A Picture of Greece in 1825*; as exhibited in the personal Narratives of James Emerson, Esq., Count Pecchio, and W. H. Humphreys, Esq., comprising a detailed Account of the Events of the late Campaign, and Sketches of the principal Military, Naval, and Political Chiefs. 2 Vols. 8vo. London, Colburn. 1825.

3. *Select Views in Greece*. By H. W. Williams, Esq. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London; and A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh. 1825.

MESSRS. Bulwer, Emerson, Pecchio, and Humphreys seem to be all pretty well agreed, that the prospects of the Greeks are at this moment in a most lamentable condition. So long as they had to contend against their former oppressors, the Turks, alone, they seldom failed to sustain their title to that freedom for which they have so long contended; but they seem to have been wholly unprepared for the invasion from Egypt, conducted as it has been by a young and an active chieftain, and supported by troops that nearly equal European soldiers in discipline and courage. At the commencement of the present year the Greeks were undisputed masters of all the principal military stations in the Morea, with the exception of Patras; in a few weeks, we had almost said days, they were stripped of Navarino; they suffered the Egyptian to march into the heart of the peninsula, and to possess himself of Tripolizza, and they saw their sway speedily reduced to the precincts of Napoli di Romania, where it is apprehended, if vigorously attacked, that they will not be able to make any effectual resistance.

The causes of these misfortunes, for such we must deem them, are abundantly apparent from the publications before us. Intestine divisions, and personal jealousies, the bane of Greece from her earliest existence as a nation, have again operated with as much energy as ever for her destruction. That mischievous spirit of disunion and of base ostracism, which more than once in ancient times postponed the safety and honour of the country to the gratification of private animosity, has again exposed her to the arms of the stranger, and threatens the utter extinction of her nascent independence.

We confess, however, that we are not among those who despair altogether of the fortunes of Greece, and we shall state the reasons of our hopes in a few words. While the inhabitants of Western Greece, the Morea, and the islands, were engaged in combatting for their liberties against the Sultan alone, no Christian power could assist the insurgents, without violating treaties by which their faith

was solemnly pledged to the Porte, or without giving rise to jealousies, if not to remonstrances, of too serious a character to be neglected in the present state of European affairs. But the question assumes a new shape, when the Viceroy of Egypt, whose connection with the Porte is merely nominal, sends his arms into the Morea, with the express view of adding that country, and ultimately all the Greek islands, to his African dominions. No man, we suppose, can be so blind as not to see that whatever stipulations the Sultan has made for his own sovereignty, the result will enable the Viceroy to declare himself independent of the Porte, if he succeed in his designs upon the Morea. Leaving all questions of sympathy with a Christian people out of our view, it may be asked, whether England can look on at this aggrandisement of the Pacha with total indifference? Is it of no consequence to her that an enterprising and ambitious ruler should gain such an ascendancy in the neighbourhood of the Ionian isles? Can she overlook the new influence, which the possession of Greece would give to the Pacha in the Mediterranean, and the facilities which he would thus acquire for interrupting our trade to the Levant? Can she be ignorant that the thirst of empire grows with possession, and that though the father might be contented with planting the Crescent once more at Napoli di Romania, his son might, if not checked in time, acquire the means, and conceive the hope, of raising its fallen glories in India? To say, in answer to these questions, that the Pacha is the vassal of the Porte, and that he is only executing its lawful mandates, is merely putting a thin veil over the real nature of the transaction. Even if it were not so, yet there is in the whole of this proceeding a sufficient ground for jealousy and suspicion, to warrant, and indeed to call for, the interposition of England, — an interposition which it is not improbable would have taken place before this time, had she not apprehended that the Egyptian expedition might have failed in its object. It is needless to add that two or three frigates manned by British seamen would chase the Egyptians and all their foreign recreant auxiliaries back to the Nile, and that the Greeks have already officially called for British protection.

Indeed, if this good fortune be not in reserve for the Greeks, and if it be not accelerated by the very event which seems pregnant with their ruin, we see no chance of safety for them. The volumes before us conspire to paint their situation in the most gloomy colours. Mr. Bulwer, who was sent out with Mr. Hamilton by the Greek committee, in August, 1824, to obtain information as to the nature and prospects of the Greek government, offers a very decided opinion on the subject.

‘The government,’ he observes, ‘at the time of my visit, though not what her friends might most wish, was certainly existing, and acknowledged.’

‘Its defect appears to me, and probably not without reason, that it is formed against the nature of things in the country: the deliberative body which, under present circumstances, seems likely to have little

weight, is given too much by the constitution. Even military promotion must undergo the approbation of the senate.

‘ I would wish to see Greece free, but free according to her means of being so.

‘ Are the people sufficiently enlightened to have confidence in their representatives? — otherwise, one hundred armed Mainotes have thirty times the strength of three hundred deputies.

‘ Whether Greece can, for many years, have a good government of her own, is a political problem that I will not attempt to solve. She must wade to it through much blood, and it is for her to determine if she prefers tranquillity under foreign protection, to a greater degree of independence at the price which it must cost her. — Introduction, pp. vii. viii.

Mr. Bulwer, indeed, argues, that so many inconveniences would devolve on any European power invested with the protection of Greece, and that it would require so much severity of authority to put down the capitani, or chieftains of the country, that such a measure would be as disagreeable on one side, as it would be fruitless on the other. To this it may be answered, that the capitani have been already in a great measure subdued by the Egyptian army, and every day which prolongs the presence of the invaders in the country of those chieftains, tends very materially to reduce their influence. As to the inconvenience which our government might suffer in extending her protection to Greece, we apprehend that, unless in the way of expenditure, it would not be important. The example of the prosperity of the Ionian isles, acknowledged as it is on all hands, would be likely to render the authority of England more popular, and, therefore, more efficient in the kindred states of Greece, than any other European power could ever expect to be. Besides, it is not to be disputed, that our protection would operate only to prepare and strengthen the states of Greece, as it is now forming the Ionian isles, for the future assertion and maintenance of their independence, whereas, any other protecting sovereignty, that we know of, would teach them only to resume the fetters which they have cast away.

This question forces itself upon our attention the more strongly, as it cannot be doubted that the object of the Greek committee in Paris, is to train the people, for whom they affect so lively an interest, to a project, which they have long had in view, for placing the second son of the Duke of Orleans on the throne of a new eastern empire, which in a few years might embrace Constantinople itself within its precincts. It was with this view that General Roche was sent by the Paris committee to Greece last year; it was in order to prepare public opinion for such a measure that M. de Chateaubriand wrote his “*Note sur la Grèce*,” which was noticed in the last Appendix of this Journal. A wilder scheme certainly never entered into the imagination; enthusiastic as it is, even of M. de Chateaubriand. Nevertheless, it should be resisted in time, as in an age of wonders like this we are not justified in predicting, that a measure will not take place, simply because it is beyond the

reach of sober calculation. We must needs confess that very few precautions, with the view of counteracting the diplomacy of our neighbours, have been taken by the London committee. Indeed, we cannot look back to a single act of that committee, which evinces any thing like wisdom or well-timed activity, in the operations which it professes to direct for the promotion of the Greek cause. The only expedition it sent out failed. The two loans which have been contracted under its auspices, and which have been chiefly administered under its controul, have served only, from the mode in which they have been applied, to inflame and bring into mischievous collision the elements of discord, which were already too abundant in Greece. The money thus raised has been wholly lost, not only to those who supplied it, but, what is still more to be regretted, to the great object for which it was destined. We accuse the committee, however, of no intentional errors in its conduct: it is composed of many honourable men; but we believe it would be difficult to select any number of individuals less fitted for the purpose for which they constituted themselves a committee, than the majority of those who have taken an active share in its proceedings.

The letters of their 'representative' Mr. Bulwer, as he styles himself, are no unfaithful reflection of the character of the committee itself. They are written in an ambitious and desultory style, and contain beneath a world of words and professions very little practical information. The remarks which are subjoined to them by a late resident in Greece, are still more pompous, and furnish us with no information at all. The work called 'An Autumn in Greece' we shall therefore take the liberty of passing over, in order to come to Mr. Emerson's journal, which is by far the most vivid and the most intelligent portion of these volumes. Count Pecchio and Mr. Humphreys do little more than corroborate the evidence which Mr. Emerson has given, while in picturesque description and conciseness as well as importance of detail they do not affect to rival him. Indeed, the Count, with true Neapolitan facility, seems ready for any form of government in Greece, which might advance his fortunes. General Roche is his 'particular friend,' and accordingly he insinuates, with great politeness, his wishes for a monarchical constitution, which might unite the Greeks under one head,—who perhaps might give some employment to Count Pecchio. Italy and Spain have witnessed his fruitless heroism in the cause of liberty; hitherto he has been equally unhappy in Greece; and the only decree of fate that could be propitious to him would be the establishment of a Bourbon and a standing army in the Morea. Mr. Humphreys writes under feelings of considerable irritation; for the only compensation which he received for his services in the Greek cause, was imprisonment and permission to escape on board a British frigate. It is very natural, therefore, that he should paint the Greeks in the most odious light,

— he certainly does so, though not to the extent that his unmerited treatment would seem to justify.

Mr. Emerson, who seems to have visited Greece without any defined purpose of mixing himself up with its affairs, landed in the Morea in the latter end of March, 1825. The winter had been spent by the Greeks in a state of discord among themselves, and consequently of inactivity. This spirit of dissension, which has produced such disastrous consequences, is sometimes referred to jealousias existing between the Moreots and the Roumeliots, the government being supposed by the former too partial to the latter. We apprehend that the real source of their evils lies among the leaders, 'each of whom,' as Mr. Emerson observes, 'seems to have a separate interest of his own; and this, whether it be popular fame or personal aggrandizement, has always preponderated and been the cause of dissension.' One of the worst effects of this petty rivalry of the chieftains was the insurrection of Colocotroni and his sons, assisted by the Moreots, against the government. Their rebellion was not effectually quelled till towards the latter end of 1824, and it thus prevented any attempt on the fortress of Patras, still in possession of the Turks, which might have been easily taken in the winter. During this period, Mechmet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, was making his preparations in concert with the Porte to reduce the Morea. The troops of the Sultan it would seem were to penetrate it by the north, while those of the Viceroy were to invade it at the south. The Egyptian squadron commanded by his step-son Ibrahim Pacha, and consisting in all of thirty sail, anchored off Modon on the 24th of February, 1825, and disembarked 6000 soldiers, infantry and cavalry, well armed and disciplined, and, to their dishonour be it spoken, commanded chiefly by European officers. Here Ibrahim waited until he was joined by a reinforcement from Candia, and on the 20th of March he encamped with 14,000 soldiers before Navarino, one of the best protected ports of the Morea. The acknowledged Greek leaders in the Morea at this period were Conduriotti, president of the executive body, and his first secretary of state Mavrocordato, who without any right to such a rank assumed the title of Prince. Colocotroni and his immediate followers had been imprisoned in a monastery in the island of Hydra. The famous Ulysses, who was suspected of aiming at the sovereignty of Greece, had prepared for himself a place of refuge in a singular cave in Mount Parnassus, which nature and art conspired to render inaccessible to an enemy, and having drawn off his forces from the united army of Greece, confined his attentions to his own province and possessions in Livadia. While in this situation he held an intercourse with the Pacha of Negropont, which gave rise to suspicions of his fidelity to the cause of Greece. The motives of his conduct on this occasion are involved in mystery, which can only be solved by supposing that he was ready to make use of any instrument for the purpose of gratifying his ambition.

Such was the state of affairs when Mr. Emerson landed in the latter end of March at Clarenza, whence he proceeded through Elis, Arcadia, and Argolis, to Napoli di Romania, that is to say, from the western to the eastern coast of the Morea, 'without meeting a level valley of more than a mile in circumference, with the exception of the little mountain-plain in which Tripolizza is situated.' There are no roads in the Morea, a deficiency which may be felt by the invading army, while the wildness of the country and the innumerable mountain-passes afford the Greeks many natural advantages, if they have the prudence and the courage to profit of them. Neither are there bridges in the Morea; every river must be forded or passed in ferries, another serious obstacle to the Egyptian army. To a traveller of taste, such as Mr. Emerson appears to be, the country, however, presents many charms. From Clarenza to Gastouni he observes:

'The ground, even at this early season, was covered with a profusion of wild and beautiful flowers, which, with the immense beds of thyme, that grew in every direction, loaded the air with fragrance: the only shrubs or trees were now and then a solitary olive, springing up amidst thickets of myrtles and lentiscus, which grew in abundance, and round their roots sprung a luxuriant crop of crocuses and acanthus. In every direction were browsing extensive flocks of sheep, the tinkling of whose bells, joined to the chirruping of grasshoppers, and the picturesque dress of the shepherds, who still bore the classical crook, told us, at once, that we were approaching Arcadia.'—pp. 47, 48.

Pursuing their way from Gastouni, nearly along the shore, Mr. Emerson and his companions were ferried over the 'muddy and turbulent stream of the Alpheus,' and then began to enter the mountain-country, the scenery of which he paints with considerable strength and beauty of colouring.

'Our route now, as far as Cristena, was very fine. Hitherto we had been passing almost constantly along the shore, with no variety of prospect, and nothing to diversify the dull, endless plain around us: now, turning to the left, we commenced penetrating into the heart of the country, by a pass in the mountains, which commanded a splendid prospect of the plain and villages we had just left, as well as the romantic hills which we were entering. These hills were covered with magnificent forests of pines, echoing with the song of a thousand birds, the lively chirp of the grasshoppers, and the hum of crowds of bees, which flew wantoning from flower to flower, amidst the beds of thyme and aromatic shrubs that covered the ground. The peaceful character of the scene was occasionally diversified by the scream of an eagle, as he rose from the wild rocks that raised their hoary summits above the surrounding pines, and soared through the sluggish clouds that lay lagging on the sky far beneath his flight. After descending those delicious hills, we entered upon a valley equally beautiful; along which a little branch of the Acheron wound, like a silver thread, through groves of pines and olive-trees; and on this delightful spot, on a small eminence covered with lentiscus and fruit-trees, we gained the first sight of Cristena. Even this retired little valley had lately been undergoing its share of the miseries of war. A party of Greek soldiers, on their

march from Patras, had committed such ravages a few days before, that, on our arrival, we found the town almost totally deserted; only a few of the inhabitants having as yet returned from their retreats in the adjacent mountains, whither they had removed their families for security, till the tide of terror should have swept past.

The following morning, after having, as usual, spent the night in the vacant apartment of a cottage, we set out for Andruzzena, which was about twenty-four miles distant, or as the Greeks calculate it, eight hours; their reckoning generally allowing three miles to an hour. Our route still continued through the same magnificent scenery as the day before, the wildness of the scene and the peculiar character of the mountains strongly resembling the singular valley of Mallaverne in Savoy. The country, however, became gradually richer, and produced a greater variety of trees and plants; olives, oaks, and acacias were mingled in greater numbers with the hardy branches of the mountain-pines, and the ground was thickly covered with mastics and myrtles, through natural arbours of which the road frequently wound under a shade totally impervious to the sun-beams.' — pp. 60—63.

As they proceeded towards Andruzzena (the ancient Trapezus), the country presented a different aspect. Their road lay along the rocky beds of winter-torrents, through hills 'heaped together in the most promiscuous confusion.' After a tedious and fatiguing journey, they arrived at Andruzzena, to which distance had lent enchantment, but which, on a nearer view, turned out, like most of the Greek towns, to be the abode of filth and misery. The travellers, however, had the good fortune to be received in the most hospitable manner by the *Επαρχος*, a fine young man, of whose appearance and manners Mr. Emerson has given a highly graphic description.

His house, which was situated near the entrance of the town, consisted of two stories, the better Greek houses seldom exceeding that height. The lower of these was now fitted up as a prison for malefactors; and to the upper we ascended by a balcony, which ran along the entire front of the house, and served as a corridor to the several apartments, which had no internal communication with each other. On entering, we came into the apartment of the chief, which composed one half of the extent of the mansion, the remainder being divided into his bed-room, kitchen, and apartments for his suite.

During the few days which bad weather obliged us to remain with him, we had sufficient leisure to make some observations on his character and manners. The latter, like those of the higher orders of his countrymen, were decidedly Turkish. The room in which he received us was fitted up in complete Ottoman style, with stained-glass windows, inlaid ceiling, splendid carpets, mats, cushions, and numerous vases of gold and silver fish. On taking our seats, we were, as usual, presented with a chibouqué and some coffee; whilst our news was eagerly inquired after by our obliging host. He was about twenty-five years of age: he had formerly enjoyed a confidential situation under the present government, viz. the disposing of the forfeited Turkish lands in his province; and on the expiration of his commission, had obtained from the government his present eparchy. His dress was accurately national, but formed of the most costly materials, and covered with an abundance of braiding and

embroidery; whilst his pistols and silver-mounted scabbard were of exquisite design and workmanship. Though his conversation was lively, his manners were indolent and oriental: he reclined almost the entire day on a velvet cushion, surrounded by his attendants, smoking his chibouqué, sipping coffee, or counting over and over again the polished beads of his amber kombolojo. Of his dress he was particularly vain, and received with evident pleasure all the praises which we bestowed upon it. On such occasions, he usually arose, set forward his elbow, turned out his heel, and surveying himself from top to toe, replied with evident complacency, "Ναι, τὸ γάρημά μας εἶναι ἀριστον καλόν," "Why, yes, our costume is certainly pretty."

Our fare, during our stay, consisted of lamb, fowls, milk, eggs, and vegetables; and though it was Lent, our accommodating host made no scruple to join in our uncanonical repast. Our breakfast was, generally, made up of curds and eggs, with a little milk and cheese; but the dinner was a somewhat more perplexing affair. Our table was a small round board, raised half a foot from the floor; and round this we were obliged to squat tailor-wise; as to have stretched our limbs would have thrown us at rather an incommodious distance from our provisions. In this posture, by no means an agreeable one to the uninitiated, we were obliged to remain during the tedious process of a Grecian repast, which seldom occupied less than an hour. Our first course consisted of boiled rice, mixed up with yaouri or sour curds, eggs fried and swimming in olive oil, and a mixed dish of boiled vegetables, chopped leeks, spinach, sorrel, and mustard-leaves. The second, a stewed fowl stuffed with plum-pudding, roast lamb, and *cairare*, rather an odoriferous dish, composed of the entrails of the salmon and cuttle-fish, fermented and tempered with oil. Our third remove contained milk in all its different preparations of curd, cheese, and runnet, various combinations of boiled, roast, and whipped eggs; the whole washed down with plentiful draughts of Samian wine, supplied by a cup-bearer, who, in proper oriental style, stood constantly behind the cushion of his chieftain. Our desert, as it was winter, consisted chiefly of oranges and dried fruit, figs, dates, and raisins; on the whole, our feasts were not only classical, but palatable; and when all was concluded, a comfortable room, in which to stretch our beds, was a favour as acceptable as it was uncommon. — pp. 67—71.

From Andruzzena Mr. Emerson and his friends proceeded to Tripolizza, which he found in a miserable state of dilapidation. It was, under the Turks, the capital of the Morea; but, during the contest for their expulsion, it has been reduced almost to ruins. It is surrounded by a sort of high garden wall, and its fortifications consist only of a few bakry towers and a weak citadel, badly situated. Having seldom seen those districts of the Morea so well described, we make no apology for presenting the reader with another picture of the romantic scenery through which Mr. Emerson passed after quitting Tripolizza.

Our road lay over, or rather down, the tremendous pass of the Parthenian mountain: a narrow path, called the Bey's Causeway, wound along the shelf of a terrific precipice, whilst on our left yawned a glen of tremendous depth, with a brawling stream toiling through its centre. After passing this sublime scene, which lasted for about one mile and a half, we entered on a small valley, which contained the ruins of a deso-

lated khan, and having passed it, commenced ascending the last chain of hills which separated us from the Gulph of Napoli. The view here was sublime in the highest degree; all around [were] spread the most luxuriant but solitary hills; the sun was oppressively warm, and myriads of glittering insects were sporting in his beams; a long team of camels were slowly winding up the steep ascent, whilst the tinkling of their bells, and the songs of their drivers, were softly floating down on the breeze. A short turn brought us in sight of the ocean; the "deep dark blue *Ægean*," slumbering beneath an almost breathless sky, with the high rock of Napoli towering amongst the eminences on its shore. In another hour, our view opened widely, and we had an unrivalled prospect of the Argolic bay, with Hydra and Spezzia on its distant entrance; whilst below us lay Napoli di Romania, Zerynthus, Argos, and the marsh of Lerna, the whole bounded by the distant chain of Epidaurus. A rapid descent brought us to the shore, and, in half an hour, after stowing our baggage on board a caïque, at the little dogana of Mylos, we landed on the quay at Napoli. — pp. 80—82.

The situation of Napoli di Romania is striking and beautiful; but what is of more importance to the Greeks, its citadel is generally considered impregnable, and easily defended. They only obtained possession of it by blockade, and when its Turkish defenders had been reduced by famine to seven! The interior of the town, with the exception of one large square, is composed of narrow streets, filthy in the last degree: even of the best-dwelling houses, the lower story is appropriated to the horses. The only trade which it enjoys at present is in the mere necessities of life and in arms; with the latter every shop is filled. From its climate, or rather from its uncleanness, its narrow streets, and its situation at the foot of a steep hill, which prevents the effluvia from being borne away by the air, the place is subject to epidemic fevers, which every year commit dreadful ravages.

Conduriotti, the President, and Prince Mavrocordato having previously set out for Navarino, to resist the progress of Ibrahim, the remaining members of the executive remained in Napoli, through which a constant communication was kept up between the forces north of the isthmus and the camp at Navarino. The following sketches of the most remarkable of those members of the executive and legislative bodies whom Mr. Emerson found at Napoli will be read with interest.

The Vice-President, Botazi, a good-natured honest Spezziot, not overstocked with intelligence, but bearing a high character for honour and principles, had taken Conduriotti's chair in the executive body. Cristides, an intriguing active man, acted as secretary, and the other members remained at their posts as usual. Of these, John Coletti, a physician by profession, and, as such, formerly in the pay of Ali Pacha, is by far the most clever and intelligent: of his sterling patriotism, however, there are few in the Morea, or even among his own countrymen, who are not rather sceptical. The exactions which have been carried on in Roumelia by his agents, and with his approbation, have rendered him odious to the people whom he represents; and his intriguing spirit, forbidding countenance, and repulsive manners, have gained him, both

with the Moreots and foreigners, a character for cunning, avarice, and dangerous ambition. Nevertheless, his acknowledged abilities have given him such an ascendancy with the President and the executive body, that he may be considered the spring of its movements. Of the other two, Speliotaki is a mere nobody, who would never be heard of, were it not for the attaching his name to the proclamations of the government; and Petro Bey, the Mainote, is a good-humoured round-faced fellow, who seems remarkable for nothing more than his appetite and epicurism. Amongst the members of the legislative body, none seem to make any prominent figure except Spiridion Tricoupi, son to the late Primate of Messolunghi, representative of that town. Having been secretary to Lord Guilford, and a few years resident in England, he adds, to an extensive information, a good knowledge of English. The meetings of the legislative body, though containing about fifty members, are usually taciturn, or enlivened only by colloquial discussion, Tricoupi being the only member who ever attempted "a speech." It was lately proposed to publish their proceedings in the Hydriot Journal, but the motion was immediately negatived by the overpowering majority of the silent members. Of the other ministers connected with the administration, by far the most promising is Adam Ducas, Minister of War, a young man descended from one of the most ancient and honourable Greek families, I say promising, because, though at present almost ignorant of the duties of his office, he seems well aware of his deficiency, and is anxious on all occasions to remedy it.

But, perhaps, the most singular character amongst all the Greek legislators is the Minister of the Interior. His name is Gregorius Flessa, by profession a priest; and having, in the early part of his life, been steward of a monastery, (*δῆκας*), he is now generally known by the two names of Gregorius Dikaïos, and Pappa Flessa. A naturally vicious disposition had early given him a distaste for his profession, and, on the commencement of the revolution, he joined the standard of his country as a military volunteer. Having manifested his bravery on many occasions, he was at length promoted to a command, and in several actions conducted himself with distinguished courage. He now totally abandoned the mitre and the robe for the more congenial employments of the army and the state; and at length, after a series of active and valuable services, he was appointed by the government to be Minister of the Interior. Here, with ample means, he gave unbridled license to his natural disposition. His only virtue is an uncorrupted patriotism, which has all along marked his character, and has gained him the confidence of the government, whilst they despise its possessor. Such a character, though in an office of trust, is by no means a popular man. The scandal which the open commission of the most glaring immoralities has brought upon his original profession has entailed upon him the contempt of all parties, though his diplomatic abilities, if artifice and cunning may deserve that name, added to his patriotism and bravery, have secured him the good will of the government.

Of the Minister of Justice, Teotochi, little more is known, than that he was obliged to abscond from the Ionian islands for some fraudulent practices. The name of the Minister of the Police I have never heard, and from the abominable filth of the city, and the dilapidated condition of its streets, I fancy the office must be a sinecure. — pp. 86—91.

We must add the description of the *Cabinet*:

' April 21. — I was this morning presented by the Minister of War to the members of the executive body. Their present residence is a very large Turkish house near the walls: the ground floor of which is a stable, the second story a barrack, and the third, the office-bureau of the Grecian government, a plain small room, surrounded by a divan, and ornamented by a large French chart of Greece and the islands: here, round a plain deal table covered with papers, sat the few descendants of Themistocles and Epaminondas, to whom was intrusted the regeneration of the "lost land of gods and godlike men." — pp. 107, 108.

During the time of Easter, the inhabitants of Napoli enjoyed the amusements of that festival, always the occasion of great rejoicings in the Greek church, with as much freedom and gaiety as if the Egyptian army had been buried in the Mediterranean. In the mean time the Turks rapidly approached Messolonghi, before which place they appeared in considerable numbers. The intelligence of these movements had the (perhaps intended) effect of drawing the Roumeliot soldiers from the defence of Navarino. They never co-operated cordially with the Moreots; and on hearing that their own homes were invaded by the Turks, they marched away to the assistance of their relatives and friends. This proceeding reduced the strength of the Greeks at Navarino so considerably, that, although they were assisted by a portion of the fleet, and maintained their station with desperate valour for several days of hard fighting, they were at length obliged to accede to a capitulation which was offered to them by Ibrahim Pacha, and which was scrupulously adhered to on his part. Among the number of the slain on that occasion was Count Santa Rosa, an Italian exile of distinction, who having been refused a commission, or any office worthy of his merit, in the Greek service, finally entered their ranks as a private soldier, and fell with a musket in his hand; a striking example, if one were necessary, to those foreigners who seek to push their fortunes with the Moreots. The fall of Navarino was in some degree avenged by the destruction dealt among the Egyptian squadron at Modon by the fire-ships of the Greeks, in the management of which they have shown so much dexterity and enterprize. As the reader frequently hears of these destructive engines of maritime warfare, he may not be displeased to learn some particulars of their construction.

' The vessels usually employed for this service are old ships purchased by the government. Their construction, as fire-ships, is very simple; nothing more being wanted than active combustion. For this purpose, the ribs, hold, and sides of the vessel, after being well tarred, are lined with dried furze, dipped in pitch and lees of oil, and sprinkled with sulphur; a number of hatchways are then cut along the deck, and under each is placed a small barrel of gunpowder; so that at the moment of conflagration each throws off its respective hatch, and giving ample vent to the flames, prevents the deck being too soon destroyed by the explosion.

' A train which passes through every part of the ship, and communicates with every barrel, running round the deck and passing out at the

steering-window, completes the preparation below ; whilst above, every rope and yard is well covered with tar, so as speedily to convey the flames to the sails ; and at the extremity of each yard-arm is attached a wickered hook, which being once entangled with the enemy's rigging, renders escape, after coming in contact, almost a matter of impossibility. The train, to prevent accidents, is never laid till the moment of using it ; when all being placed in order, and the wind favourable, with every possible sail set, so as to increase the flames, she bears down upon the enemy's line, whilst the crew, usually twenty-five or thirty in number, have no other defence than crouching behind the after-bulwarks. When close upon the destined ship, all hands descend by the stern, into a launch fitted out for the purpose, with high gunwales and a pair of small swivels ; and, at the moment of contact, the train is fired by the Captain, and every hatch being thrown off, the flames burst forth, at the same instant, from stem to stern ; and ascending by the tarred ropes and sails, soon communicate with the rigging of the enemy's vessel, who have never yet, in one instance, been able to extricate themselves. In fact, such is the terror with which they have inspired the Turks, that they seldom make the slightest resistance. On the distant approach of the fire-ship, they maintain, for some minutes, an incessant random cannonade ; but, at length, long before she comes in contact, precipitate themselves into the sea, and attempt to reach the other vessels, scarcely one remaining to the last moment to attempt to save the devoted ship. Sometimes, however, armed boats are sent off from the other vessels of the fleet, but they have never yet been able either to prevent the approach of the fire-ship, or seize on the crew whilst making their escape ; and, though fire-ships are in other countries considered a forlorn hope, such is the stupidity and terror of the Turks, that it is rarely that one of the brulottiers is wounded, and very seldom, indeed, that any lose their lives.' — pp. 168—171.

Mr. Emerson states that the number of vessels at present employed in the Greek fleet, does not exceed sixty-five ; that of the fire-ships seldom exceeds fifteen. Six or seven of the vessels of war carry three masts, and eighteen guns at the utmost, all of different calibre ; the remainder are brigs and single-masted schooners, of from one hundred to two hundred and fifty tons. The entire fleet is as yet the property of individuals ; and though the sailors and certain allowances for disbursements are paid by the government, yet the main expenses fall on the owners. The greatest number are from Hydra, whose vessels are distinguished for the beauty of their models, and the taste displayed in the cutting of their sails. The discipline and government of the vessels depend very much on the extent of confidence, which the crews repose in their commanders. Jealousy and faction prevail among the latter quite as extensively as among the chieftains of the land-forces. Their principal, if not indeed their only exploits have been hitherto achieved by the fire-ships. It is seldom that they venture to board an enemy—never if they can help it. The most daring and successful of their admirals is Miaulis, a Hydriot merchant, of from fifty to sixty years old, and of sterling patriotism. Mr. Emerson gives several minute and curious details of the customs observed on board the vessels of the Greek fleet, (with which he made

a short cruize,) and of the mode in which their manoeuvres are conducted, which show that they are as yet in a very defective state of organisation.

After the fall of Navarino, Conduriotti, and Mavrocordato, 'most patriotically,' left the troops to shift for themselves, and sailed in a brig from Calamata for Napoli, where they arrived on the evening of the 16th of May. They are both sketched off by the author in a concise and perspicuous manner.

'I was rather disappointed in the appearance of Mavrocordato: his figure is small, and any thing but dignified or prepossessing. The little of his countenance which is visible through his bushy hair and eyebrows, and his fiercely-curling mustachios, indicates more of childishness than intellect, though the deep glance of a penetrating eye gives it an occasional animation. His manners, like that of all Fanariots, though easy and obliging, contains too much of an overstrained politeness, which seems like intriguing servility; and this, together with a studied lightness of conversation, and an extremely silly laugh, renders the first impression of him by no means favourable. George Conduriotti, the president of the executive body, is a plain inactive man, of no talent, but unshaken integrity. His family came originally from Condouri, a village in the vicinity of Athens, but have been long resident at Hydra; where an unprecedented success in trade, together with an unblemished reputation, have rendered him and his brother the most opulent, and amongst the most honourable inhabitants of the island. A desire to please the Hydriots, whose exertions have been so important in advancing the success of the revolution, has no doubt been the leading cause of his election to an office for which he is so ill qualified both by nature and education; but to which, however, his honourable character gives an importance in the eyes of his countrymen, which the higher talents of others might be less efficient in conferring on it.' — pp. 158, 159.

It would be superfluous to go through the details of Ibrahim's short campaign. Colocotroni had been liberated from his imprisonment at Hydra, for the purpose of rousing his countrymen, the Moreots, to oppose the progress of the Pacha, and had strenuously co-operated with the troops of the government, in defending the passes and fortresses between Navarino and Tripolizza. The Pacha, however, overthrew every obstacle, and established 6000 of his infantry, and 700 of his cavalry in that important place: where, by the latest accounts, he still remained, most probably waiting the result of the siege of Messolonghi by the Turks, which seems to be carried on with much activity.

During a short sojourn at Hydra, Mr. Emerson witnessed one of the most horrid scenes of massacre which have ever been recorded in history. It is painful to say, that the cruelty was all on the side of the Greeks. It is a stain upon their escutcheon, which no victory can obscure, no reverses expiate. It is a disgrace to human nature. Some Hydriots had been blown up in a ship at Vathico, by a Turkish slave on board, whom the captain had struck, and when the intelligence reached Hydra, the inhabitants were maddened to such an excess of revenge, that 'they butchered every inmate

of the prison ; they brought out every slave from the houses, and from on board the ships in the harbour, and murdered them in the most barbarous manner. We shudder to add, that upwards of two hundred victims were thus immolated to the spirit of revenge ! Had the Hydriots not been unchristianised by the long oppression of the Turks, we could hardly wish them ever to enjoy independence. Self-control is nevertheless their best preceptor ; and ignominious as their conduct has been on this occasion, it will only tend to stimulate all minds rightly formed, to exert themselves still more for the establishment of a better social order among men actuated by ages of suffering to perpetrate such atrocities.

We have mentioned the secession of Ulysses from the cause of the Greeks ; and as his fate was intimately connected with that of one of our countrymen, Mr. Trelawney, we shall here resume this singular episode. Mr. Trelawney, from his first acquaintance with that enterprising chieftain, became a great favourite of his, and married his sister. After Ulysses withdrew his quota of soldiers from the government, his proceedings were closely watched by Goura, one of his former most intimate and confidential friends. He was so closely pressed that he retreated from his own province, leaving his impregnable cave with his family and his riches to the care of Mr. Trelawney, and at length he surrendered, upon condition that he should have a fair trial, with a view to which he was confined in the Acropolis of Athens. While he was a prisoner, his cave was closely besieged by Goura, but all hope of taking it being out of the question, recourse was had to treachery. A Scotchman, calling himself Captain Fenton, had obtained permission, under the mask of friendship, to become an inmate of the cave, where, besides Mr. Trelawney, he found a young Englishman of very respectable connexions. Upon this youth Fenton prevailed to second him in his designs, and one day, when the three were amusing themselves firing at a target, Fenton and his accomplice suddenly levelled their pistols at Trelawney. Two balls took effect in his neck : in the mean time, his domestics, alarmed by the sound of the pistols, ran to the spot, and seeing their master apparently dead, they fell upon Fenton first, and poniarded him instantly. The young Englishman they disarmed, and bound in chains. Intelligence of Trelawney's situation soon reached one of our ships of war which was at Napoli, and by skilful management he was rescued, together with his wife, from his perilous situation. In the mean time, Ulysses was assassinated in the Acropolis of Athens, where he was committed to take his trial. Thus closes another tragedy, springing out of the Greek revolution.

In order to justify in some degree the interest which we take in this sanguinary contest, and to recall amidst such barbarous scenes the exalted sources of those associations, which inspire the civilised world with such unfading admiration for the name of Greece, we shall briefly refer to the third publication on our list ; and we gladly turn to it from the horrors of war. Mr. Williams is already

favourably known to the public by his travels through Italy and Greece, and for the assiduity and success with which, as an amateur, he has cultivated the arts. Four parts of his 'Views,' consisting of five plates each, have already appeared; and they experienced so popular a reception, that he has been induced to enlarge his original scale, in order to give greater effect to scenes and monuments which he appears to have contemplated with the ardour of an enthusiast. These four parts, together with some of the proofs of the fifth and sixth parts, are now before us; and whether we regard the accuracy and beauty of the designs, or the style in which they have been engraved, we cannot but consider them as among the most splendid displays of art which have yet been produced. They are peculiarly distinguished for the brilliancy of light, the depth of perspective, the architectural correctness, and the massive breadth of shade, which they combine within a small compass. Each 'View' is in itself a model for a student; to the man of classical knowledge and taste it is a volume of delightful associations. Mr. Williams has made no other use of his fancy in drawing these scenes than that of representing rather their poetical effect on the mind, than the exact measure of dilapidation which has been brought upon them by barbarism or by natural decay. Yet no pictures can be more faithful to the originals, than those which he has given us of the fallen temples, citadels, and monuments of ancient Greece. To these remains that consecrate the soil on which they linger, the modern Roumeliots and Moreots are indebted for the sympathy which the civilised world feels in their fortunes, and for the ready oblivion which it lends to their atrocities. In this respect few publications can be more useful to their cause than the one before us; for it cannot fail of inspiring every person who examines it, with a desire that the true descendants, however degenerate, of those who raised such glorious piles, should be the sole guardians of their ruins, and if the Parthenon cannot be restored, that at least the spirit of freedom which gave birth to it, may again preside over the Acropolis of Athens, and the kindred mountains and islands which surround it.

ART. III. *Considerations on Volcanos*, the probable Causes of their Phenomena, the Laws which determine their March, the Disposition of their Products, and their Connexion with the present State and past History of the Globe; leading to the Establishment of a New Theory of the Earth. By G. Poulett Scrope, Esq. Sec. Geol. Soc. 8vo. W. Phillips. London. 1825.

IN noticing this volume by Mr. Scrope, we shall at once acknowledge, at the outset, that we are disposed to receive with distrust and suspicion any new attempt to establish 'a Theory of the Earth.' The attention of the scientific world has been too long distracted by crude and presumptuous speculations upon a subject on which it must ever be impossible for human sagacity to arrive

at satisfactory and rational conclusions; and while, in the rash effort to scan the secrets of creation, theory has been vainly and gratuitously piled upon hypothesis, and hypothesis upon theory, the legitimate objects of enquiry, in a most useful and interesting department of natural philosophy, have been too often forgotten, or have been remembered only to be mingled with the pursuit of some visionary and ideal system.

It were much to be desired that all writers on geology would severely restrict their labours to the careful and assiduous observation of FACTS, and that they would be content to adopt, in a branch of science which is moreover confessedly in its infancy, that safe, cautious, and modest course of induction, which has, in another department of philosophy, been so successfully followed by Reid, and Dugald Stewart, and their disciples. The external elements of matter lie before us for observation and study, like the active elements of mind: these are equally the proper subjects of our investigation. But over the origin of both it has pleased the great and mysterious First Cause to draw an impenetrable veil against the scrutiny of our impotent faculties.

A few years since a little book on geology was composed in the spirit which we should thus desire to see universal. It was from the pen of Mr. W. Phillips, the publisher of Mr. Scrope's present volume; and we remember that there was more of the real philosophy of the science in that minute manual, an humble duodecimo, than in all the ponderous tomes of geognostic and geological dissertation. We have it not before us; but the common sense of the axiom, with which the unassuming and philosophical author opened his treatise, is fresh in our recollection, as well as the simple and familiar illustration which conveyed his idea. Mr. Phillips set out with exposing the monstrous absurdity of dogmatising upon the internal composition and structure of the mass of a globe, on which the thickest crust that we can possibly examine lies no deeper than the rind lies on the orange.

Until, however, we can induce other geological writers to follow Mr. Phillips's example, we must leave the fruit of discord in their sagacious hands, and be satisfied with noting only whatever their observation has agreed in determining upon the qualities and structure of the rind. It is in this temper that we shall proceed to direct the attention of our readers to those parts of the work before us, which offer the results of Mr. Scrope's enquiries into volcanic phenomena. Here this gentleman's extensive philosophical knowledge of his subject, and his acute and laborious observation, certainly appear to great advantage, and entitle him fully to respectful attention. Here his volume also is a really valuable present to science; but when he goes farther, when he proceeds to announce to us that he has an exquisitely grand and original system of his own, wherewith to astonish the world, so transcendently surprising, that the idea in its nascent state provoked even his own incredulity, we also are shaken in our belief. We learn to receive with doubt even the

soundest fruits of his practical investigations, when we see that the positive facts which he elicits are all inevitably to be strained to a favourite hypothetical conclusion: his mere theory we give to the winds.

But to our business of analysis. The volume opens judiciously with a highly interesting descriptive account of the Volcanic Phenomena; and Mr. Scrope's distinction of the different cases, or *phases*, of volcanic activity, appear to us extremely well adapted to the farther consideration of his subject. He has divided them into three general classes, as follows:

'1. In which the volcano exists incessantly in outward eruption — Phase of permanent eruption.

'2. In which eruptions, rarely of any excessive violence, and which continue in a comparatively tranquil manner for a considerable time, alternate frequently with brief intervals of repose — Phase of moderate activity.

'3. In which eruptive paroxysms, generally of intense energy, alternate with lengthened periods of complete external inertness — Phase of prolonged intermittences.' — p. 6.

And he then proceeds to devote the remainder of his first chapter to give examples of each of these phases of activity.

In commencing the Theory of Volcanic Phenomena, in his second chapter, the author considers that their principal agent must be some elastic fluid struggling to make its escape; and he at length concludes that this fluid is STEAM. He avails himself of the fact that water can be heated red-hot, and, for any thing we know to the contrary, much hotter, under such an immense pressure as it must sustain below the vast superincumbent mass of the earth's exterior crust; and this supposition certainly explains satisfactorily the phenomena of an eruption, as he has particularly detailed them. The recapitulation in p. 25. is therefore just, when we read the qualification which follows in the same page. It may, however, be worth mentioning, that late experiments have proved that water, under a very great pressure, does not expand so much as formerly supposed, until, by removing part of the pressure, room is made for the steam instantly formed, the immediate expansion of which is immense.

But it is when (p. 29.) Mr. Scrope speaks of a general accession of caloric from the interior of the globe, which is essential to the developement of his future system, that we first begin to suspect that his theory stands upon an insecure foundation; for, although mines increase in temperature as they increase in depth, there may be, and probably are, other reasons for that circumstance than heat constantly emanating from the centre of the earth. Nor can Mr. Scrope be ignorant of one of the oldest and strongest objections against the Huttonian theory, which applies equally to his; that the temperature of the sea diminishes in proportion to the depth at which it is examined. This Peron found by repeated experiments in various latitudes; and the result, which may be read in the French Journal Phys. vol. ix. p. 82., is at least as conclusive against

the existence of a vast living furnace in the centre of the globe as Mr. Scrope's argument from mines is favourable to his theory.

If we have recourse to the very old notion of the central nucleus being a body of fire or heat, and which is not warrantable, yet we must show by what means it is continually replenished, in order that it may have suffered so great an expenditure for at least 6000 years, and still retain sufficient energy to feed above 200 known volcanic vents with different degrees of activity. Nor could a continual supply of caloric pass off, without replenishment or regeneration, even in an ordinary way, through the conducting powers of the earth's cortex, without having recourse to volcanos or earthquakes. Besides, there must also be a vast quantity of water supplied for the formation of steam, necessary for the production of these stupendous phenomena. If we suppose the waters of the ocean, or any others, to percolate, and finally to arrive at points where they may engender caloric, or meet with as much as will form abundance of steam, — and this may indeed reasonably be expected in the continually disturbed ocean, — then occasional developement of steam in abundance may cause earthquakes and volcanic explosions exactly upon Mr. Scrope's principles. If this difficulty can be got over, the acute reasoning and great geological research which he has displayed will have its full weight with us.

In a following part of the work, however, (p. 218.) the author concludes that there has been a decay of activity, upon the whole, since the earliest ages. This rather rebuts the assertion of a fresh access of caloric from the centre, with which he sets out.

The idea of volcanic vents being safety-valves to the globe (p. 50.) is a good one, if we suppose, with the author, that in the beginning so vast a quantity of caloric was in intimate admixture with the other ingredients of which our planet is composed, that these vents were necessary to carry off the excess, especially as this caloric had otherwise the power of *heaving up whole continents*, to which his new theory tends. But how can 'the accession of caloric from the interior of the globe' be 'central and uniform,' if it is gradually decaying by passing off (p. 52.) through the volcanic vents?

Thus also, by another contradiction, Mr. Scrope continually speaks of the fluidity of lava, although, at the commencement, he distinctly defines it to be a very different mass from any fluid.

But whatever difficulties may exist respecting the origin of volcanic action at profound depths, the whole of the author's explanation of its exterior operations is highly satisfactory, except his supposition that the weight of the atmosphere (p. 59.) exerts any great influence upon the repressive force; for although the developement of volcanic energy is undoubtedly connected with the condition of the atmosphere, we should rather derive the latter from the former than *vice versa*. The variation of volcanic phenomena in the winter may proceed from other causes than atmospheric pressure.

In p. 64. Mr. Scrope speaks of two classes of earthquakes proceeding from foci at different depths. This would require, upon

his own theory, an immense difference in the thickness and conducting powers of the beds overlaying these localities; and we have no proof of such being the case.

To pass to chap. iii. on the Disposition of Volcanic Products on the Surface of the Globe, volcanic lightning does not appear to us accounted for, (p. 81.) as the author will have it, by the immense friction of the volcanic ashes. There may be other and better reasons; and the subject requires strict investigation, and probably a more extended knowledge of electric phenomena than we yet possess, to be fully explained.

In chap. iv. the procedure of lava, when protruded on the earth's surface, which is well described, gives valuable information as to the formation of the hills and mountains in volcanic districts, and seems to explain many geological facts in a manner highly satisfactory. The account in p. 93. also of the formation of hummocks is probable; but it is rather hypercritical to find fault with Humboldt for supposing them to be upheaved and hollow, as Mr. Scrope does farther on, (Appendix, p. 268.) when he has not himself accounted for the space necessarily left vacant when a whole continent has been pushed up from below. He afterwards makes a great difficulty of Humboldt's attributing the elevation of the plain of Malpais in Mexico to this cause; and although his own account is perhaps better, as referring to a combination of causes before developed, without having recourse to new ones, yet the hypothesis of Humboldt is surely less staggering than the elevation of a whole continent.

Chap. v. treats of the Consolidation of Lava; and here, at p. 128., in speaking of hot springs, as the only remaining indication of activity below, the author is obliged again to recur to the presupposition of foci; and yet he afterwards makes it out very clearly, that some thermal springs decrease in temperature, as well as rivers that flow through or under lava currents. And why these foci, if heat is constantly and uniformly transmitted from the central parts of the earth? What conducts it to those immense reservoirs of lava of which he speaks, any more than to other places?

In chap. vi. Mr. Scrope proves that the laws of the consolidation of lava depend chiefly upon the motion of minute particles of bodies among themselves, modified by external circumstances. This subject is very curious, and it is treated with much perspicuity. Chap. vii., on the Construction of Volcanic Mountains, is very interesting and satisfactory. Chap. viii. is devoted to Subaqueous Volcanos. In addition to the enumeration of subærial vents, this chapter certainly proves that the volcanic agency is very extensive by sea as well as on land; and especially as volcanos are probably more numerous in the former than in the latter, not only from the more extended surface of the ocean, but as attested by the many islands of undoubted volcanic origin. Yet although, as we before observed, the currents of the ocean are more favourable for pro-

moting infiltration than the repose of stagnant waters would be, so that the percolating sea-water may by chemical action upon mineral substances beneath their depths, produce a more frequent recurrence of these phenomena than on land, still many eruptions will, as our author indeed suggests, be prevented from reaching the surface, and stifled, as it were, in their commencement under the superincumbent waves. The construction of islands covered by coral is naturally conceived and perfectly described, p. 185.

Chap. ix., on 'Systems of Volcanos,' attempts to trace a disposition or direction of volcanos in *linear* groupes on the earth's surface. Here we are inclined to conceive, from the modern discoveries in electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, that this widely diffused agent (apparently the same in all three), has much to do with earthquakes and volcanos, as well as with storms; and we therefore regret that the author has not compared the result of his researches with a variation chart: for we suspect that his arrangement of the volcanic systems would be found to be nearly that of the magnetic meridian. But we can only speak of this in a general way; it is a subject in itself for a volume, if our suspicions are grounded in truth.

In p. 191., in this same chapter, the author sees no reason to doubt 'the transmission of caloric from the central parts of the globe towards its circumference,' 'at least with *equal if not greater energy*, since the infancy of our planet.' Now, since he afterwards refers the origin of the continents to this cause, and in another place seems to think it is gradually decreasing, we leave to him the task of reconciling these two opinions as he can. Yet he finds it necessary, doubtless, to have recourse to such a vast power to account for the dislocations, fracture, and irregularity of position observable in mountainous districts. And, as he excludes the agency of a deluge, and knows that the highest mountains must, from their containing marine exuviae, have been once covered by the ocean, he prefers to suppose that they have been raised to their present elevation from their submarine state, by a propelling force from below, rather than believe that the diluvian waters have deserted them, and left them dry. His system is evidently borrowed from Hutton; and he is himself an advocate for that theory. In this place, then, we learn that the whole earth is volcanic, and that the known eruptions of volcanos are but secondary phenomena.

The author's argument, that the elevation *en masse* renders unnecessary, or, in other words, prevents the existence of volcanos, would certainly, according to his theory, be at variance with the fact, that the immense Cordilleras of the Andes, and others of the highest mountains of the globe, are situated upon the vast fissures of continuity which he mentions, and adjoining to large remainders of continental land. He is, accordingly, now obliged to press an afterthought-hypothesis into his service; — a clumsy expedient, like an act to amend an act, in crude and hasty legislation. He supposes the elevation of the whole of the lower lands of America, for

instance, to have preceded the formation of the chain of volcanic heights. Some curious and valuable facts, however, are related, (pp. 195, 196.) respecting the linear direction of the great fissures, upon which he imagines the volcanic chains to be situated in the ocean and elsewhere.

In chap. x. Mr. Scrope considers 'the Development of Subterranean Expansion, in the Elevation of Strata, and the Formation of Continents.' The protrusion of crystalline rocks is always accounted for upon one of the following principles: either, they have been originally so formed as we find them, and the successive beds deposited upon them; or, they have been propelled by an expansive power from below, and having forced their way through the superincumbent strata, have broken them into the forms which they now exhibit, subject to such modifications as may have arisen from atmospheric action or other causes. The latter supposition is preferred by the author, as coinciding better with his hypothesis: his theory of the replication of the different strata of the earth's crust is ingenious; and his great knowledge of geological facts is perhaps entitled to considerable credit. But his account of the formation of ground seems to require the agency of oceanic waters to effect that which could not be done by the upheaving of the strata; and if, as he says, 'the quantity of water circulating in this manner in a given time has gradually diminished from the earliest ages to the present,' his conclusion is just, that 'we need not therefore be prevented from attributing to its corrosive agency effects greatly exceeding in magnitude those of which it appears capable at this moment.' But his reasoning is here, as well as in other places, evidently directed against the Mosaic account of the deluge. The phrase 'comparatively recent geological epoch,' (p. 216.) clearly strikes at the chronological age of the world assigned by the sacred authorities; and now, (although in his preface, p. iv., he dislikes the word,) after hinting that the whole continent of Europe, and perhaps of America, owed their rise from the depths of ocean to a CATASTROPHE, he is obliged to call to his aid (note, p. 217.) a comet! This agency, he conceives, by diminishing the pressure on the surface, to have occasioned the protrusion of the subterranean granite.

If Mr. Scrope's conclusion (p. 218.) be true, 'that the sum of subterranean expansion taking place in a fixed time must have progressively diminished in a rapid ratio,' then the imprisoned caloric, first mentioned as existing in such abundance, will in time have passed away entirely; and certainly a comprehensive view of the earth's surface, as given by geological writers and the best maps, shows it to be highly probable that most of the irregularity of surface is owing to volcanic action now no longer enduring. In this case, whenever that time shall arrive, the earth may be likened to a fiery body completely burnt out.

Chap. xi. commences with matter prefatory to the author's grand *Theory of the Formation of the Globe*; which, as usual in such

cases, with some apologies, imagines, purely imagines; circumstances impossible to be determined. First, the author supposes the earth to have been "once upon a time" an integrant part of the sun, with the usual train of circumstances necessary to make a world. Then, after tracing the different formations, 'the temperature of the ocean being lowered, it began to be thickly peopled by organic beings of a simple structure, and a constitution suited to the circumstances under which they were created :' next, 'the vegetable world sprang into life;' and being swept away in that age of chaos, was buried deep to form coals for the use of future ages. At length when diminished temperature permitted, 'new tribes of organised beings, both vegetable and animal, *came into existence*;' and 'a *succession of ages* finally brought about the condition in which the globe at present exists.' Whence came these organised beings? And whence came man? — the reasoning creature, man, who has presumed to discover by hypothesis the creation of the world on which he treads, a mere particle of its matter. Did these organised beings exist in the sun, from whence the earth was dislocated? At any rate, we learn from a note, (p. 238.) that the heat of a boiling ocean was probably not too great for its inhabitants, although they can now only live in thermal springs of no very elevated temperature. Now we have arrived at the grand secret to be elaborated from the preceding theory; and we find, for the hundredth time, that, reasoning by hypothetical induction, *we can understand the creation of a world!*

While the author confines his deductions to merely reasoning backwards from present natural operations, his scheme is grand, and perhaps correct; for we can suppose a superabundance of caloric to have been employed by the Great Creator in the beginning as a means of producing the surface of the earth as we find it, and that it has gradually become inactive when the purposes of Infinite Wisdom, for which it was created, have been duly accomplished. So far we can go along with the author, whose reasoning applies very well to the unfolding of the present state of the globe. But he must not, as we before said, speak 'of the continuance of equal, if not greater energy of caloric,' since the infancy of our planet, or he compels us to demand from whence that continual energy is derived, and reminds us of an old query among astronomers regarding the sun: — why the continual abstraction of heat from that body did not appear to produce sensible waste? Now late discoveries have made it extremely probable, that the sun is not the original source of heat in the abstract; but that the action of its rays upon a calorific medium produce, we know not how, the matter of heat, and which is also produced by various other means, without reference to the sun at all.

In conclusion, we must assure Mr. Scrope that we perfectly appreciate the profound geological learning, and research into positive and existing phenomena, which he has displayed in his (so far) very valuable and interesting work. We have read it, as he may

observe, with great attention, and have judged it by the rules of common sense, applied to philosophical principles. But we must confess, that we cannot regard with approbation any book that does not immediately recognise the one great First Cause, to which our Newton himself devoted the latter pages of his Principia; and when instead of this we find only extravagant speculations presumptuously rejecting the sacred and eternal voice of Scripture, we cannot but despair of the power of all human argument to remove so strange and unhappy a delusion. If the authors of such speculations "**HEAR NOT MOSES AND THE PROPHETS, NEITHER WILL THEY BE PERSUADED, THOUGH ONE ROSE FROM THE DEAD.**"

ART. IV. *Love's Victory; or, a School for Pride: a Comedy, in Five Acts.* Founded on the Spanish of Don Augustin Moreto. By George Hyde. 8vo. London. 1825.

THERE is not a subject of popular interest in our literature, which has occasioned more discussion than the present state of the drama, nor any of which critics speak with such uniform and fixed despondency. Indeed, the history of universal literature can furnish few facts so strange, and at first view so unaccountable. The earliest, perhaps we may add the proudest glories of British genius, were gained in the drama. When all around was nearly dark, it rose a sudden light, not more wonderful for its extraordinary splendour than for the speed with which it gained its meridian. But its force seemed to have been spent when Shakspeare's star went down, and it almost expired with the generation which he left behind him. In the century which succeeded, we mark three periods, each with a character peculiar to itself, and destructive of all that could have sustained or revived the dramatic genius of England. First, there were the political convulsions, — the civil war and the sour reign of puritanism; — next, the opposite curse of a profligate court, schooled in indecencies which debased the public taste, and caused obscenity and buffoonery to be relished as substitutes for those copies of life and nature, the truth and force of which gave to the productions of our early dramatic poets that simplicity, freshness, and originality, for which we look elsewhere in vain. And then followed the period of stiff and stately manners, when poets wrote, as they dressed, by rule, and when the tyranny of French laws of criticism, (by modern pedants falsely styled Grecian,) imposed upon the drama those chill and deadening fetters, within which Rowe, and Addison, and Young, and Thomson, vainly strove to work, and the influence of which, however we may now deride and decry them, exists even to this day.

Of course it is chiefly of tragedy that we are here speaking; but comedy sympathised with it. From Ben Jonson down to Garrick and the elder Colman we have scarcely a comic poet, who is not either insufferably dull, or shocking for his indecencies. The

manners of the period of the Restoration left their blight upon the public taste, and turned the choicest productions of wit and genius into poison. Of that whole period nothing survives but two or three comedies of Farquhar and Cibber that will be borne in an age, in which, if morals are corrupt, manners at least have learnt decency from improved taste and advanced civilisation. Most of our good acting comedies were written about the middle and the end of the last century; and it is this circumstance which renders the present state of the comic drama such an anomaly in our literature. Of tragedy, it may perhaps be truly said, that it flourishes best in that period of society at which mankind are placed on the confines of barbarism and civilisation; at which the passions as well as the humours of men are most freely indulged, and therefore most strongly marked and most easily copied. But comedy has its resources in the less vigorous and more tranquil qualities, which, in giving peculiarity to individuals, mark them as the objects of amusement or derision. These may exist in their greatest diversity where refinement has diffused its choicest polish, and may have their origin in those very artificial manners, which give to a highly civilised people a quick and acute sense of impropriety. When Garrick, Coleman, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Murphy, wrote those sterling comedies which must live until some change in the language shall make them obsolete, society in Great Britain was not more favourable for a copyist of life and manners than it is now. Certain it is, however, that the practice of writers and the taste of the public have strangely altered. Those who in the present generation write for the stage, have little care to imitate either manners or nature. They seek to gratify propensities far different from those to which their predecessors appealed, and they therefore work with far different materials. There are two very distinct, if not opposite, sources of ridicule, with which an audience may be regaled. The one is that inclination to derision which we feel to arise, when creatures like ourselves, engaged in the ordinary business and intercourse of life, fall into errors which we should be ashamed of committing. Such things represented upon the stage are not a source of amusement only. They may be made in skilful hands, the means of shaming us out of vices or follies, which more sober correctives would be powerless to reform. He who knows that he can escape punishment, and feels that he can silence the monitor within, will shun those practices which may make him an object of laughter, but which otherwise, in the absence of more serious fears, he would have securely followed.

The ridicule, however, that is raised by probable representations of life and manners, does not lead to boisterous and noisy mirth. It is indeed quite consistent with rich humour, but it is always accompanied with a sense of compassion for the object of it, arising from the probability of the situation, (which the spectator or reader may himself one day chance to share,) and moderating, in a proportionate degree, his mirth at what is thus exhibited. There is, how-

ever, another, easier, and far more abundant source of amusement, in incongruities incredible for their extravagance, but for that very reason provoking freer mirth and louder laughter. Here we indulge with perfect freedom our propensity to derision: for we feel that nothing so incongruous can ever happen in real existence, — that the fictitious persons are doing or suffering what in the nature of things could not befall *us*, and there is no room for sympathy to intrude and check our amusement. Nothing indeed can be in its nature more marked than the distinction between the fun of broad farce and the humour of genuine comedy; and yet since the appearance of *The School for Scandal*, now somewhat about forty years, we have had scarcely a comic writer of the drama who did not confound them.

The productions of the last few years have been running a race of extravagance. There is hardly, one would think, a region of improbable fiction that has not been tried. We seem, however, to have now reached the acme, and perhaps the excess of absurdity may work its own cure. When fun can be extracted from men acting monkeys with such perfection in the *mimetic* art, that we almost believe they have become what they are representing, it may be fairly presumed that the wildest invention in the incongruous can go no further. And we own we cannot but think, that if one or two writers of the true stamp were just now to arise among us, and make comedy, after her long disgrace, appear to us disencumbered of the patched and party-coloured fool's garb which she has been so long compelled to wear, the very enormity of the extravagances that now hold possession of the stage would tempt the public, by the contrast, to turn to better and purer creations.

Mr. Hyde has produced a drama which would possess all the characters of sterling comedy, if a few, and only a few, offerings to a vitiated taste were expunged from it. In its better parts it has wit, humour, interest, — character well conceived, and dialogue which, unlike most modern plays, neither descends to mere common-place, nor flies upwards into puling sentiment or raving enthusiasm. But Mr. Hyde had to write for an audience in love with long cherished follies, and he has been obliged (like most young authors) to pay some little homage to the current fancies of the day. The manner in which he has done this shows that he has sinned against knowledge, and gives earnest, that when he shall have established a reputation strong enough to bear him up in the attempt, he will claim the suffrages of the public without sacrificing to propensities, which it is plain that he does not respect, though he is now obliged to propitiate them. But it is time to give some account of the plot and conduct of the piece.

Mr. Hyde, in an advertisement prefixed to it, announces that the leading situations of the comedy are taken from the Spanish of *Moreto*. On the subject of borrowing from other authors, we own we are of *Moliere's* opinion, and that a writer (especially a dramatic writer) may be fairly allowed to say, "*C'est mon bien, et*

je le reprends partout où je le trouve." A dramatist discharges himself of all responsibility of this sort, when he points to the quarter from which he has taken his materials, and has a right to be judged according to the work which he fashions out of them. We wish half our writers for the stage were such borrowers as Mr. Hyde.

The play opens at a period when Don Diego, Duke of Barcelona, is entertaining, with a series of festivities, which had lasted for several days, the suitors who have come to woo his daughter, the Princess Diana, — a fair lady as remarkable for her coldness and pride as for her surpassing beauty. She is courted by no less personages than Don Luis, Prince of Bearne; Don Gaston, Prince of Foix; and Don Cesar, Prince of Naples (who, we are told in the beginning of the piece, has distinguished himself in a tournament that formed part of the gay revels now held at Barcelona); and we must not forget to record, among the number of her admirers, Don Pedro, designated by the author 'an old courtier,' who combines within himself no very common assemblage of characters, being a fop and a philosopher, a lover and a sexagenary, a humourist and a blockhead. Of this same Don Pedro we shall have something more to say hereafter. For the present we proceed to state, that neither the ardour of the lovers, nor the valour of the champion, nor the old man's wit and philosophy, can make any impression on the obdurate Princess. She boasts of herself as the avowed and inflexible asserter of celibacy, and well nigh quarrels with her cousins, Donna Louisa and Donna Laura, and with her maid of honour, Donna Floretta, for presuming to question the blessedness of a single life. Of course her father is miserable, for she is his sole heiress, and of course each of her lovers is still more doleful, seeing that he is likely to fail in a speculation so attractive as that of a union with a fair wife and an equally fair dukedom.

Perin, however, her secretary, has wiser notions of human nature than his mistress, and advises Don Cesar, the most devoted of her admirers, to try a method which, from the beginning of the world to this hour, has been employed by poets and by lovers to bring down the high spirit of perverse and cruel beauties. It is, of course, to oppose pride to pride. This is the scheme of the play; and with the assistance of the secretary, Perin, and the maid of honour, Donna Floretta, (who, be it known, is in theory and in practice altogether opposed to the man-hating doctrines of her mistress,) the author executes his design, which is unfolded very naturally and with great simplicity, in dialogue easy and idiomatic, gay and sparkling, and in many parts highly poetical.

Don Cesar having, in the first act, at the instance of Perin, resolved on trying to awaken an interest in the breast of his haughty mistress by pretending an indifference to her charms, in the second act begins his operations. But before an opportunity offers of doing so, he has a foretaste given him of the

difficulties which he is to encounter. Don Diego, after expostulating with his daughter upon her conduct, leaves her to combat the importunity of her lovers, attended by her cousins and Donna Floretta. She makes a bold attempt at supporting her favourite maxims.

' *Princess Diana.* Then I am here, the sole defender of weak woman against this gallant triple union of creation's lords!

' *Don Luis.* Fair Princess, we but ask the favour of your confidence ; and if we fail to change your purpose, grant us at least the means of winning your esteem.

' *Don Gaston.* And pray, good Princess, let us hear what crime love has committed to deserve eternal banishment.

' *Don Cesar.* I, too, would hear what there is to be said for this doctrine. And I confess I am much more likely to follow than to dispute it. Freedom is my mistress ; and I am so happy in her service that I shall easily be persuaded no change can be for the better.

' [*Diana looks at him with surprise.*

' *Donna Louisa.* (*Apart to Floretta.*) What say you to that ?

' *Donna Floretta.* He speaks proudly ; but he's the man for her.

' *Princess Diana.* Well ; then, if I perforce must enter this arena, unworthy as I am to plead a cause so noble, I do it fearlessly, because I know its greatness is superior to detraction. I hold that the brief space of life should be devoted to the care of those immortal powers which give to man the sovereignty in nature. In love, man abdicates his throne, and is as mere an animal as any in the wide creation. Search history, consult the wisdom of all time, and show me where the benefits of love are written down. What dragged Semiramis from her proud glory ? What has unlaurelled many a hero's brow ? Nay, what destroyed the city of the hundred towers ? This vanity, which you call love : this creature of your fancies, who, being himself a child, is made a god by children ! This pestilence ; which has ever been the abasement of the weak, the downfall of the strong, the degradation of my sex, the instrument of craft and tyranny in yours ! And yet you wonder that I cast it from me with aversion. Look at the other picture, where the star of mind rises above the waste of time, and sheds its light upon the wanderer's path, at once the guide and glory of humanity. No ! what Plato fondly dreamed shall be effected in my realms. Woman shall be as noble and as free as man.'— Act ii. Scene 1.

But, notwithstanding all her resolution, Don Cesar manages, before the interview is at an end, to alarm her pride so successfully, that she determines, on her side, to lay a plan for securing her empire over the affections of the man, whose suit she had so long rejected with scorn. We dare not say what we think of the author's insight into human nature, as it is intended to be displayed in the merciless exposure which he here makes of woman's caprices, lest we should mortally offend some interested parties who may be among the number of our fair readers. One half at least of the human race would, we fear, pronounce that such things are not quite impossible.

She contrives to become her lover's partner in a masquerade, and tries all her powers of conversation to no purpose. Don

Cesar is charm-proof; and her next scheme is, to have him conducted, as if by accident, to a part of her garden, in which she sits decked out with all the attractions that splendid attire can add to youth and loveliness, playing on her lute, and assisted by her cousins, Donna Louisa and Donna Laura, in her endeavours to lure back her lover into her toils by the enchantments of music. But there are conspirators in her camp. Perin and Floretta, (who have got a vast propensity to matchmaking, from a very natural sympathy, for they are themselves longing to fly into each other's arms,) counterplot their mistress so successfully that Don Cesar, always on his guard against her designs, defeats her at every turn. The garden-scene is well worth extracting: our limits permit us to give but a part of it.

‘ SCENE ii. — *The Garden.*

‘ (*The Princess Diana, Donnas Laura, Louisa, Floretta, with Musical Instruments.*)

‘ *Princess Diana.* Floretta, have you not seen Don Cesar in the garden?

‘ *Donna Floretta.* No, indeed, nor any where else, — not even at the ball. I hope the poor gentleman hasn't been hanging himself for love. I'll look about on the trees.

‘ *Princess Diana.* Restrain that flippant tongue! Watch, and if you see him coming, inform me instantly.

‘ *Donna Floretta.* (*Apart.*) It is *not* true that I am curious; for I declare I'd give my ears, and never be able to listen at another key-hole, if I could but get hold of Perin, and learn what all this is about.

‘ *Princess Diana.* Flint as he is, you shall see him bend.

‘ *Donna Laura.* The dress must tell.

‘ *Donna Louisa.* (*Aside to Donna Laura.*) It's very hard that we are to be kept from our partners.

‘ *Donna Floretta.* Perin is bringing Don Cesar this way.

‘ *Princess Diana.* Begin as he approaches.

‘ [*They sit down at the entrance of a bower, and play as Don Cesar and Perin enter.*

‘ *Don Cesar.* How shall I look upon those charms arrayed in all their splendour? Think'st thou I'm eagle-eyed, and can out-gaze the sun?

‘ *Perin.* Tut! Tut! If the sun dazzles, are we obliged to stare at it? Turn your eyes away, and put your thumbs in your ears.

‘ *Don Cesar.* It is all useless. Waking, or dreaming, still that form appears.

‘ *Perin.* Then just be good enough to dream that it is perched upon the topmost bough of yonder tree. There!

‘ *Princess Diana.* (*To Floretta.*) Does he look round?

‘ *Donna Floretta.* No more than one of the posts.

‘ *Princess Diana.* (*To her cousins.*) You put me out. Let me play alone. (*She plays.*) Has he looked round?

‘ *Donna Floretta.* Not once. (*Apart.*) I believe he'll turn your head yet, before you turn his.

‘ *Donna Laura.* He seems resolved to look every way but this.

‘ *Princess Diana.* Oh! he cannot have heard me. Let us play together.

[*They all play, and Perin whispers to Don Cesar.*

' *Don Cesar.* (In a loud voice.) Her Highness's gardener must be a fellow of some taste. This parterre, and the clump of trees in the distance, have a very pretty effect.

' *Princess Diana.* (Stopping them.) What do I hear? Talking of my gardener, and clumps of trees when I touch the lute? The wretch is totally devoid of feeling.

' *Don Cesar.* How sudden and delightful is this calm! 'Twould seem kind nature had suppressed all ruder sounds, that we might listen to the music of her evening sigh, as she sinks down to her repose.

' *Princess Diana.* Yet he speaks with feeling! (Throws by her lute.) I have listened to the voice of flattery, and am deceived; I have no skill upon the instrument.

' *Don Cesar.* This is my favourite hour, Perin, — the time when all the loftier feelings of the soul rise up and put to flight the little vanities of pride and ostentation. These pitiful distinctions of humanity! — the miserable darkness which we call our reason! — how they shrink before this simple, mute magnificence of nature!

' *Princess Diana.* He cannot be so insensible, — and yet he mocks me.

' *Don Cesar.* Alas, what a poor farce it is, that a mere impotent creature, scarcely an atom in the infinite of space, should fret and fume away his bare glance of an existence, when the stupendous world moves on serenely thus through all eternity!

' *Princess Diana.* What think you of his moralizing?

' *Donna Laura.* Why, this has nothing to do with the music, or the dress.

' *Don Cesar.* And see, with what a chastened, bright simplicity all nature's favorites are decked! Look at the flowers which send their perfume now so sweetly forth — an incense fit for heaven! The beautiful violet with her skyey vest, and the pure lily in her robe of virgin white, how they excel the gaudy tinselling of art, and the false glare of splendour!' — Act iii.

Don Cesar withdraws unsubdued, and the Princess is in despair. She now seeks to inflame his jealousy; and in the fourth act we have a most spirited dialogue between them, in which she announces that she has resolved to become the wife of Don Luis, one of his rivals, and in which he in turn assures her that his heart has been at length fixed, and his hand offered to Donna Laura. This completes the humiliation and distress of the unhappy Princess, who has by this time discovered that pride is, after all, a poor antidote for love; and in the fifth act she is hurried by her feelings into a passionate disclosure of her griefs to her supposed rival, Donna Laura. The latter, in the mean time, has become matched with Don Luis, while her other cousin, Donna Louisa, has yielded to the vows of Don Gaston; — both these cavaliers having transferred their homage from the Princess to warmer and more propitious deities. Donna Laura and Don Luis have entered heartily into the scheme of humbling the Princess to a sense of justice towards her lover, and the last and decisive blow is struck, by Donna Laura's coming to ask her cousin's sanction to her own union with Don Cesar.

Princess Diana. (Alone.) Is there no way to snatch him from her arms? Ah! Yes.—I'll see her instantly. *(In a subdued tone.)* Laura is kind; and the heart that would not melt to see the anguish of my sufferings cannot be human. *(Weeping.)* Yes, pity will move her to reject him. *(After a pause.)* But—shall I avow to her what I with shame acknowledge to myself? No! I'll keep the flame concealed, though it consumes me. Ah, here she comes! The joy, it seems, has winged her feet. Be calm, my heart! Leave me at least the shadow of my former self.

Enter Donna Laura, and Donna Floretta.

Donna Laura. Dear cousin, I am come to throw myself upon your friendship. Don Cesar has just offered me his hand, and is gone to ask your father's sanction to our nuptials. My uncle's will is mine, but I should be still happier with Diana's approval.

(Princess Diana turns aside to hide her emotion.)

Cousin, do you not hear me?

Princess Diana. Yes, Laura, I will unbosom all my feelings, and throw myself upon your love. Alas! our hearts are like the restless winds that shift from point to point as the eye glances, yet have no visible cause of motion. I will confess to you that Cesar's pride has irritated me beyond endurance. I have despised all whose passions I have ever moved,—and he, the only man that ever moved my heart, dares to despise me. I am insulted, wronged, dishonoured; and I claim that friendship at your hands, Laura, which you came to seek at mine. You shall avenge me. Let him endure the scorn which has tormented me. Repay his arrogance; and let him find a heart as flinty as his own. My dear, dear Laura, let him suffer, writhe, consume with agony;—then mock his tears, deride his thousand and accumulating woes.

Donna Laura. Mercy! Cousin,—what counsel would you give me? If ingratitude be criminal in him, it cannot be a virtue in me. No; if he loves me sincerely, I shall return the sentiment.

Princess Diana. Love him! And wilt thou dare to love him?

Donna Laura. Heavens, what do I hear?

Donna Floretta. (Aside to Laura.) Don't be frightened.

Princess Diana. Don Cesar thine, whilst I am dying for his love? Never! His very pride enchants me, and in the depth of that abasement which he caused, I still adore him. *(Starting and turning from them.)* What's this? Have I forgot my honor and my fame? No,—thou perverse heart,—bleed! bleed! But let me save Diana's fame untainted. *(To Laura.)* Laura, you see I'm ill,—delirious. My tongue had lost the guidance of my reason. Believe not what it spoke so falsely,—but hear me, dearest Laura. Give him your hand—I am content: You will be happy,—very—very happy,—and I can rejoice in that. Go, then, and bless him with thy constant love. Go—enjoy that bliss, and leave me to a life of wretchedness and shame. *(Laura is going.)* Yet stay! O Heaven, it is impossible—I cannot bear the thought. The flame bursts forth and wraps me in destruction. I sink—I die—the victim of my pride.

[Sinks into Laura's arms.]
Act v. Scene 2.

The schemes both of the author and the lover are now accomplished. LOVE has gained his VICTORY over PRIDE, and in the next scene the curtain drops on all the loving pairs, now happily united.

Such is the main plot of this excellent comedy, and, as far as the principal characters are concerned, it would be difficult to point out a blemish in it. The specimens which we have given are of themselves sufficient to show that the writer is a dramatist of no ordinary powers. But we have still a duty to perform; and we cannot omit to notice, that there is ingrafted on the main design an underplot, of which the gentlest thing we can say is, that it is utterly unconnected with any part of the principal action of the piece. Don Pedro and his whining and garrulous servant Lopez might, for any thing that concerns the remaining characters, be draughted, like an awkward squad of a respectable regiment, out of the play into any dull farce that might follow it; and this comedy and its audience and readers would be much relieved by the separation. The author, indeed, was aware that he disfigured his drama by their introduction. He has himself ascribed the blemish to his own inexperience; but what he has executed in the other parts shows, that if he wants experience, he has resources which can supply its place. We believe that he has been led into committing this sin against his own taste and genius by an apprehension that nothing will now *go down* with an audience unless, in comic productions, it has broad farce to recommend it. Every lover of sterling comedy, who reads or sees this play, must regret the sacrifice that has been made in it. But it is unpleasant to deal out even merited censure, where there is so much reason for praise, and we shall not pursue the subject farther.

Mr. Hyde has shown that he possesses the taste to estimate, and the powers to execute, what is now almost forgotten by writers for the drama, — a representation of human nature as it is, which can remind us of the living world, — which can “hold the mirror up to us,” make us ashamed even of our own follies, and thus, while administering to our amusement, serve as a lash for vice.

ART. V. *The Mission to Siam, and Hué the Capital of Cochin China, in the Years 1821, 1822.* From the Journal of the late George Finlayson, Esq. Surgeon and Naturalist to the Mission, &c. With a Memoir of the Author, by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F. R. S. 8vo. pp. 427. London. Murray. 1826.

It is well known that a mission was sent in 1821 by the Governor-General of Bengal to the courts of Siam and Cochin China, with the view of establishing a system of friendly intercourse between those countries and the British possessions in India, and of forming a commercial treaty with them, which would be of reciprocal advantage. It is equally well known that the mission failed in both these objects, as was to be expected from the manner in which it was constituted, and perhaps we may take leave to add, from the persons of whom it was composed. Of Mr. Crawford to whom the charge of the mission was intrusted, or the gentlemen who

attended him, we know nothing more than the work before us reveals; but judging of them from the data which Mr. Finlayson furnishes, we venture to affirm that few public officers ever set out upon a mission who were less likely to accomplish their object, than those whom the Governor-General authorised to proceed to Siam and Cochin China.

To the original constitution of the mission, however, we must look for a defect, which in any hands would have ensured its frustration. The authorities in Bengal, conversant as they are with oriental customs, must have known that in no one particular of those customs is etiquette carried to so refined a degree, or watched with such lynx-eyed jealousy, as in matters of diplomacy. Such nicety may be in itself, as no doubt it is, exceedingly ridiculous. But this is not the point for consideration. The question is if it be so established, if it be rendered so sacred by long continued custom, as that the observance of it is required on all occasions with inexorable rigour? If this be the case, the foreigner who approaches an oriental court for the purpose of conciliating its friendship, certainly takes a very strange mode of attaining his object, by demanding in the first place a reform in its ceremonies, and thus wounding its pride in the most vulnerable and the most precious of its fibres. Now few persons in India can be ignorant that embassies and presents are received in the East by independent sovereigns, only from sovereigns. Persia offers some exceptions to this rule; but it is a rule inviolably adhered to by the ultra-Gangetic powers. The Governor-General, however, thought fit to violate this custom, by sending an envoy from himself to the sovereigns of Siam and Cochin China, whereas he might have easily given the mission the aspect of being nominated by His Majesty, which would have saved every difficulty of etiquette. The consequence was inevitable. The Governor's letters were not received, — his representative was treated with disrespect, almost with contumely, — and his mission wholly failed.

As to the conduct of Mr. Crawford and the gentlemen who accompanied him, though it may have been in a great measure guided by the instructions which were given them, yet wherever the fault originated, their demeanour (and we say it without meaning any personal disrespect) seems to have been any thing but conciliatory towards the official persons whom it was their business to propitiate. A great deal was said on the failure of Lord Amherst's mission to China, concerning the propriety of Englishmen yielding to the submissive forms of homage which are practised in the court of "His celestial Highness." Our pride was appealed to, and our national dignity was boasted of when that famous embassy failed, because His Lordship would not consent to perform certain prostrations, which were required of him in common with all persons who were presented at the Chinese court. But surely such matters of form go for no more than they are worth. Our civil officers in their correspondence with dependent princes in India do not

hesitate to use those exaggerated and inflated expressions of compliment, to which the latter have been accustomed, and which mean no more with us, or even with them, than the common language of polite and friendly intercourse. The prostration of the person in the East, in the same way, is but an exaggeration of that simple homage which we pay our own sovereign, and nothing but the most silly vanity, and the most erroneous notions of self-respect, can prevent foreigners from complying with the observances which are demanded of them, even to the minutest point. Objections of this nature, and a reluctance in offering even the tokens of respect which they were called upon to yield at the courts of Siam and Cochin China, rendered Mr. Crawford and his companions unacceptable guests there, and hence it is not to be wondered at, that in their diplomatic capacity they were met by the subordinate authorities with coldness, and dismissed almost with disdain. Would it be believed that advantageous terms of commercial intercourse were actually agreed upon by Mr. Crawford and the proper mandarin in Cochin China, and that they were recalled in consequence of Mr. Crawford's refusal to accept for the Governor-General a present of two rhinoceros' horns, some elephants' teeth, and a few ounces of sugar-candy!! Yet this was literally the fact; and, as if this were not enough, Mr. Crawford rendered his refusal the more fatal, by permitting his temper to get the better of his judgment in a transaction, which we shall have occasion to mention in its proper order.

We must now proceed to give some account of the journal before us. And here we must premise, that whatever disappointments may have arisen with respect to the diplomatic results of the mission, none can be felt with regard to the merits of this work. It is the production of a clear and comprehensive intellect, stored with a mass of various knowledge, remarkably observant of the operations of nature, of the peculiarities of climate and country, and of human character as developed not only in general customs and outward appearance, but in that by-play of life, which betrays the real turn of an individual by a single expression, an unguarded attitude, or the style of his dress. Mr. Finlayson seems to have been a very respectable proficient in botany and geology; but though he did not neglect the application of his scientific acquirements, whenever he found occasion for them, he wisely kept his attention fixed on still higher objects, — men and their works, and the striking objects exhibited on the new lands or seas which he traversed.

It is with regret that we speak of such a traveller as among those who *have been*: he died in 1823, shortly after his return from Cochin China, on his way to England, for the recovery of his health, which was destroyed by too much exposure to the weather while prosecuting his botanical pursuits. He was a native of Thurso, in Scotland; and it is creditable to our Indian government to say, that he obtained its patronage without any other interest to sustain him than the talents which he brought to its service. He

died in the prime of his years, and left his journal unfinished in the hands of his benevolent friend, Dr. Somerville, who presented it in its rough state to the Museum of the East India Company. There it would seem that Sir Stamford Raffles first met with it, and, struck by its merit, he undertook to revise and publish it with Dr. Somerville's sanction. We own we feel a strong impression that Sir Stamford did something more than merely 'transcribe' the original journal. In fact, he appears to have re-written it throughout, and, moreover, to have introduced a few political dissertations of his own, for which he derived few or no data from the labours of Mr. Finlayson. When we add, however, that these dissertations, as well as the remodelling of the style, far from diminishing, add considerably to the value of the work, we acquit ourselves of any intention to under-rate the assistance which it obtained from its distinguished editor.

Some twenty years ago Mr. Pinkerton, in his "Modern Geography," pronounced "the kingdoms of Laos, Campodia, Siam, Cochin China, and Tonquin, countries unimportant in themselves." The scantiness of his materials might have induced him to hazard this broad assertion upon the authority of the school-maxim, that "de non apparentibus, et non existentibus, eadem est ratio." Mr. Barrow, however, in his interesting account of his voyage to Cochin China, showed, that that country at least was not quite so "unimportant" as Pinkerton imagined. Since the appearance of Mr. Barrow's work we are not aware of any other which has appeared concerning that country, except the journal of Mr. White, a lieutenant in the navy of the United States. His voyage to Cochin China was performed in 1819, but his account of it, which was noticed in the former series of this Journal*, was not published till 1824. It agrees in many respects with the description of that country given by Mr. Finlayson, but the date of its publication shews that the latter could have had no opportunity of seeing it. Indeed, the mission seem not to have even heard that such an officer as Lieutenant White had been in Cochin China two years before their arrival there. It may be added, that the American did not go to Siam. Mr. Finlayson's account of this country is very full and satisfactory, and its attractions are by no means diminished when we consider the proximity of Siam to the Burman empire, — with which our Indian government is at present carrying on the hazardous game of war.

The mission sailed from Calcutta on the 21st of November, 1821, and after a tedious voyage arrived at the Prince of Wales's Island on the 11th of December. Here they remained to refresh the crew which had been sickly on the passage until the 5th of January, when they resumed their voyage, but for several days they were becalmed within sight of land. During that period they had

* See vol. cvi. p. 337. of the former Series of the Monthly Review.

frequent occasion to observe the beautiful and singular phenomenon of the phosphorescent appearance of the sea by night, the ocean shining 'like a vast lake of liquid fire.' Mr. Finlayson thus explains the cause of this fine spectacle :

' In many of the bays, such as the harbour at Prince of Wales's island, the bodies which emit this singular light exist in such vast quantity, that a boat may readily be distinguished at the distance of several miles by the brilliant light, resembling that of a torch, proceeding from the water agitated by her bow and oars. We have seen the sea rendered of a green colour and slimy appearance, by day, so that it might have been taken for the green vegetable matter common on stagnant pools. We have taken up a quantity of this green-coloured water, and by keeping it till night, have ascertained that the green colour by day, and the phosphorescent appearance by night, were occasioned by the same substance.

' The causes of this luminous appearance of the sea are doubtless various in different parts of the ocean. We know that fish, when dead, afford similar light, and experiments have shewn that dead fish immersed in sea water, after a time, afford it also. The spawn of fishes is said to afford it, and putrefaction is considered as a very common cause of this appearance. In the present instance it appeared unequivocally to proceed from innumerable small granular gelatinous bodies, about the size of a pin's head. These, when taken upon the hand, moved about with great agility for a second or two, when they ceased to be luminous and remained immoveable.'— p. 34.

Having proceeded through the streights of Malacca on the 26th of February, the vessel stood over for Borneo; when she arrived within sight of that island she shaped her course for Pulo Abi, an island in latitude 8° 25' N., longitude 104° 50' E. off the southern extremity of Cambodia, and anchored in a bay on the N. E. side of it on the 11th of March. The gentlemen of the mission on landing imagined from its general aspect that the island was uninhabited, but on proceeding a little farther they observed two huts in a plot of tall grass, overshadowed by a single cocoa-nut tree, and several persons walking about. As they advanced, a slender but active and cheerful old man, dressed like an Arabian, approached and saluted them in the most respectful manner, and invited them into his house. This they found to be a sort of temple, and on a rude wooden altar they saw earthen images, before which fruit, sugar, and sweet-meats were placed as offerings. The island in fact is looked upon as a place peculiarly sacred by the Chinese mariners. Being lofty, it affords them an admirable land-mark, and they 'never pass it without offering up prayers and praises for their success in having made it. On this occasion they leave behind them a painted board, on which is written the name of their junk, (vessel,) the date of their arrival, the port they have left, &c. At this time several boards of this description were in the keeping of the old man.' The classical reader cannot fail to remark the striking resemblance of this superstitious practice to that of the ancient Romans, whose custom of suspending a *tabula votiva*

in their favourite shrines is frequently mentioned by Horace and Juvenal. We may add that this strange custom is not even yet obliterated from the Continent; large tablets sometimes simply with a ship painted on them, sometimes representing also the dangers in which the grateful mariner was involved, may be seen hung in the chapels and churches in maritime towns.

On the 19th of March, the mission left Pulo Abi, and on the evening of the 21st, after passing through innumerable islands, they cast anchor in the bay of Siam. On the 25th the vessel with difficulty passed the bar at the mouth of the river Menam, and anchored opposite to the town of Packnam, where they waited for permission to proceed to Bangkok the capital. One of their first visitors was a person whom the author calls a Moorman, — 'one of that degraded but self-important class of society well known in India under the general title of *Portuguese*, a title to which a hat and one or two other articles of clothing in the European fashion would seem to give every black man, every native, and every half-caste, an undisputed claim.' This man seems to have excited Mr. Finlayson's indignation by his repeated attempts to force himself as an interpreter on Mr. Crawford, and his officious interference in every proceeding in which the mission was concerned. In truth he was a spy of the government, and he contributed not a little to frustrate the object of the mission. It augured badly for their success that in the beginning they were visited only by persons of very low rank, and that they found themselves under the necessity of soliciting leave to call on the Governor of Packnam, who should have been the first to tender them the rites of hospitality. He however received them in a friendly manner, though his habitation was far from being a splendid one. A great proportion of the town, or rather the village of Packnam, is built over the river on elevated boards, the banks being for the most part formed of soft mud. On going on shore they found the people, who crowded familiarly round them, remarkably civil and obliging. On extending his acquaintance with the villagers, Mr. Finlayson observed that their houses were in general filthy and lumbered with wood; yet the people appeared to live in tolerable comfort. Rice seemed to be their principal food. They were generally stout, but rather below the middle stature.

'They cut the hair close to the head, leaving a short tuft on the forehead, which they comb backward. There is no difference in this respect between the men and women, both cutting the hair off short. Europeans are not more attentive to render their teeth white, than the Siamese are to make them black. Amongst them black teeth only are considered beautiful, and it must be allowed that they succeed perfectly well in this species of ornament. This, together with the coarse red painting of the mouth and lips, which they derive from the constant eating of betel, catechu, and lime together, gives them a disgusting appearance. The face of the Siamese is remarkably large, the forehead very broad, prominent on each side, and covered with the hairy scalp

in greater proportion than I have observed in any other people. In some, it descends to within an inch, or even less, of the eye-brows covers the whole of the temples, and stretches forwards to within nearly the same distance of the outer angle of the eye. The cheek bones are large, wide, and prominent. A principal peculiarity in the configuration of their countenance is the great size of the back part of the lower jaw. The corona process here projects outwards, so as to give to this part of the face an uncommon breadth. One would imagine on a careless inspection, that they were all affected with a slight degree of *gotte*, or swelling of the parotid gland. A similar appearance is often observable in Malays. The people generally go naked from the waist upwards, sometimes throwing a piece of cloth over the shoulders. Old women in general expose the breast; but the young, and the middle aged, wrap a short piece of cloth round the chest, of sufficient length to form a single knot in front, thus leaving the shoulders and arms bare. From the loins to the knee, they wrap a piece of blue or other coloured cloth, over which the better sort wear a piece of Chinese crape, or a shawl.—pp. 108, 109.

It is a singular fact, that almost every form of worship which was established in any part of the world previous to the Reformation had monastic institutions of some description or other. In the earliest ages of Greece the oracle of Dodona, while its responses were yet delivered from a lofty oak, was the centre of a regular college of prophets who slept always on the ground, and habituated themselves in other respects to an austere monastic discipline. Such self-denying congregations are not uncommon among the followers of Buddha. Mr. Finlayson found one of these institutions at Packnam situated on the bank of the river.

‘ Their houses,’ he observes, ‘ are well built, spacious, and convenient. The whole is included in an extensive and open space of ground kept clean and neat. The accommodation for the priests is excellent: the houses are well raised, the floors and walls made of boards. A new temple occupies one extremity of the enclosure. The fraternity received us with great cheerfulness, and, at our request, readily admitted us into the interior of the temple. Here, raised to about the middle height of the edifice, on a broad platform or altar, we discovered about fifty gilded images of Buddha, all in the sitting posture. The principal image, considerably above the human stature, was placed behind and over him was raised a sort of arched canopy of carved and gilded wood. The others were ranged close before him. On each corner of the altar, with their faces turned towards the images, clothed in the usual costume of their order, and in the attitude of devotion, stood two priests. The general form of the figure of Buddha was not essentially different from that worshipped by the natives of Ceylon. The hair is short and curled, the head surmounted by a flame of glory, the countenance placid, benign, and contemplative. They have given somewhat of a Siamese, or rather Tartar expression to the features, by rather prolonging the eyebrows, and giving an obliquity to the eye; the nose is more sharp, and the lips very thick.’—pp. 110, 111.

On the 28th of March the mission having obtained leave to proceed to Bangkok, weighed anchor and sailed up the river. On the

passage they were much annoyed by that most malignant of all insects the mosquito. On the 29th, as they approached the capital, the prospect on either bank, which had been hitherto rather sterile, assumed a lively appearance. The river is here about a quarter of a mile in breadth. A considerable space at each side is occupied by *floating houses*, built in the Chinese fashion, which are bound at either end to long bamboos driven into the bed of the river. They are thus enabled to move from place to place as convenience requires. These houses generally consist only of a principal centre room in which the owners display their wares, and of one or two small ones for domestic purposes. The floor is raised about a foot above the water, and the roof is thatched with palm-leaves. Between these floating shops decked out with their showy wares, and the canoes plying about in every direction, the scene, particularly on a market-day, is gay, and to a foreigner particularly striking.

In the course of the evening the mission were visited by an elderly man, second in rank to the minister who conducts all affairs carried on between the court and Europeans of every description.

This old gentleman conversed for some time with great ease and affability, inquired into the respective rank and occupation of the several gentlemen of the mission, and seemed to welcome us with great cordiality. He soon intimated that the object of his visit was to procure the letter from the Governor-General to the King. He had brought with him a handsome golden cup for its reception. On this, the letter, wrapt in gold tissue, was placed in his presence. On his expressing a wish to depart, Mr. Crawford took up the cup, and raising it to his head, proceeded through a double line of sepoys, with presented arms, drawn out for the occasion, to the gangway, from which he handed it down to one of the gentlemen of the mission, placed in the chief's boat to receive it. The latter delivered it to the chief, who placed it negligently on a piece of old carpet, on which he sat.—pp. 118, 119.

Another bad omen! It would seem that the Moorman had already informed himself and the government of the whole state of the mission, and of every particular connected with it. The manner in which the old Siamese received the Governor's letter, notwithstanding the pompous, and, to us, whimsical, ceremony with which it was delivered to him, seemed of itself sufficient to decide the prospects of the embassy. The next untoward circumstance which happened to them was a message from the Minister for Foreign Affairs, offering to accommodate them with a house during their stay at Bankok. They accepted the offer, and soon found themselves established in 'an *out-house* intended for a *store-room*, containing but four small, ill-ventilated apartments, the approach to which led through a *trap-door* from below, and on three sides they were almost entirely excluded from air!' It was nothing better than what we are accustomed to call a hay-loft! Here was

a hotel indeed for the representative of the Governor-General of Bengal! It is hardly necessary to observe, that among the Asiatics particularly, it is the custom for the government to provide accommodation for persons sent officially to it from a foreign court. In the present instance this duty of hospitality was performed by an individual, and with the decency which we have just mentioned.

But though the Siamese court as yet paid no sort of attention to Mr. Crawford, yet it betrayed 'a degree of meanness and avidity at once disgusting and disgraceful,' in order to get possession of the presents which he brought from the Governor-General. Mr. Crawford was simple enough to entrust them all to the Moor-man, without stipulating for any favour in return. Nay more, after the presents had been thus all parted with, the gentlemen of the mission were told that they 'were to be prisoners, and restricted from intercourse with the people until the ceremony of their presentation at court should be over.' This ceremony was put off from day to day upon one pretence or another. At length Suri Wong Montree, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, invited Mr. Crawford to a conference; after this breaking of the ice, he was permitted to visit the Prince Chroma-chit, an illegitimate son of the reigning king, who is a sort of Prime Minister, and is considered not to be devoid of talent for public affairs. After this visit the important discussions began, as to the nature of the ceremonies which were to be performed by the strangers in the royal presence; and the result of many grave negotiations was, that all parties agreed on the following programme:

'We were to take off our shoes at the door of the hall of audience; when we had entered, we were to take off our hats, and making a bow in the English manner, we were to advance to the seats appointed for us, and there sitting down, with the legs bent backwards and under us, but a little to one side, we were to make three salutations with the hands united before the face, touching the forehead each time. The union of the hands in this manner appearing to be expressive of supplication, and being used as the sign thereof by many Asiatics, Capt. Dangerfield proposed that in its stead we should salute in the manner done at some of the Hindu courts, by performing the salam with both hands, raising them separately to the head at the same time. It was observed that the difference was very immaterial, and that therefore the Siamese mode should be preferred; besides it appeared that the members of the mission might perform the salutation with more or less correctness as they judged proper, and that it would be deemed enough if they touched the forehead with the hands in any way.'— pp. 133, 134.

On the day appointed they proceeded to the palace; and although the ceremonies of the audience seem not to have at all pleased Mr. Finlayson, yet he describes them with great vivacity and minuteness. The mysterious grandeur with which the King of Siam surrounds his throne is the result of a theatrical contrivance by no means ill suited to the purpose for which it is destined. The hall of the presence is a lofty and an extensive edifice, highly

decorated in the fashion of the country.' At the extremity of this hall 'a large handsome curtain, made of cloth covered with tinsel or gold leaf, and suspended by a cord, divided the space occupied by the throne from the rest of the apartment.' A space about twenty feet square, in front of the throne, was kept clear; the remainder of the hall was crowded to excess by persons of every rank, each of whom had his proper place assigned to him. The remainder of this curious scene we must give in the words of the author.

'The curtain placed before the throne was drawn aside as we entered. The whole multitude present lay prostrate on the earth, their mouths almost touching the ground; not a body or limb was observed to move, not an eye was directed towards us, not a whisper agitated the solemn and still air. It was the attitude, the silence, the solemnity of a multitude simultaneously addressing the great God of the universe, rather than the homage of even an enslaved people. Not even Rome, fertile in a race of tyrants, nor Dionysius himself, ever produced any degradation to compare with this in ignominy.

Raised about twelve feet above the floor, and about two yards behind the curtain alluded to, there was an arched niche, on which an obscure light was cast, of sufficient size to display the human body to effect, in the sitting posture. In this niche was placed the throne, projecting from the wall a few feet. Here, on our entrance, the King sat immovable as a statue, his eyes directed forwards. He resembled, in every respect, an image of Buddha placed upon his throne; while the solemnity of the scene, and the attitude of devotion observed by the multitude, left little room to doubt that the temple had been the source from which the monarch of Siam had borrowed the display of regal pomp. He was dressed in a close jacket of gold tissue, on his left was placed what appeared to be a sceptre; but he wore neither crown nor other covering on the head, nor was the former emblem of the office of royalty displayed on the occasion. The throne was hung round with the same sort of cloth which formed the curtain in front.—A considerable degree of light was thrown laterally on the floor at the base of the throne, where large and elegant fans were waved by persons placed behind the curtain. This circumstance added considerable effect to the scene.'—pp. 144, 146.

A very slight and contemptuous notice was taken at court of the presents sent to the King by the Governor-General; no mention whatever was made of the letter; and it was observed as an additional mark of indifference, if not of insult, that the King did not wear his crown on this occasion, as his custom is on receiving ambassadors from foreign sovereigns. A few general questions conveyed to the agent in whispers through a long chain of officers, composed the whole of the intercourse held between that gentleman and His Majesty at this audience. The only presents offered to the gentlemen of the mission consisted of some paltry Chinese umbrellas, and even these, perhaps, would not have been thought of, if a violent shower of rain had not commenced as soon as the ceremony was over. They were detained within the precincts of the palace for some hours in order to see *the lions*

of the royal household, which consisted of some *white elephants*, *albinos* of their species. Near these were placed two white monkeys, whose duty it was, according to the superstitious notions of the country, 'to prevent evil spirits from killing the larger animals.' It is worth remarking, that the eyes of the white elephants differ in no respect from those of the common elephant, except in the iris, which is of a pure white colour, whereas in the white monkey 'the lips, eye-lids, and feet, are distinguished by the inanimate whiteness of the skin noticed in the human albino, while the general appearance of the iris, the eye, and even the countenance, the intolerance of light, the unsettled air they assumed, and the grimace they affected, afforded so many points of resemblance between them and that unhappy variety of our species, as rendered the sight disgusting and humiliating. One who had seen a perfect albino of the human species would find it impossible to separate the impression of his appearance from that of the animals now before us.' As to the white elephant, such is the regard in which this animal is held in Siam, that he who discovers one is rewarded by the King with 'a crown of silver, and a grant of land equal in extent to the space of country at which the elephant's cry may be heard.' After viewing these and other curiosities of the palace, the gentlemen of the mission returned to their 'outhouse.'

As if to place the character of their reception beyond all doubt, an ambassador arrived, during their stay at Bangkok, from the King of Cochin China, who was treated with all the attention which the court and the more respectable inhabitants of the capital could bestow. If Mr. Crawford failed in obtaining due honour from the King, he was equally unsuccessful in his endeavours to induce the ministers to agree to a commercial treaty, which he drew out to the extent of *thirty-nine* articles. The only answer given to his propositions was, that the existing duties, which are nearly prohibitive, could not be lessened until after the lapse of a number of years, which was not defined, and until five English ships should visit the port annually. The mission had now been foiled at all points: Mr. Crawford determined on quitting Siam, and took his departure without even obtaining the common compliment of "an audience of leave."

At this part of his work the author makes a pause in his narrative, and dedicates a chapter to the physical form and character of the Siamese, their manners and customs, their laws, history, revenue, and religion, and the natural products of the country. One of their most remarkable customs is that relating to their treatment of the dead. The body, after undergoing a rude sort of preparation, is burnt; the ashes which remain are then carefully collected and reduced to a paste with water. This paste is ultimately formed into a small image of Buddha, 'which being gilded, and finished by the priests, is either placed in the temple, or pre-

served by the friends of the deceased.' This is a custom, we believe, quite peculiar to the Siamese. The population of the country is variously stated; no calculation represents it as exceeding a million. The principal object of culture is pepper. The King is the chief merchant, and exercises a monopoly in every thing which he can turn to profit.

The gentlemen of the mission, cordially tired of Bangkok, embarked in the evening of the 14th of July, and proceeded to Cochin China. As this portion of the journal has less novelty about it than that which relates to Siam, we shall reduce our notice of it to as brief a space as possible. We remark that neither Mr. Crawford, nor any one of his companions, appears to have heard the strange sub-aqueous music which astonished the ears of Lieutenant White, when he sailed up the river to Saigon, one of the principal cities of the kingdom. Upon Mr. Crawford's arrival there he found that the Governor (probably from communications sent by the Cochin-Chinese ambassador, who had been at the court of Siam,) was fully aware of the nature and objects of his mission, and that it was accredited by a letter, *not* from the King of Great Britain, but from the Governor-General of Bengal! From Saigon Mr. Crawford was referred to Hué, where the King has resided for several years, and thither the members of the mission proceeded. The journal gives a minute description of the city of Hué, which, though in itself paltry, is surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery in Asia. The fort, which is built after the European style, and which is fully described by Mr. White, engaged a good deal of the author's attention. He is also particularly minute in his account of the equipment of the military: he seems to have examined their accoutrements with special care; and we were much amused by his inventory of what he calls the *contents* of one of the soldiers' cartouche-box, which he enumerates as follows:

- ' A set of men for playing at chess;
- ' A small bottle of scented oil;
- ' A small horn, with pricker, containing apparently priming powder;
- ' A bundle of small, hollow bamboos, each containing a charge of powder, stopped at one end with paper;
- ' *No ball, or shot.*'—p. 345.

How the author and his editor could have enumerated '*no ball or shot,*' among the *contents* of the cartouche-box, we are at a loss to understand. Had either of the gentlemen been from the sister-island, he might have put this *bull* down to the credit of his privilege.

All the efforts of Mr. Crawford (and they were not a few) to obtain an audience of the King were to no purpose. He had an interview with the principal mandarin on the commercial objects of the mission. At this interview

‘ Mr. Crawford said, that what was chiefly required was, that permission might be granted to British ships to trade to the ports of Cochin China, mentioning in particular Saigon, Turon Bay, and Tonquin; and that instructions might be delivered to him respecting the duties demanded, and the regulations by which the commerce of these places was conducted. To this the mandarin answered, that the ports of Cochin China were open to all nations; that the duties had of late been very considerably diminished, first by the late King, and latterly by the present; that he would furnish a table or scheme of the duties collected at different ports; and that he would always expedite the affairs of traders, by immediate attention to them, well knowing the importance of expedition in matters of that nature.’ — pp. 355, 356.

Mr. Crawford thought these regulations sufficiently liberal, and nothing now remained but the preparation of the tariff. Before he took his leave, however, he again touched on the subject of an audience with the King. To this the mandarin answered,

‘ That he had already communicated with the King upon the subject, and such was his determination: That had the agent to the Governor-General come on any other than commercial affairs he would have been presented to the court, but that it was altogether contrary to its customs to give audience on such occasions. That had Mr. Crawford been the envoy of the King of England, or of any king, he would have been received. That in this case it was as if the Governor of Saigon had sent an envoy to the imperial court.’ — p. 358.

Mr. Crawford reminded him that in 1804 Mr. Roberts, the envoy of the Governor-General of Bengal, who was sent on a mission similar to the present one, ‘ had been received honourably at court, and had obtained two audiences of the King.’ For the truth of his assertion he appealed to two Frenchmen, Messrs. Vannier and Chaigneaux, who were present on that occasion, they having lived in the country for upwards of twenty years, and adopted the Cochin-Chinese manners and costume.

‘ The mandarin knew that nothing but the truth had been stated; yet he equivocated in the most palpable manner; saying at one time that he had not been admitted; at another that it was during war, when any one might have been admitted to the King; and that since that time the customs of the court had been altered; and that the magnificence of the court was reserved solely for the greatest occasions. It was here observed that the change which had taken place in court-etiquette was not known; and that, with respect to the manner in which the mission was to be received, it was for the King to decide whether the audience should be public or private. On this the old gentleman dryly observed, that it was indeed very natural that we should use every expedient to gain an audience of the King, having come so far for that purpose, and plainly insinuated that it was all to no purpose. The coolness of his manner, and the direct inference of the remark, were too much for us, and we could contain our gravity no longer. The Frenchmen seemed equally surprised with the mandarin at seeing us laugh so heartily. The old gentleman was in fact quite at a loss what to say; and at last dwelt upon the argument that the etiquette of the court had been changed.’ — pp. 360, 361.

Mr. Crawford suspected, probably not without reason, that the two Frenchmen were not very friendly to his objects, though, in other respects, they treated him and his companions with great kindness. We have given the whole of this negotiation as it occurred, in order to show the manner in which it was conducted on the part of the mission, — a manner certainly not distinguished for its acumen or politeness. But a more important *faux pas* remains. We have already alluded to Mr. Crawford's refusal of certain presents which were tendered on the part of the King for the Governor-General of Bengal. The mandarin, again and again, in a good-humoured way urged the acceptance of them, but, seeing that he could not prevail, he desisted, and the matter seemed amicably adjusted on both sides. The commercial regulations were also settled, giving permission to the English to trade to the ports of Saigon, Han (the Bay of Turon), and Hué, thus excepting only Tonquin. These were better terms than, under the circumstances, perhaps, could have been hoped for; at all events they were sufficient to attain one great object of the mission, the establishment of some basis of commercial intercourse between Cochin China and the dependencies of Great Britain, — a basis which might hereafter be enlarged to the utmost extent we could desire. Matters being in this situation, Mr. Crawford and his friends participated of a repast in the house of the Tacoon, or mandarin of strangers, (Minister for Foreign Affairs,) and the early part of the evening passed off very pleasantly on all sides. The remainder of this unfortunate scene must be given in the words of Mr. Finlayson.

'The table was now cleared, and the conversation that followed was of a general nature; when, to our great astonishment, the little mandarin of Han, a man who had often visited us both here and on board ship, without giving us any more favourable notion of his capacity than that of his being a poor silly creature, with scarcely two ideas in his head, got up, and, in a loud and sharp voice, exclaimed, that we had come from the governor of a province, that we had offered presents to a great king, who, not receiving them, we were now returning without the presents he had deigned to offer. Had the little man done that justice to the bottle, which he did to the fat pork and hatched eggs, one might have supposed this intemperate remark to have proceeded from inebriety. It would appear, however, to have been the result of pure folly, for on this, though not on all the occasions we had seen him, he was apparently sober. Before he had time to proceed further, Mr. Crawford replied, that he had not called for the opinion of this mandarin, and would hear no more from him. That the matter having been fully discussed with the Tacoon, in their presence, it was now surely at rest. The little mandarin evidently felt this as a keen rebuke. Mistaking the nature of the part which I had performed in the transactions of the day, and conceiving himself to be on terms of great intimacy with Mr. Crawford, he thought that such an observation could only have come from me. So, rising again, with still more animated energy, he observed, that there was but one name in the Governor-General's letter, meaning thereby, that but one had a right to speak there. He said nothing further, and sat down, apparently much offended; the

more so for that I could not help laughing at his mistake. The Tacoon also laughed very heartily at the occurrence. The observation, however, though seemingly thrown out by accident, made some impression upon the two mandarins, senior to that of Han; and the Tacoon, seeing that it was likely to lead to further discussion, terminated the affair by saying, that he would refer the matter to the king. Thus, by one unlucky, unnecessary expression of a weak and foolish man, were our plans entirely frustrated.' — pp. 397, 398.

The King was, in fact, so much piqued at the refusal of his presents, that he even countermanded the letter which the Tacoon had written in his own name to the Governor-General. After this occurrence, the mission were treated with every possible degree of disrespect until they quitted the country, which they lost no time in doing. The tariff was also withdrawn. We make no further commentary upon this matter, as, indeed, it requires none to indicate the real causes of the failure of this mission, and the points which are to be guarded against, whenever new negotiators are sent to Siam or Cochin China.

ART. VI. *The Subaltern.* 12mo. pp. 373. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London. 1825.

IN this little volume the reader will find as animated and as natural a picture of a military life engaged in active service, as perhaps has ever been drawn in any country. From the morning of his march from Hythe, we accompany the subaltern side by side until he finishes his campaigns at Bayonne. He lets us into all the minutiae of the scenes which he visited, of the hue and progress of almost every day which he spent in the Pyrenees; we see him in his tent, in his hut, at his dinner, at the watch-fire in the presence of the enemy, and in every part of the actions in which he was committed with them. That cloak of generality which historians usually spread over battles, by merely relating results or grand movements, is wholly removed by this writer: we understand clearly from him the share which he and his companions sustained in the dangers and triumphs of the field, as well as the nature of the duties and hardships, the pleasures and privations, of a soldier's career.

The contents of this volume must be familiar to the readers of Blackwood's Magazine, in which it appeared during the present year. The author, a subaltern officer in one of the British regiments of infantry, tells us that he embarked with his regiment at Dover, buoyant with the ardour of a young soldier who had never yet seen service. The wind, however, was more fastidious in facilitating his wishes than he expected; but at length he was landed at Passages, a sea-port at the base of the Pyrenees, some time about the middle of August, 1813. In this vicinity he soon found exercise and excitement to repletion. Previously to his debarkation, Sir Thomas Graham, who, with the fifth division of the British forces, was investing St. Sebastian's, had been repulsed in an assault

upon that formidable fortress. Not only was the progress of the allied army retarded till this place should surrender, but the troops under General Graham, incensed with discomfiture, and eager to retrieve their honour, were labouring incessantly to complete fresh batteries and renew the attack. Accordingly, at day-break on the 27th of August, the batteries opened upon the devoted castle with 'one of the most splendid trains of heavy ordnance which a British General has ever had at his command.' On the 31st such breaches had been effected as were considered accessible, and at noon of that day, as if in scorn of the resistance of the besieged, the decisive assault was led on. This daring and memorable enterprise, successful apparently but by chance, is described as follows:

'Silent as the grave, the column moved forward. In one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches, and the others poured on in quick succession after them, when the work of death began. The enemy having reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened with the most deadly effect. Grape, cannister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of missile, were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper; insomuch, that in the space of two minutes, the river was literally choked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom, without discrimination, the advancing divisions pressed on.

'The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the landing-place and the foot of the breach rapidly cleared, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm, the breach presented the appearance only of an ill-built wall, thrown considerably from its perpendicular; to ascend which, even though unopposed, would be no easy task. It was, however, too late to pause; besides, the men's blood was hot, and their courage on fire; so they pressed on, clambering up as they best could, and effectually hindering one another from falling back, by the eagerness of the rear-ranks to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry; our front-ranks likewise had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect; and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful.

'At length the head of the column forced its way to the summit of the breach, where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I mean not to assert that our soldiers stood upon a level with their enemies, for this was not the case. There was a high step, perhaps two or three feet in length, which the assailants must surmount before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a very considerable period elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, and sabre met sabre, in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to advance, or the other succeeding in driving them back.

'Things had continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portuguese regiment, dashed across the river, and assaulted the lesser breach. This attack

was made in the most cool and determined manner; but here, too, the obstacles were almost insurmountable; nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all, but for a measure adopted by General Graham, such as has never perhaps been adopted before. Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach. Nothing could be more exact or beautiful than this practice. Though our own men stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, whilst all told with fearful exactness among the enemy.

‘ This fire had been kept up only a very few minutes, when all at once an explosion took place, such as drowned every other noise, and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train, which communicated with a quantity of gunpowder placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring as soon as our troops should have made good their footing, or established themselves on the summit; but the fortunate accident just mentioned anticipated them. It exploded whilst three hundred grenadiers, the *élite* of the garrison, stood over it, and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling and grand as the imagination can conceive, the sight of that explosion. The noise was more awful than any which I have ever heard before or since; whilst a bright flash, instantly succeeded by a smoke so dense, as to obscure all vision, produced an effect upon those who witnessed it, such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. Such, indeed, was the effect of the whole occurrence, that for perhaps half a minute after, not a shot was fired on either side. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havoc which had been produced; inso-much, that a whisper might have caught your ear for a distance of several yards.’—pp. 51. 55.

The town, after the terrible and revolting scenes of outrage and plunder to which it was subjected, is thus represented :

‘ No doubt it was, in its day, both neat and regular; but of the houses, nothing now remained except the outward shells, which, however, appeared to be of an uniform height and style of architecture. As far as I could judge, they stood five stories from the ground, and were faced with a sort of freestone, so thoroughly blackened and defiled as to be hardly cognizable. The street itself was, moreover, choked up with heaps of ruins, among which were strewed about fragments of household furniture and clothing, mixed with caps, military accoutrements, round shot, pieces of shells, and all the other implements of strife. Neither were there wanting other evidences of the drama which had been lately acted here, in the shape of dead bodies, putrefying, and infecting the air with the most horrible stench. Of living creatures, on the other hand, not one was to be seen, not even a dog or cat; indeed, we traversed the whole city, without meeting more than six human beings. These, from their dress and abject appearance, struck me as being some of the inhabitants who had survived the assault. They looked wild and haggard, and moved about here and there, poking among the ruins, as if they were either in search of the bodies of their slaughtered relatives, or hoped to find some little remnant of their property. I remarked, that two or three of them

carried bags over their arms, into which they thrust every trifling article of copper or iron which came in their way.

‘From the streets, each of which resembled, in every particular, that which we had first entered, we proceeded towards the breach, where a dreadful spectacle awaited us. We found it covered — literally covered — with fragments of dead carcasses, to bury which it was evident that no effectual attempt had been made. I afterwards learned, that the Spanish corps which had been left to perform this duty, instead of burying, endeavoured to burn the bodies; and hence the half-consumed limbs and trunks which were scattered about, the effluvia arising from which was beyond conception overpowering. We were heartily glad to quit this part of the town, and hastened, by the nearest covered way, to the Castle.’—pp. 86. 88.

Desecration is an unavoidable attendant of the horrors of war, and yet, when compared with other evils, it is undoubtedly a subordinate one. The author’s account of the conversion of a church into a military dépôt may be transcribed, as a specimen of the manner in which British soldiers meditate among the tombs.

‘The spectacle which the interior of the church of Urogne presented this night, was one which the pious founder of the fabric probably never calculated upon its presenting. Along the two side aisles, the arms of the battalion were piled, whilst the men themselves occupied the centre aisle. In the pulpit was placed the large drum and other musical instruments, whilst a party of officers took possession of a gallery erected at the lower extremity of the building. For our own parts, Gray and myself asserted a claim to the space around the altar, which, in an English church, is generally railed in, but which, in (several) foreign churches, is distinguished from the rest of the chancel only by its elevation. Here we spread out our cold salt beef, our brown bread, our cheese, and our grog; and here we ate and drank, in that state of excited feeling which attends every man who has gone safely through the perils of such a day.

‘Nor was the wild nature of the spectacle around us diminished by the gloomy and wavering light, which thirty or forty small rosin tapers cast over it. Of these, two or three stood beside us, upon the altar, whilst the rest were scattered about, by ones and twos, in different places, leaving every interval in a sort of shade, which gave a wider scope to the imagination than to the senses. The buzz of conversation, too, the frequent laugh and joke, and, by and by, the song, as the grog began to circulate, all these combined to produce a scene too striking to be soon forgotten.

‘As time passed on, all these sounds became gradually more and more faint. The soldiers, wearied with their day’s work, dropped asleep, one after another, and I, having watched them for a while, stretched out like so many corpses upon the paved floor of the church, wrapped my cloak round me, and prepared to follow their example. I laid myself at the foot of the altar, and though the marble was not more soft than marble usually is, I slept as soundly upon it as if it had been a bed of down.’—pp. 131. 133.

After many a hard-fought field, and many a night of harassing watchfulness amid the snow and storms of the Pyrenees, the British army at length descended into a more genial climate. Regardless of

the chivalrous denunciations of Gascony, Lord Wellington invaded the "sacred territory," and for the first time encountered the enemy on their own soil. Our author informs us, that this was no sooner effected than the Spanish and Portuguese soldiers, inflamed with the most implacable resentment against the French, gave unlimited rein to their feelings. They committed outrages of the most wanton and fiendish description on the unarmed peasantry. They tumultuously broke from their ranks, and rushed into the cottages, which they seldom quitted without perpetrating acts of the foulest violence. In vain did their officers attempt to repress their insubordination, for which purpose the most vigorous measures had to be employed by the Commander-in-Chief. Of the cool-blooded manner in which these atrocities were committed, the author favours us with one remarkable instance.

' A little way, perhaps a couple of hundred yards in front, stood another French cottage, surrounded by a garden, and perfectly detached from all others. In about five minutes after order had been restored, we heard a female shriek come from that cottage. It was followed by the report of a musket, and ere we had time to reach the spot, another shot was fired. We ran up, and found a poor old French peasant lying dead at the bottom of the garden. A bullet had passed through his head, and his thin grey hairs were dyed with his own blood. We hastened towards the house, and just as we neared the door, a *caçadore* rushed out, and attempted to elude us. But he was hotly pursued and taken. When he was brought back, we entered the cottage, and to our horror we saw an old woman, in all probability the wife of the aged peasant, lying dead in the kitchen.

' The desperate Portuguese pretended not to deny having perpetrated these murders. He seemed, on the contrary, wound up to a pitch of frenzy. — "They murdered my father, they cut my mother's throat; and they ravished my sister," said he, "and I vowed at the time that I would put to death the first French family that fell into my hands. You may hang me, if you will, but I have kept my oath, and I care not for dying." It is unnecessary to add that the man was hanged; indeed, no fewer than eighteen Spanish and Portuguese soldiers were tuck'd up, in the course of this and the following days, to the branches of trees."—pp. 145, 146.

We cannot pass over the amusing description which the Subaltern gives of the resources to which he and his companions were driven, in order to make themselves comfortable in their winter-quarters. On the 17th of November they struck their tents with infinite satisfaction, and dispersed themselves in such cottages and farm-houses as they found on an elevated piece of ground between Bedart and St. Jean de Luz.

' It would be difficult for an ordinary reader to form any adequate notion of the extreme satisfaction which soldiers experience, when first they establish themselves in winter-quarters. As long as the weather continues fine, and summer suns shed their influence over it, there are, indeed, few places more agreeable than a camp. But it is not so after the summer has departed. Against heavy and continued rains, a tent supplies but a very inadequate shelter. A tent is, moreover, but a

narrow chamber, in which it is not easy so much as to stand upright, excepting in one spot; and where all opportunity of locomotion is denied. It furnishes, moreover, little protection against cold, to light a fire within being impossible, on account of the smoke; and hence the only means of keeping yourself warm is, to wrap your cloak or blanket about you, and to lie down. Occasionally, indeed, I have seen red-hot shot employed as heaters; but the kind of warmth which arises from heated iron is, at least to me, hardly more agreeable than that which is produced by charcoal. In a word, however enthusiastic a man may be in his profession, he begins, about the end of October or the beginning of November, to grow heartily tired of campaigning; and looks forward to a few weeks' rest, and a substantial protection against cold and damp, with almost as much pleasure as he experiences when the return of spring calls him once more into the field.

'The farm-houses in the south of France, like those in the neighbouring country of Spain, are rarely provided with fire-places in any other apartment besides the kitchen. It is, indeed, customary for families to live, during the winter-months, entirely with their servants; and hence the want of a fire-place in the parlour is not felt any more than in the bed-rooms. I observed, likewise, that hardly any maison of the kind was furnished with glazed windows; wooden lattices being almost universally substituted. These, during the summer-months, are kept open all day, and closed only at night; and I believe that the extreme mildness of the climate renders an open window, at such seasons, very agreeable. On the present occasion, however, we anticipated no slight annoyance from the absence of these two essential matters, a chimney and a window in our room; and we immediately set our wits to work for the removal of both causes of complaint.

'Both Gray's servant and my own chanced to be exceedingly ingenious fellows; the former, in particular, could, to use a vulgar phrase, turn his hand to any thing. Under his directions we set a party of men to work, and knocking a hole through one corner of our room, we speedily converted it into a fire-place. To give vent to the smoke, we took the trouble to build an external chimney, carrying it up as high as the roof of the house; and our pride and satisfaction were neither of them trifling, when we found that it drew to admiration. I mean not to commend the masonry for its elegance, nor to assert that the sort of buttress now produced added in any degree to the general appearance of the house; but it had the effect of rendering our apartment exceedingly comfortable, and that was the sole object which we had in view.

'Having thus provided for our warmth, the next thing to be done was to manufacture such a window as might supply us with light, and at the same time resist the weather. For this purpose we lifted a couple of lattices from their hinges; and having cut out four panels in each, we covered the spaces with white paper soaked in oil. The light thus admitted was not, indeed, very brilliant, but it was sufficient for all our purposes; and we found, when the storm again returned, that our oil-paper stood out against it stoutly. Then, having swept our floor, unpacked and arranged the contents of our canteen, and provided good dry hay-sacks for our couches, we felt as if the whole world could have supplied no better or more desirable habitation.

'To build the chimney, and construct the window, furnished occupation enough for one day; the next was spent in cutting wood, and

laying in a store of fuel against the winter. In effecting this, it must be confessed, that we were not over fastidious as to the source from which it was derived; and hence a greater number of fruit-trees were felled and cut to pieces, than, perhaps, there was any positive necessity to destroy. But it is impossible to guard against every little excess, when troops have established themselves in an enemy's country; and the French have just cause of thankfulness, that so little comparative devastation marked the progress of our armies. Their own, it is well known, were not remarkable for their orderly conduct in such countries as they overran.'—pp. 150. 154.

We must add an anecdote of the Great Captain, whose name will not soon be forgotten at either side of the Pyrenees.

'It was not, however, among regimental and other inferior officers alone, that this period of military inaction was esteemed and acted upon as one of enjoyment. Lord Wellington's fox-hounds were unkennelled; and he himself took the field regularly twice a-week, as if he had been a denizen of Leicestershire, or any other sporting county in England. I need not add, that few packs, in any county, could be better attended. Not that the horses of all the huntsmen were of the best breed, or of the gayest appearance; but what was wanting in individual splendour was made up by the number of Nimrods; nor would it be easy to discover a field more fruitful in laughable occurrences, which no man more heartily enjoyed than the gallant Marquis himself. When the hounds were out, he was no longer the commander of the forces, the General-in-Chief of three nations, and the representative of three sovereigns; but the gay, merry, country gentleman, who rode at every thing, and laughed as loud when he fell himself, as when he witnessed the fall of a brother-sportsman.'—pp. 155, 156.

It is pretty generally known, that while the British troops occupied their position on the Bidassoa, numerous desertions took place. These have been attributed to various causes by different writers. It was affirmed, that the disagreeable duty to which the men were subjected, the severity of the weather in so high a region, and the unwholesomeness and irregular distribution of their rations, produced these desertions. It is an indisputable fact, however, that they invariably took place from the out-posts of such piquets as were stationed in the most desolate ravines, the scenes of former battles, and where double sentinels could not be placed. The author, however, whilst he admits the harassing nature of the duty, assigns as the principal, if not sole cause of these desertions, the "superstitious fears" of the common soldiers. The ground necessarily occupied by their out-posts, he says, was so bestrewed with the remains of the dead, that the men repeatedly declared that they preferred fighting during the day to performing the duty of sentinels by night by the side of their unburied comrades. Remote passes, lonely ravines, and the margin of woods, where the severest skirmishes had taken place, were generally the spots at which it was essential to station a single out-post. The skeletons lay around, the wolves howled on all sides, and the wild dogs of the mountains snarled in contention over the half-devoured car-

cases. Superstitious apprehension seized upon the men, and rather than endure nightly horrors which they deemed worse than death, they crossed over to the enemy. This hypothesis is rendered more probable by the fact, that as soon as the army descended from the mountains, desertion ceased. Of the effects of this species of fear upon an individual of supposed stronger nerves than his comrades, and who selected a place of dread in order to show how he should brave it, the author tells the following anecdote :

‘ I visited his post about half an hour after he had assumed it, that is to say, a little before midnight. He was neither standing nor sitting, but leaning against a tree, and was fairly covered with a coat of frozen snow. His firelock had dropped from his hand, and lay across the chest of the dead man, beside whom he had chosen to place himself. When I spoke to the fellow, and desired to know why he had not challenged as I approached, he made no answer; and, on examining more closely, I found that he was in a swoon. Of course, I dispatched my orderly for a relief, and kept watch myself till he returned; when, with the assistance of my comrades, I first dragged the dead body to the lake, into which it was thrown, and then removed the insensible but living man into the piquet-house. There several minutes were spent in chafing and rubbing him before he opened his eyes; but being at length restored to the use of speech, he gave the following account of his adventure.

‘ He said that the corporal had hardly quitted him, when his ears were assailed with the most dreadful sounds, such as he was very certain no earthly creature could produce. That he saw through the gloom a whole troop of devils dancing beside the water’s edge, and a creature in white came creeping towards his post, groaning heavily all the way. He endeavoured to call out to it, but the words stuck in his throat, nor could he utter so much as a cry. Just then he swore that the dead man sat up, and stared him in the face; after which he had no recollection of any thing, till he found himself in the piquet-house. I have no reason to suspect that man of cowardice; neither, as my reader will easily believe, did I treat his story with any other notice than a hearty laugh; but in the absolute truth of it he uniformly persisted, and, if he be alive, persists, I dare say, to this hour.’ — pp. 265, 266.

We can only present another extract, and it regards a topic which has already undergone considerable discussion, namely, the conduct of the Governor of Bayonne, in permitting a sortie from that garrison after he had been repeatedly assured of the abdication of Napoleon. The Subaltern has no where presumed to discuss the motives of his own superior officers, nor those of the enemy. He has laudably confined himself to facts, and on these the reader is left to make his own reflections. But after the perusal of the disastrous affair to which we allude, we cannot avoid saying that it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that either General Thouvenot, who was entrusted by Soult with the defence of Bayonne, was guilty of an act of dishonourable and treacherous cruelty, or that Sir John Hope and the British officers under his command had relaxed in their discipline to a most unwarrantable degree. It is well known that

while our troops lay before Bayonne, General Hope received an official despatch from Paris, assuring him of the restoration of the Bourbons, and the consequent termination of the war. This important intelligence he accordingly transmitted to General Thouvenot, with a notification, that he considered hostilities to have ceased. Thouvenot disbelieved, or affected to disbelieve this intelligence. But he certainly had the means of ascertaining the fact for himself, and he saw by the cessation of operations on the part of the British, and the carelessness of the piquets, that they trusted to the war being virtually though not formally at an end. The question then is — was it, or was it not treachery, or something extremely analogous to it, to authorise a sortie under such circumstances? That the British were completely surprised, and that 2000 men perished needlessly, is plain; but that our troops were so surprised owing to their confidence in peace, and their reliance on the honour of the enemy, is equally self-evident. Of the result of this affair our author thus speaks.

‘A battle, such as that which I have just described, is always attended by a greater proportionate slaughter on both sides, than one more regularly entered into, and more scientifically fought. On our part, nine hundred men had fallen; on the part of the enemy, upwards of a thousand; and the arena within which they fell was so narrow, that even a veteran would have guessed the number of dead bodies at something greatly beyond this. The street of St. Etienne, in particular, was covered with killed and wounded; and round the six-pounder they lay in heaps. A French artilleryman had fallen across it, with a fusée in his hand; there he lay, his head cloven asunder, and the remains of the handle of the fusée in his grasp. The muzzle and breech of the gun were smeared with blood and brains; and beside them were several soldiers of both nations, whose heads had evidently been dashed to pieces by the butts of muskets. Arms of all sorts, broken and entire, were strewed about. Among the number of killed on our side was General Hay; he was shot through one of the loop-holes, in the interior of the church. The wounded, too, were far more than ordinarily numerous; in a word, it was one of the most hard-fought and unsatisfactory affairs which had occurred since the commencement of the war. Brave men fell, when their fall was no longer beneficial to their country, and much blood was wantonly shed during a period of national peace.’ — pp. 363, 364.

We have, we think, given a sufficient number of extracts to justify our favorable opinion of this interesting and highly animated narrative. The incidents, as we have already intimated, are related with simplicity, and sometimes with all the warmth of one who delights in his story, and catches inspiration as it were from the escapes and exploits of his companions in arms. The various fields of battle which the Subaltern trod are sketched with no ordinary pencil; and some of the scenes amongst the Pyrenees are delineated with a poetic brilliancy, which places them at once in their natural light and shade before the eye of the reader.

ART. VII. *Elements of Hindu Law*, referable to British Judicature in India. By Sir Thomas Strange, late Chief Justice of Madras. 2 Vols. 8vo. Payne and Foss, Pall Mall; and Butterworth and Son, Fleet Street.

EUROPEANS feel no slight interest in examining the civil code of a people so purely patriarchal in manners, and so eminently agricultural, as the Hindus. Their laws are subservient to principles of morality, widely different, in many respects, from those which we acknowledge. In their superstitions, ceremonies, and many of their institutions, we discover, or think we discover, a bewildering fantasy rather than that sound reason which we take to be the basis of our own system of religion and jurisprudence. The rites of their temples seem to us little better than parts of a solemn drama, performed for the purpose of sating the imagination with types and allegories. The people seem to belong to an order of beings different from our own. Their rules of conduct are often actuated by motives unlike any which we have conceived, and they seem to tread the paths of life for an end wholly apart from that which we keep in view.

Their language is prurient, and overflowing with poetry. And we find that even law, that sternest science of every community, is framed in numbers by the Hindus, and seldom fails to be clothed in ornaments appropriate to the moral sentiment which it is intended to enforce. Is the Hindu required to protect and cherish those dependent upon him? The admonition is, 'Who leaves his family naked and unfed, may taste honey at first, but shall afterwards find it poison.' Is the duty of forbearance towards the partner of his bed to be enforced? it is said, 'Strike her not even with a blossom.'

In the laws of the Hindus is to be found the strangest union of discriminating justice with the most revolting superstition. It is necessary to premise, as the foundation of our remarks, first, that the head of a Hindu family holds the fee of his property rather in trust for his family than to his own arbitrary use; secondly, that the reasons of the Hindu law of inheritance will be found in the benefit supposed to be conferred upon the ancestor, by the performance of his funeral obsequies. With this view of the Hindu law, it was not unaptly that Sir Thomas Strange took for the guidance of his arrangement 'the natural history of a Hindu family through the changes and contingencies that may happen to it, in its progress, from its origin in marriage, to its absorption, as it were, into a new one by the death of its head.' In the sketch and extracts which we shall give, to make our readers acquainted with the nature and merits of the work, we cannot do better than preserve distinctly the arrangement pursued by the author.

Property in general. — When the English first gained a footing in India the right of the soil was vested in the sovereign, a doctrine which prevails in theory with us, for the explanation of some of

our regulations concerning real property. But what is theory in the constitution of England, is made subservient in the government of India to the wealth of the Company. 'Such as it was,' says Sir Thomas, 'the right of cultivation was descendible; affirming for the government, and denying to the inhabitants every thing like property in the soil.' The people had only an annual indefeasible interest, 'subject to constant diminution at the will of the ruling power.'

'So convenient a doctrine, uniformly maintained by the government that preceded ours, was, upon our acquisition of territory in India, long acted upon by ours, following implicitly what appeared to be the law of the country; till, impressed with its perniciousness, as tending, by the extinction of property, to discourage improvement, the Bengal government, under the administration of Lord Cornwallis, so far restored the subject's right, as to fix, professedly for ever, payable in money, the proportion to which the state should be entitled; leaving to the possessor of the land, after this deduction, the benefit of progressive improvement with an unrestrained power of alienation, to be regulated only by the native law.'— Vol. i. pp. 12, 13.

'The property of a Hindu may have descended to him in a course of inheritance, or have been of his own acquisition;—ancestral, or self-acquired;—and it will, in either case, as with us, be distinguishable into real and personal, moveable and immoveable: real or immoveable property, according to their law, including, beside land and houses, slaves attached to the land; and Corodies, or annuities secured upon it; a species of property bearing a close resemblance to that designated in the English law by the same term, and enumerated by it among incorporeal hereditaments. But, between the Hindu and our own, there is, in respect to property, this material difference; that whereas, while, by ours, *land* descends to the heir at law, the *personal goods* of a deceased *vest* in executors or administrators, distributable among the next of kin;—by the Hindu law, *real* and *personal* are alike descendible to the same persons, and subject to the same incumbrances; as will be more particularly seen in the chapters on inheritance, and the charges to which it is liable. But, though real and personal property so far class together, and are not distinguishable, great importance is attached by it to *land*, in which in particular the sons are considered as possessing a special interest;—having, with their father, by birth, according to the doctrine of the Mitachara, prevalent in the Peninsula, and north of India, so far a co-ordinate right in that part of it, which is ancestral, that, if he thinks proper to come to a partition in his lifetime, he must divide it as directed by law; that is, give them and himself equal shares:—nor is it in his power to aliene any considerable portion of it without their concurrence. It is according to the doctrine of this school, like dignities with us, inherent in the blood; and therefore, so far as regards the interest of parceners, unalienable."— Vol. i. pp. 14—16.

Marriage.— It is enjoined by Menu, the great Hindu lawgiver, that every father should dispose of his daughter in marriage, even before the attainment of her eighth year. This marriage, however, only means a species of betrothment. The consummation, or second marriage, takes place at the age of puberty, notice of which

it is the duty of the betrothed's relations to give, as soon as its appearances are manifest.

'Previous, and up to betrothment, the affair rests legally in promise, which may be broken, subject to consequences, as the breach can or cannot be justified. According to Hindu superstition, an agreement for the purpose would be lawfully determined, on the part of the man, by the occurrence of unfavourable auspices; such as a flight of birds, or the chirping of a lizard, in the one or the other direction, when seeking a prosperous hour for the wedding; and a variety of causes are enumerated, warranting, as they respectively apply, retraction on either side: but, where the attempt to withdraw is without excuse, performance of the engagement may be enforced, as it might have been with us, previous to our marriage-act.' — Vol. i. pp. 36, 37.

The bride when once affianced is considered 'as blemished;' and, on the death of her husband, before consummation, is restricted, like other Hindu widows, from a second marriage, except in some cases in which she is allowed, similarly to the provisions of the Mosaic law, to marry a brother of the deceased.

The ceremonies on the celebration of a Hindu marriage are very curious:

'Like other institutions,' observes Sir Thomas, 'of a mixed nature, partaking of religious as well as civil considerations, the one in question, being duly solemnized, is celebrated with ceremonies, the details of which are thus recapitulated in the "Essay" referred to below.* "The bridegroom goes in procession to the house where the bride's father resides, and is there welcomed as a guest. The bride is given to him by her father in the form usual at every solemn donation, and their heads are bound together with grass. He clothes the bride with an upper and lower garment; and the skirts of her mantle and his are tied together. The bridegroom makes oblations to fire, and the bride drops rice on it, as an oblation. The bridegroom solemnly takes her hand in marriage. She treads on a stone and mullar. They walk round the fire. The bride steps seven times, conducted by the bridegroom; and he then dismisses the spectators, the marriage being now complete and irrevocable." — Vol. i. p. 43.

The ceremonies attendant on the marriage of two Brahmins are still more curious:

'The marriage having been agreed upon, the celebration of it takes place, on a lucky day fixed by the family-priest (*Purohitā*), or astrologer, for the purpose. On its arrival, the bridegroom with his parents proceed to the house of the bride, accompanied by the *Purohitā*, with music, and dancing women, attendants carrying presents of fruit. The next morning, either party having performed their ablutions and ceremonies at their respective houses, the parents of the bride repair to that of the bridegroom, when he, apprized of their approach, having a cloth tied round his head, taking a staff in his hand, and throwing a wallet over his shoulder, with perhaps a book under his arm, preceded by musicians,

* Essay on the Religious Ceremonies of the Hindus, by Mr. Colebrooke, *Asiat. Res.* vol. vii. p. 309.

and accompanied by a few relations, walks out in a northerly direction, exclaiming, with a loud voice, "I am going to *Causee*;" upon which the parents of the bride, similarly accompanied, and contriving to meet him, request he will not go to *Causee*, and that they will give him their daughter. With this he stops; and, having a cocoa-nut put into his hand, the whole party return together to the house of the bride, where being seated, the *Purohitâ* commences the marriage-rites. In the course of these, a cloth, by way of curtain, being suspended from the roof, the bridegroom sitting on one side, the bride on the other, the *Purohitâ* recites verses to Vishnu, and other deities, praying them to watch over the destinies of the contracting pair. Then the curtain being removed, the bride and bridegroom pour handfuls of rice on one another's heads; while the father of the bride, having a little water and a piece of money in his right hand, puts them into his daughter's, and joining it with the hand of the bridegroom, says, "I give this virgin to you for a wife." Upon this, the *Purohitâ* invests the bridegroom with a second shoulder string; and a small gold plate, called a *bhuta*, with a hole in the middle, having a string through it, being first presented to the company present on a salver for their blessing, is given to the bridegroom, who ties it round the neck of the bride. The *Purohitâ* then performs a *homam*, or burnt-offering, before the pair, putting grain into different pots. Other ceremonies follow, figurative of the ends of marriage, intermixed with *muntras*, or prayers, addressed principally to female divinities, for the happiness of the one in question. In the course of these proceedings, presents and offerings of clothes and fruits are made to the parties, and money distributed to the attendant Brahmins. Another *homam* being performed at night, the bride and bridegroom quitting the house, walk seven feet in the open air, gazing at the star named *Arundhati*, when they re-enter, and being re-seated, further ceremonies take place. These, with variations, are repeated five successive days. On the fifth is performed the ceremony of dismissing the manes of their ancestors, who had been invoked to be present at the wedding. This is done by *chunamming* an earthen pot, and inscribing on it something like hieroglyphics. Other preparations being made, the new married couple walking round it three times fill it with boiled rice, or platters made of leaves, as oblations to the manes, who are thus considered as dismissed to their celestial abodes. The rice being afterwards taken out, the pot is stored up by the family. On the evening of the fifth day, the parties seated in a palanquin, or mounted on horseback, preceded by girls dancing and singing, and *bajuntries* beating *tom-toms*, sounding trumpets, and blowing flageolets, and followed by some of the married women of the family, parade under a canopy, supported by bearers, and surrounded by relations and friends. In this manner, the procession having traversed the streets of the town or village, returns to the bride's house, where the whole ends with a feast; the expense of the marriage being defrayed, as may have been previously agreed. — Vol. ii. pp. 54—56.

With a wisdom which would do honour to the legislatures of nations more advanced in the scale of civilisation, adultery is always punished criminally by the Hindus. In the following extract from a case given in the Appendix, the circumstantial proofs,

admissible in the trial for this crime, are said to be very correctly enumerated.

‘If a man should use equivocal expressions to another’s wife, or laugh with her, and ogle, or eye her with amorous looks, or if he should hold conversation with her in such a place, or at such a time, where, or when he ought not to have been speaking with her;—any instance of this sort is to be regarded as a crime in the first, or lowest degree. Or, if a man, with the view of seducing the wife of another, should send her fragrant sandal powder, or flowers, such as jessamine, &c. or perfumes, or jewels, or wearing apparel, or edible fruits; if any of these circumstances be proved against him, it is a crime in the second, or middle degree. If a woman and a man should meet in a secret place, or should embrace one another, or if they should sit together on a bed, or remain together in a dark place, or if he should converse with her, handling her hair at the time amorously, or should wound her breast with his nails, or her lips with his teeth, or untie the knot of her cloth; if any of these circumstances should be proved, the crime imputed is to be inferred.’—Vol. ii. pp. 36, 37.

Menu enjoined, for the most part, great forbearance and tenderness towards the fair; but it will be seen that he did not like to run the risk of seeing them spoilt, for want of occasional wholesome chastisement.

‘The early codes of all nations,’ Sir Thomas remarks, ‘seem to have subjected the wife, among other members of a man’s family, to corporal chastisement; the civil law, to the extent of allowing the husband, for some misdemeanours, *flagellis et fustibus acriter eam verberare*,—for others, *modicam castigationem adhibere*. Our own gave the like permission, restricted only within somewhat more reasonable bounds;—and Menu, whether he set, or only followed the unmanly example, certainly includes the wife among objects of domestic discipline, when conceived to deserve it. Less brutal indeed, in this respect, than the civil law, with him the authorised instrument is, “a small shoot of a cane;” to which truth, however, compels to be added, the option of “a rope;”—the correction however to be inflicted “on the back part only of the body, and not on a noble part, by any means.” For what sort of delinquencies such barbarism might be indulged, may be collected perhaps out of an extract from Harita, with the comment on that citation. But, for the credit of Hindu law, a maxim, of authority deemed to be equivalent to that of Menu, says, beautifully, “Strike not, *even with a blossom*, a wife guilty of a hundred faults.”—Vol. i. pp. 47, 48.

But Sir Thomas assures us, that the King’s courts in the presidencies are more courteous, and reject all the abominations of this system, not justifying ‘so much as the holding up of a finger against a woman.’

Adoption.—The future beatitude of a man depends, according to the Hindu superstition, in the performance of his obsequies, and the payment of his debts (generally, however, only as far as assets extend,) by a son, as the means of redeeming him from an instant state of suffering after death. When, therefore, marriage fails in this chief object, a son is adopted according to prescribed cere-

monies. And the *son given*, as he is called, is transferred from his own family to that of the adopter, with a consequent exchange of rights and duties. Of these, the principal are the right of succession to the adopter, on the one hand, with the correlative duty of performing for him his last obsequies on the other.

'The dread is, of a place called *Put*; a place of horror, to which the manes of the childless are supposed to be doomed; there to be tormented with hunger and thirst, for want of those oblations of food, and libations of water, at prescribed periods, which it is the pious, and indeed indispensable duty of a son (*puttra*) to offer. Of the eventual condition alluded to, a lively idea is conveyed, in the representation of the sage *Mandagola*, "desiring admission to a region of bliss, but repulsed by the guards, who watch the abode of progenitors, because he had no male issue;" and it is illustrated by the special mention of heaven being attained without it, as of something extraordinary.' — Vol. i. pp. 61, 62.

The desire of offspring so deeply rooted by nature in the human breast* is thus increased in the Hindu by superstition. We are told that there can be no heavier curse upon him than 'that he may be childless.'

Paternal relation. — 'As to the power of the father over the persons of his children, he has the ordinary one of moderate correction, with the extraordinary one of selling them; if, by that, more be meant, than the power that existed by the ancient law, of selling a son for adoption by the purchaser. That the Hindus are in the practice of selling their children, particularly in seasons of distress, (which was the plea with the Romans also,) is certain; as well as that there are texts to warrant it; though not one that does not stipulate, as essential to the validity of the sale, not only the existence of distress, but assent also of the party interested.' — Vol. i. p. 98.

The tenderness with which the Hindu law provides for every individual member of a family is unequalled in any other code.

'Maintenance by a man of his dependants is, with the Hindus, a primary duty. They hold, that he must be just, before he is generous, his charity beginning at home; and that even *sacrifice* is mockery, if to the injury of those whom he is bound to maintain. Nor of his duty in this respect are his children the only objects, co-extensive as it is wit

* Thus Homer represents the want of children as a fit punishment for those who would brave the will of the immortals:

ὅς ἀθανάτοισι μάχοιτο,
Οὐδὲ τι μὴν παῖδες ποτὶ γούνασι παππαζουσιν,
Ἐλθόντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ αἰνῆς δῆϊότητος.

Il. v. 407.

And in the curse of Lear upon his undutiful daughter Goneril we have,

"From her derogate body,
Never spring a babe to honour her."

family, whatever be its number, as consisting of other relations and connexions, including (it may be) illegitimate offspring. It extends to the outcaste, if not to the adulterous wife; not to mention such as are excluded from the inheritance, whether through their fault, or their misfortune; all being entitled to be maintained with food and raiment at least, under the severest sanctions.' — Vol. i. pp. 99, 100.

Nor is the provision for the children confined simply to the enjoyment of property in coparcenary: a division, during the lifetime of the father, may in some instances be compelled by the sons; whilst it is, generally speaking, always competent to him to divide it with them if he pleases. The father, however, has it in his power in many instances to make the division according to the merit of the claimants. The good qualities, as the piety, the docility, or the industry of the claimants are frequently considered in making a division of property according to the Hindu law. So also, in the absence of the father, the management of his property may be allotted to the most competent of his sons, without regard to priority of birth.

Slavery.—The information supplied under this head serves to confute some arguments which gained a very general currency during several late sessions of parliament; namely, that several commodities of the East Indies should be encouraged in preference to those of the West Indies, because those of the former were produced by free labour, whilst those of the latter were produced by slave-labour. The argument would be good if the first part of the premises were true.

“Slavery,” Sir Thomas tells us, in the words of Mr. Colebrooke, “is fully recognized in the Hindu law; and the various modes by which a person becomes a slave are enumerated in passages which will be found quoted in Jagannatha’s Digest, comprehending capture in war, voluntary submission to it for divers causes; involuntary, as in payment of debt, or by way of punishment; birth, or offspring of a female slave; and gift, sale, or other transfer by a former owner.” — Vol. i. p. 129.

So far from slavery being unknown in our possessions in the East Indies, it will perhaps be found that the system is there more firmly rooted, and more extensively tolerated, than in any other part of the world. We are told that, ‘wherever, in Hindu law, land is spoken of, *slaves*, if not mentioned with, are understood to be included, being regarded by it as real property; of course descendible and otherwise transferable.’ It seems that one method of gaining a property in them, contemplated by the law, is that of winning them in play! It is even said, in the work before us, that children are frequently stolen for the purpose of being sold. Amongst the sorts of slavery recognised in the East, the following probably have no parallel in any other country: ‘Where a man cohabits with, and much more where he marries the slave-girl of another, he thereby becomes the slave of her owner. The converse of which also holds; since if a free woman marry a slave she becomes the

property of her husband's master.' Further, these slaves can have no property except by their owners' consent.

We cordially join with our venerable author in expressing an abhorrence of this state of slavery; and we trust that the clear and forcible view which he has given of its existence, will direct the attention of the nation, as far as prudently may be, to its discouragement and reform.

Inheritance.—This is a subject of great extent and nicety in detail; and we can only give the general rules.

'It is to be remembered that the Hindus are a patriarchal people, many families often living together as one; connected in blood, and united in interests; with various relative dependants, to be provided for out of the aggregate fund; but subject always to separation, by common consent, or at the instance of any one, or more, wishing to be disjoined, in his or their concerns; and subject also to the exclusion of any one or more, from participation in the inheritance.

'Such union of interests, among families living together, and carrying on their transactions in common, constitutes *coparcenary*, to which survivorship attaches, differing in this particular respect from coparcenary with us, and resembling rather jointenancy; so that, on the death of a Hindu parcener, the succession to his rights, with exception of property separately acquired by him, vests in the other remaining members,—his sons, if he leave any, representing him as to his undivided rights, while the females of his family continue to depend on the aggregate fund, and under the general protection, till a *partition* takes place, which may never happen.'—Vol. i. pp. 141, 142.

Widowhood.—'The first thing that occurs, in contemplating the state of widowhood among the people in question, is, its horrid termination, almost the moment it commences, in instances, in which religious enthusiasm has been made to operate on the hopes and fears of the deluded victims;—to burn with her deceased husband, being inculcated upon the Hindu widow, not out of respect to his memory merely, but as the means of his redemption, from the unhappy state into which he is believed to have passed; and, as ensuring, in consequence, to herself, (not everlasting indeed, but) long-continued felicity. Ascending his pile, and casting herself with him into the same flame, she is said "to draw her lord from a region of torment, as a serpent-catcher draws a snake from his hole." Her virtue expiates whatever crimes he had committed even to the "slaying a Brahmin, returning evil for good, or killing his friend." And, for this proof of it, a kind of Mahomedan paradise is promised her. They mount together to the higher regions; and there, *with the best of husbands*, lauded by choirs of *Apsaras*, she sports with him as long as fourteen *Indras* reign;—or, according to another medium of computation, for so many years as there are hairs on the human body.* It is

* * Angiras, 2 Dig. 451.

'Nec minus uxores famâ celebrantur Eoæ.
Non illæ lacrymis, — non fœmineo ululatu
Fata virum plorant; verum (miserabile dictu)
Conscenduntque rogam, flammæque vorantur eadem!

not, however, a practice, to which the Hindus are in general enthusiastically attached; or about which, as to its propriety, they are universally agreed. That it has, under certain restrictions and regulations, the sanction of the Shaster, admits of no dispute; upon which ground any attempt to suppress it has been reprobated. In one particular tribe, (*Jogee*, or caste of weavers,) the widow, in the Bengal provinces, *buries* alive with her deceased husband; but, according to the course generally observed in India in disposing of the dead, the common mode of self-immolation is, by burning with him on the same pile. Subject to slight varieties in different castes, and different parts of the country, in every instance of it one thing is clear; that, to be legal, the sacrifice on the part of the victim must be voluntary. It follows that it can be performed only by an adult, in possession of her faculties, and free: not stupefied for the purpose by drugs; not influenced by designing priests, or interested relations; still less impelled by violence. Of the latter, occurrences are but too frequent, where, from her inability to sustain the fiery trial, the unhappy devotee, relenting in the course of it, is prevented from escaping, by the act of her relations, or others present; who, to obviate the disgrace of failure, to say nothing of less justifiable motives, will sometimes, with bamboos, push her into the hottest part of the fire, keeping her there by force till life be extinct; a conduct amenable to prosecution, but of which no instance appears, otherwise than as for a misdemeanor; though it goes nigh to realize the martyrdom of St. Lawrence! — Vol. i. pp. 236—238.

The testamentary Power. — It seems to be clearly determined that the Hindu law admits of such an instrument as a will. The latitude given to a testator by the English law of leaving the members of his family destitute has been complained of, not without reason, by our learned commentator, who observes that “it had not been amiss if he had been bound to leave them, at the least, a necessary subsistence.” The Hindu law, in its anxiety to provide for every member of a family, is indubitably more just than our own. It is better suited also to the character of the people, which is agricultural, and, therefore, has not the same need of those large capitals, which sometimes contribute to the public good in our own commercial country. More especially must every attempt at engrafting our system of wills upon the Hindu law be regarded as an abuse, when we consider that the last hours of the Hindu are generally under the influence of an artful Brahmin, the making of gifts to whom is considered as extremely meritorious.

Contracts. — The law upon this subject is in a great degree common to all nations, and is perhaps regulated more by a common standard of reason than the law upon any other subject. Our author, like many other learned ones, has shown a fondness for

Nimirum credunt veterum sic posse maritum
Ire ipsas comites tœdamque novare sub umbris.

De Anim. Immortal, i. 177.

‘Conjugis Evadne, miseros elata per ignes,
Occidit; — Argivæ fama pudicitiae.

Propert. l. i. El. 13.’

tracing to a common origin, such doctrines as seem to prevail throughout all civilised society. But we would rather regard the coincidences in the law on contracts of different nations as the reasonable consequence of that similar intercourse of which all societies must, in the advancement, stand in need.

In a retrospect of these volumes, if the mind occasionally revolts at the superstition of the Hindus, we shall yet have much to admire. The benevolent provision made for every member of a community, whilst it increases the happiness of the mass, is a strong preventive against crime; for it is too true that crime is often the child of want.

In justice to the author, we must observe, that he has bestowed the greatest pains upon this work. There is a wide field for similar occupation in the East, but the most efficient labourers are excluded from it, by the monopolising system of the Company. It is from the learned leisure which precedes eminence, that researches in the law are chiefly enriched in this country. In India only a limited number, licensed by the Directors, are allowed to reap the benefits of the profession. Their time being necessarily taken up in practice, few, if any, can devote any portion of their years to the Sanscrit language, in which, as Sir William Jones observed, the Hindu law is locked up. Hence it happens that upon points often very trivial, we are obliged to have recourse to the native pundits for authority, who, truth obliges us to say, are not always superior to corrupt motives. If the practice at the bar in India were left unrestricted, as it ought to be, it cannot be doubted that the body of practitioners would be more able, than are the present few sent out merely by the interest which they can command at the India House.

Talents and letters have ever been proud of their title of Republic: they must respire the free air of competition. If the India Company would be more liberal in this respect, their courts and their councils would be more enlightened, and their sway would be more respected.

ART. VIII. *A Legacy for Young Ladies*; consisting of Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose and Verse. By the late Mrs. Barbauld. London. Longman, and Co. 1826.

MRS. BARBAULD was indefatigable in the good work of moral improvement: in youth, as well as in age, married or single, in solitude or society, she was ever fulfilling her destiny of beneficent and useful instruction. Her whole life was but a well-concerted scheme of diffusive benefit; and now from her grave she emits a voice renewing those lessons of wisdom and virtue. The miscellaneous pieces, of which this little volume is composed, were discovered among the papers of Mrs. Barbauld since her lamented decease; and, without dissenting from the propriety of the feeling which gave the collection to the world, we are disposed to think

that the best claim which it possesses upon public attention is derived rather from the name of the author than the merits of the volume itself. Most of the pieces are apparently addressed to juvenile understandings — half-instruction, half-pastime; supplemental lessons, to give a relish to the studies of the day: and they bear the marks of their genuine descent from the same mind which left “Early Lessons” and its train of companions to the rising generation. The masculine understanding, the truly feminine heart, the eloquence with which duty is enforced, the ingenuity of the covered approach to the mind which is proof to the direct attack, the tolerant spirit which raises the animal to the order of immortal existences, *these* stamp a character on the productions now before us which seals at once their authenticity. This little volume embraces a large proportion of pieces which aim merely at amusement. The fancy lights on some happy thought, follows it for the hour, and, as soon as recreation becomes fatigue, gives up the pursuit. A monarch, in the person of the New Year, shortly after his accession, — it may be, about the age of puberty, when he is turned of the month of March, — gravely utters a manifesto of his royal thoughts; and as he has no responsible servants of the crown to take charge of his state-papers, gives birth to divers laughable conceits, as may be concluded from the following specimen.

‘ Whimsical and various are the petitions which are daily put up to me from all parts; and very few of the petitioners will be satisfied; because they reject and despise the gifts I offer them with open hand, and set their minds on others which certainly will not fall to their share. Celia has begged me on her knees to find her a lover: I shall do what I can; I shall bring her the most magnificent shawl that has appeared in Europe. For Dorinda, who has made the same petition, I have two gifts, — wisdom and grey hairs; the former I know she will reject, nor can I force her to wear it; but the grey hairs I shall leave on her toilette whether she will or no. The curate Sophron expects I shall bring him a living: I shall present him with twins as round and rosy as an apple. Nor can I listen to the entreaty of Dorimant, whose good father being a little asthmatic, he has desired me to push him into his grave as we walk up May hill together: but I shall marry him to a handsome lively girl, who will make a very pretty stepmother to the young gentleman. It is in vain for poor Sylvia to weary me as she does with prayers to restore to her her faithless lover: but I shall give her the choice of two, to replace him. Codrus has asked me if he may bespeak a suit of black: but I can tell him his little wife will outlive me and him too: I have offered the old man a double portion of patience, which he has thrown away very pettishly. Strephon has entreated me to take him to Scotland with his mistress: I shall do it; and he will hate my very name all his life after.

‘ The wishes of some are very moderate; — Fanny begs two inches of height, and Chloe that I would take away her awkward plumpness; Carus a new equipage, and Philida a new ball-dress. A mother brought me her son the other day, made me many compliments, and desired me to teach him every thing; at the same time begging the youth to

throw away his marbles, which he had often promised to part with as soon as he saw me : — but the boy held them fast, and I shall teach him nothing but to play at taw. Many ladies have come to me with their daughters in their hands, telling me they hope their girls, under me, will learn prudence : but the young ladies have as constantly desired me to teach prudence to their grandmothers, whom it would better become, and to bring them new dances and new fashions. In short, I have scarcely seen any one with whom I am likely entirely to agree, but a stout old farmer who rents a small cottage on the green. He was leaning on his spade when I approached him. As his neighbour told him I was coming, he welcomed me with a cheerful countenance ; but at the same time bluntly told me he had not expected me so soon, being too busy to pay much attention to my approach. I asked him if I could do any thing for him. He said he did not believe me better or worse than those who had preceded me, and therefore should not expect much from me ; that he was happy before he saw me, and should be very well contented after I left him : he was glad to see me, however, and only begged I would not take his wife from him, a thin withered old woman who was eating a mess of milk at the door. “ And I shall be glad too,” said he, “ if you will fill my cellar with potatoes.” As he applied himself to his spade while he said these words, I shall certainly grant his request.* — pp. 98—101.

The letters on the ‘ Uses of History ’ constitute by far the most valuable pieces in the book. The reflections display at once the judgment and the wise liberality of Mrs. Barbauld. How well she can enforce the truths of reasoning with the energy of feeling, where the subject admits an appeal to the sentiments, may be seen in this passage :

‘ I left off, my dear Lydia, with mentioning, among the advantages of an acquaintance with history, that it fosters the sentiments of patriotism.

‘ What is a man’s country ? To the unlettered peasant who has never left his native village, that village is his country, and consequently all of it he can love. The man who mixes in the world, and has a large acquaintance with the characters existing along with himself upon the stage of it, has a wider range. His idea of a country extends to its civil polity, its military triumphs, the eloquence of its courts, and the splendour of its capital. All the great and good characters he is acquainted with swell his idea of its importance, and endear to him the society of which he is a member. But how wonderfully does this idea expand, and how majestic a form does it put on, when History conducts our retrospective view through past ages ! How much more has the man to love, how much to interest him in his country, in whom her image is indented with the virtues of an Alfred, with the exploits of the Henries and Edwards, with the fame and fortunes of the Sidneys and Hampdens, the Lockes and Miltons who have illustrated her annals ! Like a man of noble birth who walks up and down in a long

* In a letter to Miss E. Belsham published in the selection from her correspondence, Mrs. B. takes up the plan of this allegory, — but she transposes the *loquitur* from the young monarch to her own person, — and deals with the subject in a more concentrated manner.

gallery of portraits, and is able to say, "This my progenitor was admiral in such a fight; that my great-uncle was general in such an engagement; he on the right hand held the seals in such a reign; that lady in so singular a costume was a celebrated beauty two hundred years ago; this little man in the black cap and peaked beard was one of the luminaries of his age, and suffered for his religion;" — he learns to value himself upon his ancestry, and to feel interested for the honour and prosperity of the whole line of descendants. Could a Swiss, think you, be so good a patriot who had never heard of the name of William Tell? or the Holländer, who should be unacquainted with the glorious struggles which freed his nation from the tyranny of the Duke of Alva?

'The Englishman conversant in history has been long acquainted with his country. He knew her in the infancy of her greatness; has seen her, perhaps, in the wattled huts and slender canoes in which Cæsar discovered her: he has watched her rising fortunes, has trembled at her dangers, rejoiced at her deliverances, and shared with honest pride triumphs that were celebrated ages before he was born. He has traced her gradual improvement through many a dark and turbulent period, many a storm of civil warfare, to the fair reign of her liberty and law, to the fulness of her prosperity and the amplitude of her fame.

'Or should our patriot have his lot cast in some age and country which has declined from this high station of pre-eminence; should he observe the gathering glooms of superstition and ignorance ready to close again over the bright horizon; should Liberty lie prostrate at the feet of a despot, and the golden stream of commerce, diverted into other channels, leave nothing but beggary and wretchedness around him; — even then, in these ebbing fortunes of his country, History, like a faithful meter would tell him how high the tide had once risen; he would not tread unconsciously the ground were the Muses and the Arts had once resided, like the goat that stupidly browses upon the fane of Minerva. Even the name of his country will be dear and venerable to him. He will muse over her fallen greatness, sit down under the shade of her never-dying laurels, build his little cottage amidst the ruins of her towers and temples, and contemplate with tenderness and respect the decaying age of his once illustrious parent.'—pp. 126—129.

We advert to another of the fanciful productions, the '*Allegory on Sleep*,' and we confess it is with the view of striking out a novelty, for such we consider any passage to be, which, being written by Mrs. Barbauld, excites a doubt as to its propriety; and if the question should be decided in an unfavourable sense, this instance of unguardedness will only augment those examples (of such frequent occurrence in the empire of thought, as well as in the practical world,) of that all-absorbing power of zeal which fixes so intently the bent of the faculties on the *end*, as to produce a perfect oblivion with respect to the *means*.

'My dear Miss D***. — The affection I bear you, and the sincere regard I have for your welfare, will I hope excuse the liberty I am going to take in remonstrating against the indulgence of a too partial affection which I see with sorrow is growing upon you every day.

'You start at the imputation: but hear me with patience; and if your

own heart, your own reason, does not bear witness to what I say, then blame my suspicions and my freedom.

‘ But need I say much to convince you of the power this favoured lover, whose name I will not mention, has over you, when at this very moment he absorbs all your faculties, and engrosses every power of your mind to such a degree as leaves it doubtful whether this friendly admonition will reach your ear, lost as you are in the soft enchantment? Is it not evident that in his presence you are dead to every thing around you? The voice of your nearest friends, your most sprightly and once-loved amusements, cannot draw your attention; you breathe, you exist, only for him. And when at length he has left you, do not I behold you languid, pale, bearing in your eyes and your whole carriage the marks of his power over you? When we parted last night, did not I see you impatient to sink into his arms? Have you never been caught reclined on his bosom, on a soft carpet of flowers, on the banks of a purling stream, where the murmuring of the waters, the whispering of the trees, the silence and solitude of the place, and the luxurious softness of every thing around you, favoured his approach and disposed you to listen to his addresses? Nay, in that sacred temple which ought to be dedicated to higher affections, has he never stolen insensibly on your mind, and sealed your ears against the voice of the preacher, though never so persuasive?’— pp. 214—216.

Of the poetical pieces scattered throughout this volume we cannot speak with praise; and it was not until we had searched in vain for some strain which might prove worthy of the female bard, that we were forced upon a passage which can please only by its playful humour.

‘ *Petition of a School-boy to his Father.*

‘ Most honour’d Sir, I must confess
I never liked a letter less
Than yours, which brought this new receipt
To prove that poets must not eat.
Alas! poetic sparks require
The aid of culinary fire:
Your ancient bards, I always find,
Recited best when they had dined:
Old Homer, and your brave Greek boys,
With whom old stories make such noise;
The savoury chine loved full as well
As striking on an empty shell;
And mighty idle it was reckon’d
(See Pope’s translation, book the second,)
To enter upon any matter
Of verse, or business, praise, or satire,
Till the dire rage of hunger ceased,
And empty stomachs were appeased.
Indeed, Sir, with your lean philosophy,
For want of moisture I should ossify;
And therefore beg, with all submission,
To recommend a composition,
Which Phœbus’ self to me reveal’d
Last night, while sleep my eyelids seal’d.

‘ First, from the Naiad’s sacred spring
The cleansing wave with reverence bring ;
By rites of due lustration paid, —
Ill-omened else, you’ll ne’er succeed.
Now with pure hands receive the flour
Which Ceres from her horn will pour,
The fairest herds on Moss-wold hill
Your pail with smoking streams shall fill,
Which, tortured in the whirling churn,
Shall soon to waxen butter turn, —
Butter, more sweet than morning dew,
Butter, which Homer never knew !

‘ My friends, you have not done your task yet :
Next of fresh eggs provide a basket ;
Let Betty break them in a bowl
Large as her own free-hearted soul ;
Then, with a triple-tined fork
The viscous flood incessant work,
Till white with sparkling foam it rise
Like a vex’d sea beneath her eyes.
The monarch of the watery reign
Thus with his trident smites the main.
When roused from Ocean’s deepest bed
The billows lift their frothy head,
And the wet sailor far from shore
With dashing spray is cover’d o’er.

‘ With flying sails and falling oars
Now speed, my friends, to distant shores,
For many a distant realm must join,
Ere we fulfil the vast design.
From islands of the Western main
Bring the sweet juices of the cane :
In bright Hesperia’s groves you’ll find
The lovely fruit with burnish’d rind ;
Not fairer was that golden bough
Given to the pious Trojan’s vow,
When the prophetic sibyl led
To the sad nations of the dead,
Which guided through the direful scene,
And soothed the stern relentless queen.
Strip of their bark the spicy trees
Embosom’d deep in Indian seas.
To Venus next address your prayer,
That she with rosy hand would bear
The luscious fruit to crown your toils
From Paphos and Cythera’s isles.

‘ From every clime the tribute pour’d,
Now heap’d upon the spacious board,
Sure sister Sally will not linger
To mix them with her snowy finger.

‘ Fair priestess of the mystic rite,
Kept close from man’s unhallow’d sight,
Fear not my verse should here disclose
What words the sacred charm compose,

When with uncover'd arms you bend,
 The heterogeneous mass to blend : —
 Your cakes are good, with joy I take them,
 Nor ask the secret how you make them.

' Now, the rich labour to complete,
 Spread o'er the whole an icy sheet,
 Thinner than e'er the pointed thorn,
 The glazing of a winter's morn ;
 Too weak to bear the beams of day,
 The trickling crystal melts away.

' 'Tis done, — consign it o'er to Bray,*
 And your petitioner shall pray.'

pp. 205—208.

It is not unlikely that the detached pieces which compose this volume had already received sentence of oblivion from the mature judgment of their author. The difficult standard which she had set up herself is their condemnation :

“ She nursed the pinion which impelled the steel.”

The letters, for instance, on ‘Female Studies,’ which find a place in this collection, are superseded by the remarks of the same author on the proposal to erect a college for young ladies. The substance of the letters is communicated in the latter composition, with that careful adjustment which anticipates scrutiny. It is in vain that we look through these posthumous writings for examples, which abound in her other productions, of that combination of philosophic justness with elegant point by which they are adorned, and of which the following sentence, occurring in the “Remarks,” may be cited, we think, as a happy instance. “Subject to a regulation like that of the ancient Spartans, the thefts of knowledge in our sex are only connived at while carefully concealed, and, if displayed, punished with disgrace.” But the less that this ‘Legacy’ is found worthy of the reputation of Mrs. Barbauld, the more strongly manifested is that gratitude for her numerous benefactions which deems its contents of value ; and we may be allowed to believe that the publication had its origin rather in the desire to enlarge the treasure of her memorials than in the hope of adding any lustre to her name.

ART. IX. *Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful.* 8vo. pp. 356. Hurst, Robinson, & Co. London ; and A. Constable & Co. Edinburgh. 1825.

THESE tales belie not their title, and may challenge their right to it against all the legends of horror and mystery that ever imagination bodied forth in her wildest and most fitful moods. These are “such things as dreams are made of :” — such dreams as poor Fuseli might have purchased by his suppers of raw pork, and might have dashed from his pencil while the dark hour was yet

* The Diss and Palgrave carrier.’

lying heavy upon his soul — or his digestion. Our author's stores of the Wild and the Wonderful are a goodly provision for this season of long dark nights, and warm firesides. Stories are they for some light-hearted circle, nestling over the sea-coal blaze of Christmas tide, or the glowing embers of the crackling yule-clog. Stories, for fearful glances over the shoulder — for blue-burning of tapers — for deepening the sullen knell of midnight — for blanching the eloquent cheek of timid beauty, and quickening the pulsation of youthful hearts. Stories, in a word, for the house, when

“ The village rouses up the fire,
While well attested and as well believed
Heard, solemn goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.”

And yet we have here not merely the long-drawn horrors of superstition. There are “ tales of faerie and magicke,” full of prodigious wonderment and marvellous surprise, told “ with the tongue i' the cheek,” and with many a merry induction. But to the proof with these wares of the marvel-merchant : let us do our devoir by turning over the contents of his budget, setting forth a description of each, and fixing our price upon the whole.

The tales, then, are five in number. The first, *The Prediction*, extravagant as it is in its incidents, is worked up with the strength of no common mind into a terrific semblance of reality, and creates in the perusal, in spite of our reason, a painful intensity of silent and shuddering horror. We advise no one to read it in midnight solitudes, who cares to avoid a subsequent struggle on his pillow with the thick-coming fancies of troubled dreams. The scene is laid on the sea-coast of Wales, in an humble fishing village. There, among the poor, ignorant peasantry, a stranger had taken up his abode ; — a personage whom we recognise at once for the “ servant-monster” of the whole tribe of modern romance-mongers. He is mysterious in all things ; silent ; much given to night-rambles ; “ a mightier spirit” than those among whom he sojourned ; “ a dark and moody man.” Now, when we encounter such a man in a tale, our experience detects him in a trice by his physiognomy. Notwithstanding all his mystery, we know him for the arch-villain of the incipient plot.

The stranger soon attracted the curiosity, the reverence, and, finally, by abrupt and laconic predictions, the awe of the superstitious and credulous peasantry. One person only, a lovely, high-spirited, and fight-hearted maiden dared to defy his power, and to laugh at him and his solemn pretensions. He fears the decay of his reputation and profits ; he is aware that no common threats of petty crossings and disasters will daunt and silence his laughing adversary ; and he resolves, with fiend-like malignity, to paralyse her soul by the terrors of impending crime. She

comes in derision to have her fortune told : — the scene is well described.

‘ Ruth was the last who approached to hear the secret of her destiny. The wizard paused as he looked upon her ; opened his book, shut it, paused, and again looked sadly and fearfully upon her ; she tried to smile, but felt startled, she knew not why ; the bright inquiring glance of her dark eye could not change the purpose of her enemy. Her smile could not melt, nor even temper, the hardness of his deep-seated malice : he again looked sternly upon her brow, and then coldly rung out the slow, soul-withering words, “ Maiden, thou art doomed to be a murderer ! ” ’

‘ From that hour Rhys Meredith became the destiny of Ruth Tudor. At first she spurned at his prediction, and alternately cursed and laughed at him for the malice of his falsehood : but when she found that none laughed with her, that men looked upon her with suspicious eyes, women shrunk from her society, and children shrieked at her presence, she felt that these were signs of truth, and her high spirit no longer struggled against the conviction ; a change came over her mind when she had known how horrid it was to be alone. Abhorring the prophet, she yet clung to his footsteps ; and while she sat by his side, felt as if he alone could avert that evil destiny which he alone had foreseen. With him only was she seen to smile ; elsewhere, sad, silent, stern ; it seemed as if she were ever occupied in nerving her mind for that which she had to do, and her beauty, already of the majestic cast, grew absolutely awful, as her perfect features assumed an expression which might have belonged to the angel of vengeance or death.’ — pp. 6, 7.

In time, however, her spirit or reason learns to struggle against the malicious prediction ; but she is glad to escape from her native village by giving her hand to a sailor from a distant part of the country. Years roll on ; the Stranger had disappeared ; Ruth Tudor becomes a widow ; she is left with one child, in poverty and desolation ; and she returns to the village of her fathers, dogged by those baleful ministers of her forlorn condition, and still bearing the iron in her soul. At length the Stranger re-appears to her : a dissolute and desperate man, he has robbed, and forfeited his life ; and he demands her protection, with the offer of sharing his spoils. The better feelings of Ruth had been steeled by oppression and want ; her awe for Meredith had remained ; she accepts the condition and assists his concealment in a cavern on the coast. When the danger is past, and she has borrowed a horse for his flight, he endeavours to defraud her, not only of her promised reward, for that she contemptuously remits to his avarice, but of the worth of the animal for which she is to be left to answer. She struggles with him for that part, at least, of the money ; and in the unmanly brutality of his rage, he strikes her a violent blow.

‘ At that moment a horrible thought glanced like lightning through her soul ; he was to her no longer what he had been ; he was a robber, ruffian, liar ; one whom to destroy was justice, and perhaps it was he —. “ Villain ! ” she cried, “ thou — thou didst predict that I was doomed to be a murderer ! art thou — art thou destined to be the

victim?" She flung him from her with terrific force, as he stood close to the abyss, and the next instant heard him dash against its sides, as he was whirled headlong into the darkness.

'It was an awful feeling, the next that passed over the soul of Ruth Tudor, as she stood alone in the pale, sorrowful-looking moonlight, endeavouring to remember what had chanced. She gazed on the purse, on the chasm, wiped the drops of agony from her heated brow, and then, with a sudden pang of recollection, rushed down to the cavern. The light was still burning, as Rhys had left it, and served to show her the wretch extended helplessly beneath the chasm. Though his body was crushed, his bones splintered, and his blood was on the cavern's sides, he was yet living, and raised his head to look upon her, as she darkened the narrow entrance in her passage: beglared upon her with the visage of a demon, and spoke like a fiend in pain. "Me hast thou murdered!" he said; "but I shall be avenged in thy life to come. Deem not that thy doom is fulfilled, that the deed to which thou art fated is done: in my dying hour I know, I feel what is to come upon thee; thou art yet again to do a deed of blood!" "Liar!" shrieked the infuriated victim. "Thou art yet doomed to be a murderer!" "Liar!" "Thou art — and of — thine only child!" She rushed to him, but he was dead.'—pp. 22—24.

The sequel of the story of Ruth Tudor we shall not stop to detail at length. Past suffering and guilt, present grief and wretchedness, and fearful forebodings of future crime, conspire to madden her soul. She drags on her weary life in alternate paroxysms of agonized reason and raving insanity, now tenderly ministering to the wants of her daughter, now driving her from her presence, until at length, when the maiden had grown into womanhood, her destiny is realised. In the illusion of madness, she becomes the murderess of her child, and the same instant terminates her own miserable existence. — Such is the story of *The Prediction*; and upon the absence of all probability or poetical justice in its structure, it would be idle to comment: but every reader will confess the power of the narrator.

The next tale, *The Yellow Dwarf*, we shall dismiss at once, with the character assigned to it by the author: '*An olla podrida* of odds and ends, a snip of the garment of every fairy tale written since the days of King Arthur.' To this appropriate label we shall only add our warranty that the many-coloured coat is well stitched together, and forms a combination of very fanciful and amusing hues.

The third tale speaks for itself. It is the *Freischütz*, or the *Magic Balls*, a well turned, free translation from the German of a story which every one knows, and of which, we suppose, the theatres and our author between them will at last contrive to weary the world.

The fourth tale, — *The Fortunes of De la Pole*, — is a tragic story of the seventeenth century, a story of the rivalry of two brothers of that noble house in their love, — of the murder of one by the hand of the other, — of many attendant deeds of darkness,

— and, finally, of a long retribution of supernatural horrors. It is as full of wild improbabilities as the first tale, with something like a moral to excuse its extravagance. Like *The Prediction*, it is told with great strength of delineation, and abounds in striking situations. It is, in short, just such an outline as Byron would have been contented to borrow for the exercise of his master-talent, — the delineation of all the deep-seated agonies of human passion. The concluding and the longest piece in the volume, — *The Lord of the Maelstrom*, — is a successful attempt to interweave what the author calls the beautiful mythology of the North into a sort of fairy tale. It is well executed, and evinces, in a remarkable degree, his intimate acquaintance with the machinery of Scandinavian fable.

Altogether it will be seen that we have formed, from the result of our examination of this volume, no contemptible opinion of the creative powers of the author. But he has suffered his heated fancy to riot too much in the Wild and the Wonderful; and we shall feel some regret if we find him hereafter preferring the indulgence of so extravagant a passion to the composition of more probable fiction. He has evidently matter in him for something better than these tales; and we shall take our leave of him with two little serious pieces of counsel: — to exert and temper his vigorous imagination in the production of some regular and reasonable romance, for which he unquestionably possesses ample genius: — and to abstain for the future from the levity of mingling allusions to scriptural subjects with the idle badinage of his narrative. We are not uncharitable enough to believe the indecency intentional; but if he imagine that the practice can enliven his pages he is grievously mistaken. Upon every reader of well constituted mind it can produce only an opposite effect to that desired. The attempt is too stale to have even the miserable apology of perverted wit; and it will be received, to say the least of it, only as an evidence of bad taste and bad judgment.

ART. X. *Pandurang Hari*; or, *Memoirs of a Hindoo*. 3 Vols. 8vo. London. G. B. Whittaker. 1825:

THIS work may be considered in some respects as an illustration of the “*Elements of Hindoo Law*,” which we have already noticed. (Vide p. 63.) It is an attempt to embody, into a fictitious personal narrative, the author’s knowledge of Hindoo character and life; to lay open to the English reader, under the easy and attractive form of individual adventure, all the peculiarities of Hindoo manners and customs; and to present him with a familiar picture of the general state of society among the native population of India.

According to the usual custom in such cases, we have therefore to begin with an introduction, occupied with cursory remarks upon

the national characteristics of the inhabitants of Hindostan, and laboriously explaining the process by which the MS. 'Memoirs of Pandurang Hari' came into the possession of the 'Editor.' This, in the composition of fictitious auto-biography, is a part of the task which always moves our compassion for the author. It is exceedingly difficult to execute well; and, even when best executed, it always fails to create the illusion desired. The reader never lends his imagination to the deception; he is conscious throughout, with provoking coldness, of the attempt to impose upon him, and he is determined, *a priori*, not to believe in a syllable of the hacknied invention.

In a point where even originality cannot command success, the author before us has had not the slightest chance of approaching it, for he is completely an imitator. The 'Memoirs of Pandurang Hari' are a palpable copy of the Memoirs of Hajji Baba; and we may venture to opine pretty confidently, that if we had not previously been amused with the admirable portrait of the witty and profligate Persian, we should have seen nothing of this inferior sketch of an equally unprincipled, though less mercurial, Hindoo. A single qualification only is there, however, possessed in common by Mr. Morier, and his copyist, — an intimate acquaintance with the people and the country which they have respectively undertaken to describe. Our author has evidently resided long in western India, and lived much among the natives. He has carefully observed their manners, customs, and political institutions; and he is as familiar with the localities of the Deccan as with the geography of England.

He may be said, therefore, in common parlance, to know the people of India well, — as old residents in that country, among the Company's civil and military servants, are too often contented with learning to know them; that is, he has noted, and with no partial eye, all their baser qualities; their abject servility, their low selfish cunning, their spirit of revenge, at once malignant and dastardly; all the vices, in a word, which the indigenous despotism of untold centuries has stamped upon the Asiatic mind. But he has seen none of the better affections among the natives of India: he has denied them the possession of the finer sympathies of our nature; and yet, without these, who shall be required to believe that even a half-civilised state of society could exist?

Still less has he been able, in any degree, to transfuse the oriental cast of thought into his pages. Here we have none of that nice keeping of sentiment, idea, and phrase, which in Hajji Baba was so wholly and thoroughly eastern; nor of that perfect orientalism which, in Lalla Rookh, was yet more extraordinary, since of all the exuberant flowers of imagery which the accomplished poet thickly scattered over that delightful production, not a single one betrayed that he had visited but in fancy the climes of the East. But here, in every sentence, in the turn of thought and expression, in dialogue, narrative, and description, the European mind is every where apparent. With our friend 'Pandoo,' your motley is the only wear:

the broad-cloth of his nether inexpressibles is eternally visible through the rents of his Cashmere shawl.

But in denying to the author the versatility of fancy and the finer conception of character, which were indispensable for thoroughly personating his oriental character, we must not be understood to refuse him a very considerable share of merit. If he has not altogether succeeded in giving a perfect view, he has afforded us many glimpses of Hindoo character, manners, and customs; the observation, or at least the record, of which had been almost entirely neglected by our countrymen in India; and, if he be not original in the plan of his story, the scene of it has at least the merit of novelty. With all its imperfections, the book must be welcomed as the first sketch which we have received of Hindostanee life. It is given in a lively and agreeable shape; and, in so far, it may, with truth, be pronounced both a highly amusing and an instructive little work. Of its merits, considered simply as a tale, a sufficient idea will be formed from the very brief account of the hero's adventures, which we shall now proceed to offer.

The first pages of the 'Memoirs of Pandurang Hari' are only a prelude to the subsequent mystery of the tale. He was found by a Hindoo of distinction, when about five years old, with his little arm broken, and 'lying under the hoofs of a troop of bullocks and horses, where he had been left by some one who evidently made his safety a matter of small account.' Earlier than this he remembers absolutely nothing; yet he has marvellously 'a clear recollection' of this fact. His preserver was a Mahratta chieftain, who, recognising him for a child of high caste by the red mark on his forehead, had care taken of him, and brought him up as his adopted son, or *protégé*. He was taught to read and write by a *mahouhut*, or elephant-driver; and his infancy passed without any thing remarkable until he attained his sixteenth year, when, being initiated into the petty system of chicanery which surrounds the government of an eastern chief, his adventures may be said to commence.

The first of these was a worthy feat of Mahratta villany. Having taken bribes from a ryot, or cultivator, to obtain justice from his chief for him against a man who had injured him, he mocks the complainant with empty promises of forwarding his suit, until he drives him, in desperation, to murder his adversary. Our hero then overhears the murderer confess the crime, and sees him bury the treasure of his victim. He finds, farther, that the assassin has vowed to sacrifice his life also in revenge for his extortions, and he resolves to be before-hand with him. He therefore secretly gives information, which leads to the conviction and death of the murderer, and contrives to possess himself of his ill-gotten treasure, which he secretes again. In a short time, by an intrigue of one of his own enemies about the person of the chieftain, the whole of his fraudulent and cold-blooded conduct is detected: he is stripped in turn of his plunder, narrowly escapes being strangled as an accom-

plice in the murder, and is discarded in disgrace from the service of his protector.

This is just a sample of the morality which, throughout the volumes, is attributed to the mass of native society in Hindostan. The same train of conduct pervades the whole story: not a single disinterested act of benevolence is ever recorded: in only one solitary instance is a Hindoo made to express any abhorrence at the proposal of theft, treachery, or murder; and the whole tale is an endless catalogue of crimes. All this surely must be much overdrawn.

After his dismissal from his first home, Pandurang takes service in another division of the Mahratta army of Holkar, in the war between that chieftain and Scindea, and afterwards in their coalition against the Topae Wallas, or British troops. In this part of the tale (vol. i. pp. 57—70.) we have a very animated picture of the composition and appearance of a Mahratta army. This is intermingled, however, with rather a tedious digression on Mahratta politics, and followed by a long and not very interesting account of the circumstances of the British war, which was marked by the battles of Assaye and Argaum, and the assaults of Deeg and Bhurtpoor.

At the conclusion of the war, Pandurang is thrown upon the world by the disbanding of the Mahratta army. He now betakes himself from Indore, Holkar's capital, to seek his farther fortune, and meets with the following adventure, which introduces us to the *gossein*, or religious mendicant of western India. The picture is evidently suggested by the lively portraiture of the dervishes of Persia in Hajji Baba. The character of the two classes is, however, really identical for imposture and extortion practised against the credulous multitude; and we give the sketch before us, both for its fidelity, which will be recognised by every resident in the East, and as it affords a favourable specimen — the only one which we shall extract — of the style of the book. Pandurang finds the *gossein's* hut on fire, and the mendicant within it, buried in a heavy stupor or sleep. He drags him out of the hovel.

‘The air, assisted by a little water, restored the body to animation. He opened his eyes, exclaiming “*Arry, arry!*” an exclamation of surprise, and then relapsed into insensibility. More cold water flung in his withered face revived him, and he asked him “who it was that thus disturbed his slumbers?” I explained to him his danger, and that but for me he would have been suffocated or burned to death. He made no other reply than a demand for alms. I dared not discover all my wealth, but gave him a few pice, pleading my poverty for not bestowing more. I saw he had been eating *bang**, and this readily accounted for his insensibility and heavy sleep. He made no enquiry as to the safety of his habitation, nor once inquired if the fire had gone out of itself. I demanded the road to Poona. He heeded me not, but continued mum-

* A preparation of opium.

bling to himself, as if counting money. I repeated my questions, and he answered by asking what I wanted at Poona. He could not have put a more puzzling query to me at that moment, as I could not tell my business there myself. I spoke the truth, therefore, when I said, "I did not know: I have been turned out of Holkar's service, and am searching my fortune elsewhere." He ruminated some time, and then said, "Holkar is mad, Scindea is a fool, and Badjeroa, the Peeshwa, is both foolish and mad at the same time. Cringe no more to them or their underlings for bread. Have you not Brahma the creator, Vishnu the protector, and Siva the destroyer for masters, — aye better masters than they? Throw aside all your notions of pomp and parade, and take up your mirchal, your pole, and your wallet, and follow me. If you must go to Poona, I will accompany you; there are fools enough there, and we may reap a pretty harvest." On saying this, he produced those emblems of religious mendicinity — the peacock's tail, the pole, the wallet, and leopard's skin, to swing at my back.

"I had often heard that these gosseins realized great sums of money, and thinking, in my destitute situation, it might lead to some good, I determined to try the advice given me. My religious friend now equipped me in the proper way, but first stripped me, and in so doing discovered my hoard of rupees tied tight around my waist. He made no remark whatever on seeing them, but proceeded to grease me all over, from head to foot, and then covered me with ashes and dirt. My hair he tied up on the crown of my head. Then I had the staff of my order put into my hand, together with the peacock's tail; the wallet and skin were slung over my shoulders; and, thus arrayed, I followed my preceptor to Poona, he being equipped in a manner similar to my own. I found on the road that my tutor's name was Gabbage Gousla, and he appeared to be a character pretty well known every where; each traveller we met calling out, "*Ram, Ram, Gabbage!*" upon which Gabbage always bellowed forth some bitter complaint of hunger and poverty, and generally cheated the credulous traveller of his rupees. He remarked to me how callous the people were become, since the war, to his warnings and invocations of Ram and Seeta; "therefore," said he, "we must cut ourselves, and let the blood flow plentifully; for it is considered as much as their lives are worth, to be the cause of spilling our blood."—"True," said I, "but I really hope we shall not be obliged to have recourse to this severity."—"Well, let it be prepared at all events," said he; "here is a very sharp knife; you need only draw the edge across your arm, and the business is done." We entered Poona through a street of banyan shops. "Here is a harvest for us!" said Gabbage. We then stationed ourselves opposite a shop where grain was selling, and Gabbage began singing out pretty loud:—" *Ram, Budjunta Ram, Sadjoo Budgelis Seeta Ram, — Ram, Ram, Seeta Ram:*" No money coming, he repeated the same words again, adding, "*Rass, Pandoo, rass!* — cut, Pandoo, — cut." I must own I did not relish this business at all. It appeared I was to have all the pain, and very little of the profit; so that, when he repeated the words 'Cut, Pandoo, — cut,' I said, "Certainly, Ma, ha, raj," and gave him a slice on the arm. He instantly set up a dreadful howl, scarcely equalled by that of Hybatty, when he found his treasure and life lost together irrecoverably. The old villain charged me instantly with attempting his life. He told the people we had saved a few rupees between us, which I carried about with me; that being our joint property, I wished his death, that I might

possess them all myself. I was immediately surrounded, my rupees taken from me, and I was carried before a great Brahmin, who was at the head of the police of the city. There I was stigmatized as a murderer, and had great difficulty in persuading them I was not one. The sanctity of my profession, however, saved me from condemnation or long imprisonment; but I was ordered to quit Poona directly, which no inclination of my own was wanting to second, as quickly as I could get away.'— Vol. i. pp. 99—106.

After this expulsion from Poona, our hero's fate leads him to Bombay, where he becomes a servant, first to a shopkeeper, then, in a house of agency, and, finally, he is received into government employ as a *peon* or messenger in the police office. Here he contrives to accumulate a considerable sum, by receiving bribes for forwarding or obstructing the business of complainants, and suffering thieves and other malefactors to escape. But he is at length implicated in a new scheme of villany, loses his place, and is ordered out of the Company's territories. He is now first captured by a horde of Pindarees, and forced into their service, — then taken by the English, when he becomes servant to the commandant of the fortress, — next disgraces himself again by another piece of treacherous roguery, — and, finally, is turned loose again in Poona, wretched and penniless. Here (vol. i. pp. 163—167.) we are presented with a very graphic and accurate picture of the motley oriental splendour of that city, evidently sketched from lively recollection. We are here also introduced into the intrigues of the Peeshwa's court: — a dark, and doubtless a faithful picture of the iron despotism, the oppression, the venality, and the atrocious and silent crimes of an eastern government.

At Poona, Pandurang becomes a party in a tragical occurrence, which is related with very considerable power, and on which the whole intricate conduct of the subsequent tale may be said to hinge. — Sagoonah, a beautiful orphan girl, attracts the eye of the Peeshwa, who signifies his pleasure that she should enter his harem. One of his ministers, Trimbuckje Danglia, in performing his master's errand, sees her, becomes enamoured of her, and makes her proposals from himself, which as well as those of the Peeshwa she indignantly rejects. Fearing her disclosure of his suit to his master, he employs Gabbage Gousla and some other gosseins to murder her. They lure her to a house in the suburbs: there, in the dead of night, they attempt to strangle her, and then cast her from a window to complete the work of death. Pandurang, wandering an outcast about the suburbs, is attracted by curiosity, on hearing shrieks, to the scene of murder. He takes up the apparently lifeless body, escapes with it before the assassins can descend into the street to remove their victim, and crosses the river to evade their pursuit. He succeeds in restoring the poor girl to life, falls violently in love with her, and secretes her from her enemies, who believe her dead.

Then follows a plot, on the part of Pandurang, of remorseless villany. He discovers that Trimluckje was the instigator of the crime, and that his rival Habeshee Kotwall, the minister of police, is endeavouring to fasten the guilt of it upon him. A large reward is offered by the enraged Peeshwa for the discovery of the murderer; and our virtuous hero debates which of the rival ministers, the innocent or the guilty, he shall sacrifice, that he may make his fortune with the other. He is determined at length to take the life of Habeshee, in revenge for an unjust punishment which he had received by his order from the police; and his Mahratta morality is satisfied by the reflection, that though Habeshee was innocent in this matter, he was sufficiently a monster of guilt in others. He, therefore, becomes the agent of Trimluckje; assumes the disguise of a magician; pretends to have discovered by magic that Habeshee was the murderer; and, by his acquaintance with the circumstances of the deed, perverts them into apparently damning evidence against him. The minister of police is condemned by the Peeshwa to have his tongue torn from his mouth, and to be trampled to death by an elephant; this horrible sentence is executed; and Pandurang receives reward and employment under the villain Trimluckje.

That worthy master of a worthy myrmidon shortly discovers, however, that Sagoonah still lives, and is secretly protected by his servant; he endeavours to inveigle her into his power; and his persecution of Sagoonah and Pandurang Hari occupies the rest of the tale, with more than one complicated underplot. Pursued by his machinations and those of other enemies of Sagoonah, the lovers undergo a series of adventures and vicissitudes rivalling in number, intricacy, and quick succession, those of the longest and most perplexing romance that ever Arab story-teller concocted for the wondering patience of oriental ears. In hitherto following the fortunes of the hero regularly, we have scarcely reached the conclusion of the first volume; and it would be a work of absolute despair to attempt the continuation of the outline through the remaining two-thirds of the work, within the limits of any reasonable notice which the tale can deserve. In the sequel, the hero proves to be the lawful heir to the *musnud*, or throne of Satarah, in the Deccan; and Sagoonah, whose simplicity of character is really invested with the interest that belongs to innocence and beauty in unmerited persecution, is discovered to have been betrothed to him in earliest infancy. This betrothment, so sacred and indissoluble a ceremony in Hindoo life, is long the obstacle to their union, while the identity of the young Rajah is unknown. The denouement solves the difficulty; all the enemies of Pandurang and Sagoonah are destroyed; and the tale of course concludes with their happy union, and his recognition as legitimate successor to the *musnud*.

From this rapid and necessarily imperfect sketch of the tale, it will easily be collected that it abounds in great variety of incident and consequent interest. There are, however, several wearisome

and languid parts in the narrative. We are twice, for example, in the third volume, (pp. 60—70. 154—164.) detained by dissertations—very much out of place, and very unnatural in the assumed character and situation of the Hindoo,—upon the comparative merits of the systems of jurisprudence exercised towards the natives by the British courts of justice in Guzerat and at Poona.

Farther, it is almost impossible for the English reader to follow with any interest the intricate chain and rapid transitions of political intrigue, which are made to lead to the recovery of the rights of Pandurang and his father to the *musnud* of Satarah. All this, as we gather from the introduction, is intended to elucidate—and does so correctly—the character of the endless and bloody revolutions, and the strange vicissitudes of fortune, which have constantly prevailed among the native dynasties of India. But the nature of these revolutions is sufficiently familiar to us from authentic history; and there is little pleasing or romantic interest to be elicited from their repetition.

But by far the weightiest objection to the work, as a tale of human life, is its unnatural and unrelieved picture of enormous and incredible villany, both in the hero and in every male actor of the story. The author, from whatever cause, evidently writes under violent prejudice against the natives of Hindostan. No one will doubt this after the sweeping denunciation of his preface, that ‘from the rajah to the ryot, with the intermediate grades, they are ungrateful, insidious, cowardly, unfaithful, and revengeful.’ There is, if we mistake not greatly, internal evidence in his work that he has not mingled with the better part of the native population; and we suspect that he has resided only in the western side of India, and the provinces adjacent to Bombay, in which all his scenes are laid.

That quarter of India certainly affords not the least unfavourable specimens of the native character. The Mahratta people are proverbially faithless; the Parsees of Bombay deserve our author’s condemnation of their falsehood and fraud; and western, much more than eastern India, abounds with, notoriously, the most sensual and profligate race of the whole native population:—not Hindoos but Muselmans, or *Musselmen* as, by an unpardonable vulgarity, he styles the disciples of the Koran. But he appears to be little, if at all acquainted, with the mass of the population of the north-eastern provinces,—the inhabitants of the banks of the Ganges, for instance, the genuine seat of Hindoo worship and society.

The people of India, like the people of all other countries, are such as the virtues or vices of their governors have made them. That the mass of the Hindoo population under good government, judicious treatment, and gallant example, deserve at least the reproach neither of being cowardly nor unfaithful, may, we think, and from no light acquaintance with their character, be safely averred. And if a proof of the injustice of those charges were required, we

should at once point to the British experience of more than a century, and to the often-tried valour, the patience under hardship, and the fidelity to their leaders, by which the conduct of our numerous bodies of seapoys has almost invariably been distinguished.

ART. XI. *Memoirs and Poetical Remains of the late Jane Taylor: with Extracts from her Correspondence.* By Isaac Taylor. 2 Vols. London. B. J. Holdsworth. 1825.

MISS TAYLOR has found in her brother a very tender, though not a very practical biographer, whose devotional affection has adorned her character with all the traits that can make a sister be admired or a Christian exemplary. Biography, however, strained to the mere uses of the pulpit, — its candour, its fidelity suppressed, — instead of being the fearless representative of the faulty as well as the amiable side of character, fashioned into a dull organ of didactic instruction, — biography so perverted, so curtailed of “its fair proportions,” may raise, indeed, that momentary admiration which sweeps its course over the mind, without leaving the surface in a more fruitful state for the nourishment of any good purpose, but it ceases to be that operative lesson, in which the warnings of unsuccessful error speak more impressively than the encouragements of prosperous virtue.

Mr. Taylor's task appears to have been to construct out of the select qualities of his deceased sister, and the chosen events of her life, the pattern of a moral and religious lady, to the great destruction of all the interest, we will add, of most of the utility, that belong to memoirs. The narrative appears to be shaped, the correspondence to be mutilated, to square with the model of this fond creation. Still, from this partial offering to literature, we may glean a little, towards illustrating that important subject which all biography should aim at, the history of the human mind. Jane Taylor, the second daughter of an artist of that name, was born in London, on the 23d September, 1783. After she had attained her third year, her family removed to Lavenham, in Suffolk, where her constitution, to which the air of the metropolis appeared to be uncongenial, quickly began a new and more vigorous growth. The reviving principle of health soon reached her mind, and her little lively ways became the talk of the town. Her early literary habits were perfectly spontaneous: the extent of them was even unknown to her parents; her education was carried on conjointly with that of her brothers, entirely under the domestic roof; and the principle on which it was conducted appears to have been simple, rational, and successful. Their mother-preceptress seems, in administering instruction, to have given a very proper preponderance to that practical training, which so much abridges the labours of the youthful novice in acquiring a knowledge of the world, and which, in some cases,

as in that of the subject of this memoir, adds another most important blessing, in inspiring the mind with a timely appreciation of that moderate lot in life, which the necessity of circumstances appoints for it. The profitable studies and gentle amusements of the family, of which the lively Jane formed so interesting a member, were suspended by the illness of Mr. Taylor, with which he was attacked in the year 1792. A few years, however, completely re-established his health, and his restoration was followed by a change of duties and circumstances as singular as it was new. In short, Mr. Taylor, submitting to what the biographer chooses to imply, under the vague expression, 'the plain indications of Providence,' and complying with the wishes of a dissenting congregation at Colchester to become their minister, early in the year 1796, removed to that town with his family, and assumed the pastoral care of the society assembling in the meeting-house in Bucklesbury-Lane. At Colchester, Miss Taylor and her sister were happy in the intimacy of the four lovely daughters of Dr. S., a physician of amiable character and professional ability, between the youngest of whom, Letitia, and Jane Taylor, then in her fifteenth year, a friendship sprung up, which was not abated until the premature death of one of the parties. Between these six ladies and two or three others of congenial minds a society was formed, for the purpose of reading original essays and for the promotion of general improvement: this innocent association was but of short continuance: the four charming sisters were marked out for that doom which

“Heaven gives its favourites — early death.”

The eldest sister, Mira, is described as uniting great intelligence and sweetness of disposition with 'loveliness of manners and person:' her charm was that of blended dignity and gentleness. Bythia, the second, though of less striking beauty and not so charming in her disposition, had yet endeared herself to all by her affectionate warmth and candour. They sunk to an untimely grave, whither they were soon after followed by their sisters, Eliza and Letitia; but the shades of these innocent beauties are not suffered to lie quiet in the tomb. They are arraigned by sectarian jealousy of the crying iniquity of having thought for themselves in matters of religion, and of having thrown off the impressions of a peculiar creed which early teaching had fixed in their docile minds. We quote the following passage, not, as will be seen, for any immediate connection that it holds with the purpose of these memoirs, but in order to exhibit the narrow policy which pervades their plan and execution.

'In addition to these unfavourable circumstances on the one side, these young ladies were exposed, on the other, to the most seductive influence from the connections they had lately formed at a distance from home. Many of their new friends were persons at once intelligent, re-

fined in their manners, amiable in their tempers, and perfectly versed in all the specious glozings of Socinianism. And Socinianism, only twenty years ago, was much more *specious* than it is at present. For within this period the course of controversy has deprived its professors of an advantage — so important to the success of infidel insinuations — that of having itself no defined or avowed principles to defend.

‘ In the society of persons of this class these intelligent young women quickly imbibed the spirit, and learned the language of universal disbelief; and whatever might have been their early devotional feelings, they became confessedly irreligious in their tastes and habits. This change was but little obvious in the placid temper of Mira. She was, indeed, fascinated with the showy simplicity of this masked deism, and perplexed by its sophistries; but she thought and felt too much to be ever perfectly satisfied with the opinions she had adopted: — her mind had rather been entangled than captivated. During her illness she seemed anxious, in some degree, to retrace her steps; and in the last days of her life she earnestly recommended her sisters to addict themselves, with greater seriousness and humility, to the reading of the Scriptures; and died imploring, with mournful indecision, to be “ saved in God’s own way.”

‘ Letitia was not at all less forward than her sisters, to renounce what she termed — “ the errors of her education:” — she was even more determined and dogmatical than some of them in her new professions. This difference of opinion, along with other circumstances, had lessened the intimacy between Letitia and Jane: they maintained, however, to the last, a friendly correspondence; though the subject of religion was, by the desire of the former, banished from their letters.

‘ After many changes of place, she once more left Colchester, accompanied by her mother, on her way to Devonshire; but was soon compelled to make her last home at an inn on the road; where she lingered more than three months. The disappointment of her strong wish to reach Exeter awakened her to the knowledge of her immediate danger; and this apprehension was soon succeeded by all the terrors of an affrighted conscience. The conviction of being an offender against the Divine Law, and exposed, without shelter, to its sanctions, took such full possession of her spirit that, for a length of time, she rejected all consolation: and endured an agony of fear, in expectation of dying without the hope of the Gospel. At length, however, her mind admitted freely and joyfully that “ only hope set before us;” and she fully and explicitly renounced the illusions by which she had been betrayed; declaring them to be utterly insufficient to satisfy an awakened conscience, in the prospect of standing before the bar of the Supreme Judge. She lived long enough to display many of the effects of this happy change: — the whole temper of her mind seemed renovated; she became patient, thankful, affectionate, and humble; and triumphed in the profession of her hope: — “ My hope,” she said, “ is in Christ — in Christ crucified: — and I would not give up *that hope*, for all the world.” — Vol. i. pp. 31—34.

The habits of thinking and acting of the minister naturally transferred themselves (in diminished virtue, no doubt,) to the members of his family: and Miss Taylor soon manifested the results of that

domestic influence in her mind, in an uneasy preference for serious society. Still her secular welfare was prudently thought of by the father: he opened the springs of knowledge to his children, and to a ground-work of general information he superadded, as a practical means of independence, perhaps of distinction, instructions in his own particular art, engraving, the only patrimony which it would be in his power to bequeath them. But Miss Taylor evinced neither a taste nor a promising talent for the business of engraving; and when the limit of the stated interval of application came round, she resorted to her literary employment with the eagerness and pleasure of instinct. Although full many a time her thoughts and impressions had passed from her mind into the embodied forms of prose and verse, yet it was not until the year 1804 that a production of hers appeared in print. It is a pretty long composition in verse, entitled the "Beggars-Boy," and was contributed to the *Minors' Pocket-Book* for that year; but, notwithstanding the success which smiled on her first public appearance, the spirit of authorship was made, by the wary father, subservient to the acquisition, on her part, of that skill in the chosen art, which he thought would prove a more useful accomplishment than any which literature could place at her service; and it was for the most part after or before the regular hours of mechanical application, that the matter of the joint publications of Miss Taylor and her sister was composed. In the year 1803, the vague alarm of a French invasion concentrated itself upon the inhabitants of Colchester, who apprehended that their town would be made the object of the enemy's violence. Under the impression of this terror Mr. Taylor divided his family, sending the subject of this memoir with two of her brothers and an infant sister to Lavenham, as an asylum from danger. There they remained for upwards of three months, and the rumour appearing groundless, the juvenile refugees were restored to the family-circle. After this epoch, her literary employments engrossed more of Miss Taylor's attention, than, in the earlier part of her life, she was enabled to give to them. The earnestness of her spirit and the decided direction of her tastes are peculiarly marked in the following extract from her correspondence.

“ Whether instigated by the sight of your retired literarium, or what, I cannot exactly tell; but certain it is, that one of my first engagements on my return home, was to fit up an unoccupied attic, hitherto devoted only to household lumber: this I removed by the most spirited exertions, and supplied its place with all the apparatus necessary for a poet; which, you know, is not of a very extensive nature: — a few book-shelves, a table for my writing-desk, one chair for myself, and another for my muse, is a pretty accurate inventory of my furniture. But though my study cannot boast the elegance of yours, it possesses one advantage which, as a poet, you ought to allow surpasses them all — it commands a view of the country; the only room in the house, except one, which is thus favoured; and to me this is invaluable. You may now expect me to do wonders. But even if others should derive no advantages from

this new arrangement, to me, I am sure they will be numerous. For years I have been longing for such a luxury; and never before had wit enough to think of this convenient place. It will add so much to the comfort of my life, that I can do nothing but congratulate myself upon the happy thought; and I demand a large share of your poetical sympathy on the occasion. Although it is morning, and, I must tell you, but little past six, I have half filled this sheet, which capability I attribute, chiefly, to the sweet fields that are now smiling in vernal beauty before me."—Vol. i. pp. 87, 88.

It was in this agreeable solitude that she composed those various pieces which form her contributions to the two volumes of "Original Poems," and to that of "Rhymes for the Nursery." But, contrary to the received supposition, which Mr. Taylor thinks it due to the memory of his sisters to falsify, neither these joint productions of the two ladies, nor any of the other compositions which they had sent into the world, with one or two exceptions, returned them a sum, 'which, if they had been dependent upon their exertions in this line, could have afforded them a comfortable subsistence.' But the sweetness of the reward which Miss Taylor derived in reputation from her literary industry, was neutralised, if not turned to bitterness, by religious doubt, — that dark probation of the soul which a strong imagination deepens with additional terrors. The seared spirit survives in her correspondence. But the fever of spiritual apprehension did not take away their warmth from her sensibilities: it seemed rather to have imparted its energy to her affections. She thus describes her feelings for the loss of the society of her two brothers, who, in the year 1809, were under the necessity of removing permanently to London.

"Oh this cruel separation! It would have killed me to have known, when we first parted, how complete it would be. I am glad we deceived ourselves with the hope of keeping up frequent intercourse by letters and visits;—it saved us a severer pang than any we then endured. These painful reflections are revived by the disappointment of our fond hopes of a speedy re-union, which is now rendered not only distant, but very doubtful. You, engaged in business, and surrounded with friends, cannot feel as we do on this subject. We have nothing to do but to contemplate our cheerless prospects; or to think of the days that are past. I do not mean it reproachfully, when I say, that you will soon learn to do without us;—it is the natural consequence of your situation; and we ought to be reconciled to the 'common lot.' But how can I forget the happy years in which we were every thing to each other. I am sometimes half jealous of our friends; especially of——, who now has that confidence which we once enjoyed. But I will not proceed in this mournful strain; and do not think, my dear brothers, that I am charging you with neglect, or any decrease of affection; though I do sometimes anticipate, and that with bitter regret, the natural effect of a long continued separation.—

"We have not yet tried separation long enough to know what its effects will eventually be. I dread lest, in time, we should become so accustomed to it, as to feel contented to live apart, and forget the pleasure of our former intercourse: and I cannot suffer myself to believe

what, after all, is most probable, that we never shall be united again. It is a forlorn idea ; for what will two or three flying visits in the course of the year amount to. Life is short ; and we are, perhaps, half way through it already. Well, I ought to be thankful that so large a portion of it we have passed in company ; and that, the best part too : and as to the future, if I could be sure that years of separation would not, in the least, estrange our affections from each other, and that the glow which warms the youthful breast would never be chilled by our passage through a cold, heartless world, I would be content. But the idea of becoming such brothers and sisters as we see every where is incomparably more painful than that of a final banishment, in which we should love each other as we now do." — Vol. i. pp. 105—108.

Emerged, however, from this despondent state, Miss Taylor found a store of consolation in the absorbing occupation of composition. In the year 1810 Mr. Taylor removed to Ongar, where he took charge of a dissenting congregation. The project of a boarding school was about this time entertained by his daughter, and even entered upon, but was finally given up. About the year 1814, Miss Taylor produced the tale entitled "Display," the greater part of which was composed during a retreat in Devon and Cornwall, which was prolonged by her natural fondness for romantic scenery. This work was followed by her "Essays in Rhyme." In 1816, Miss Taylor yielded to the entreaties of the conductor of the "Youth's Magazine," and allowed herself to be ranked amongst its stated contributors ; but the "Essays in Rhyme" appear to have been the favoured offspring of her intellect. In perfecting this work she lavished all her care ; she exhibited the strength of her partiality in the vigilance with which she protected it from the hostility of criticism ; and we are told that the excitement, of which it was the source, produced such an exhausting effect upon the health and spirits of the author, that complete idleness and a change of scene became indispensably necessary to her. After an absence of three years, Miss Taylor returned to Ongar, to the enjoyment of the blessings of home ; and the year 1817 is commemorated by our biographer with that sort of joy which has the supposed sanctions of conscience for its indulgence, when the 'long standing doubts of her personal religion being dispelled, Miss Taylor admitted joyfully the hope of salvation, and publicly professed herself a member of the Christian church at Ongar, under the pastoral care of her father.' The account of this proceeding is given by herself.

"My mother told you of my having joined the church. You may have supposed that I was frightened into it, by my complaint ; but I feel thankful that this was not the case ; for it was not till after I had consulted Mr. Clyne, that I felt any alarm about it ; nor had I before, any idea of its being of a formidable kind. My mind, all the summer, had been much in the state it has been in for years past, that is, unable to apply the offer of the Gospel to myself ; and all confusion and perplexity, when I attempted to do so. One evening, (about three weeks before going to London for advice,) while alone in my room, and thinking on the sub-

ject, I saw, by an instantaneous light, that God would, for Christ's sake, forgive my sins :—the effect was so powerful that I was almost dissolved by it. I was unspeakably happy ; I believed that had I died that moment I should have been safe. Though the strength of the emotion soon abated, the effect in a great degree remained. A fortnight afterwards, I told Isaac what had taken place, and he urged me to be proposed immediately to the church. It was in this state I went to London ; and when I heard what was to me wholly unexpected, I could not but consider the change in my feelings as a most kind and timely preparation for what, but a few weeks before, would have overwhelmed me with consternation and distress. As it was, I heard it with great composure ; and my spirits did not at all sink till after I returned home. Since then I have had many desponding hours, from the fear of death. The happiness I enjoyed for a short time has given place to a hope, which, though faint, secures me from distress." — Vol. i. pp. 164—166.

The progress of an induration in the breast, a disorder which proved ultimately fatal to Miss Taylor, not merely by the amount of pain which it occasioned, but by bringing a train of anxieties on her too susceptible mind, tended very much to embitter the latter years of her existence, and all the consolations she enjoyed were derived from the resources of religion. Surrounded with spiritual comforts, and in the bosom of her family at Ongar, she tranquilly expired in April, 1824.

With a degree of cultivation that raised her beyond the ordinary rank, and with endowments from nature that elevated her to still higher distinction, Miss Taylor might have done infinitely more than she has effected for the interests of literature. But she was the prey of a desponding conscience :—her fancy, her elegant taste, her native humour, were sacrificed to her religious apprehensions. We shall conclude this notice with a specimen of her poetic talents, distinguished for that playfulness of ingenuity, the traces of which, as we encounter them in the pages of these volumes, only make us lament the rarity of their occurrence.

‘ *The Violet to the Rose.*

‘ Enclosed in the shade of a forest profound,
Where silence and solitude reign,
In colours diversified, scattered around,
A little wild hamlet of flowers was found,
The peasants of Flora's domain.

‘ There blue-bells, and daisies, and primroses grew,
From tumult and vanity far :
Their pleasures were simple — their wishes were few,
They sipped every morning fresh draughts of the dew,
And slept with the evening star.

‘ Amid the wild group, in this peaceful recess,
A Violet peeped from the earth ;
But lately indeed she had altered her dress ;
And some in the hamlet had reason to guess,
She was but a cowslip by birth.

- “ While they with the breezes at play might be seen,
Refusing to join in the sport,
She sighed for the garden where Rosa was queen,
And despised her pale crest, and her trappings of green,
When she heard of the splendours at court.
- “ And often at night the disconsolate maid
Lamented, by others unseen ;
Till a fairy from court who frequented the glade,
Overheard the complaint that poor Violet made,
And told it again to the queen.
- “ Kind Rosa was melted : — “ My fairy,” said she,
“ Again you must hasten away,
For none of my subjects unhappy shall be ;
So bear this encouraging message from me,
To make my poor Violet gay.
- “ “ Go tell her, assured of our royal support,
No longer in sorrow to bend ;
Entreat her to smile and to join in their sport,
For that *blue* is a favourite colour at court,
And Rosa, the queen, is her friend.”
- “ Away on a moonbeam, her message to tell,
The tiny ambassadress sped :
’Twas night when she reached little Violet’s dell,
But each nodding rustic unfolded his bell,
To hear what Queen Rosa had said.
- “ The Violet trembled such honours to share,
And blushed for her folly and pride ;
Yet pleased that a queen so enchantingly fair
Should deign for a poor simple peasant to care,
She thus to the fairy replied : —
- “ “ Return, gentle spirit — for Rosa will own
The tear that from gratitude flows ;
And tell her that here, in her hamlet alone,
Violetta will study, unseen and unknown,
Those virtues that sweetly embellish the throne,
And love her fair sovereign — the Rose.”

Vol. ii. pp. 88—91.

ART. XII. *Granby; a Novel.* 3 Vols. 8vo. London. Colburn.
1825.

REPORT, not perhaps inartificially got up, has attributed this work to a person of distinction in the circles of fashion. If there be no foundation for this “loud whisper,” and we rather suspect that there is not, such a mode of attracting and deceiving public attention cannot be too strongly reprobated. The injury which it inflicts on the real author, who, though he cannot count ten generations in his family, may still be an individual of great respectability, as he certainly is a writer of considerable talent, is not the only evil consequence arising from this false reputation. If almost every new tale which is published, is said to be the production of

"a young nobleman," the phrase will take its course from the highest to the lowest branches of the trade, and will become so ridiculous, that the very apprehension of its applicability will deter many of the brilliant and accomplished minds which adorn the aristocracy of England, from permitting themselves to indulge in one of the most fascinating departments of literature.

'Granby,' we venture to assert, is not the work of a mind which has been accustomed to view society from the 'vantage ground of elevated rank. It is the production of a practised writer, who, however conversant he may be with the fashionable lounges of this great metropolis, may still be contented to derive his claims upon our notice, rather from his merits as a novelist, than from any spurious pretensions to nobility which others have set up for him.

There is much that is worthy of admiration in the work before us. The style in which it is written is remarkably simple, fluent, and idiomatic. Sometimes it rises to a degree of elegance, particularly where the author is engaged in describing a fine landscape, or in reporting the conversations of his favourite personages. The pervading fault of Granby is, that it abounds with *dramatis personæ* whose characters are described with superfluous minuteness, but who are seldom made to *act* in conformity with them. They are announced individually with all imaginable pomp; every feature of their countenances, every peculiarity of their temperaments, is analysed before-hand with the most scrutinizing diligence, so that when the parties appear before us, we seem to know much more about them than they do themselves, or than their language or actions can justify. Besides, of the whole squadron, consisting of some fifty persons, who are thus painted for us at full length, there are not above one or two for whom we feel any great degree of interest. The true master in his art seldom describes his characters at all. He makes the reader acquainted with them by means of what they *do* or suffer, not by the attributes which he ascribes to them.

Next to this fault of over-wrought description, these volumes are swelled out by a succession of conversations, the greater part of which, after we have waded through them, leave no impression whatever on the mind. They are mere *badinage*, a collection of the most trifling and unamusing attempts at wit and repartee, interspersed with some villanous puns and vulgar jokes, such as we are surprized to hear in the company to which the author introduces us. To this remark there are some exceptions. We regret that they are too few.

Granby, the hero of the tale, is a good sort of young man, who acts the amiable on all occasions, and sometimes appears in a most disinterested and honourable capacity, without ever impressing us with the idea of magnanimity. As the author has drawn him, his virtues are more allied to timidity and weakness of character, than to real dignity of mind. The whole story turns

upon an early attachment which he formed for a cousin of his own, whose friends contrive from prudential motives to counteract, for a whole year, the steps which he took to advance their union. The lady is thus described in the author's usual minute and "lengthy" manner.

' Caroline Jermyn was worthy of all the love and admiration which she had inspired in our hero. Without possessing that faultless regularity of feature, the very blamelessness of which is sometimes insipid, she united the charm of interesting expression, to a face and figure which were sufficiently good to obtain an approval from the most fastidious eye. There was a sunny brightness in her smile, the charm of which could not be overlooked; and her cheerful and even spirits, and playful vivacity, were rendered still more attractive by her unvarying sweetness of temper. She also possessed considerable quickness of perception, mixed with a candour and good nature which made her ever ready to excuse those follies which she was so prompt in discovering. She was young, and had hitherto seen little of the world; and society on an extended scale was still almost new to her; but she brought with her an innate tact, the united result of good sense and good taste and powers of pleasing, of which she was always less aware than those who were in her company. She had a good deal of diffidence, and a sensitive delicacy of feeling, which gave to her manner an occasional shade of reserve; but it was reserve without coldness, and which did not even injure the artless sincerity of her address; it was a reserve which scarcely any who witnessed it could wish to see removed, so well did it accord with the graceful softness of her character. She was totally free from affectation, and had a shrinking dread of display, which gave an intrinsic value to those captivating qualities which she unconsciously exhibited.

' Caroline Jermyn felt a sincere and strong attachment to Henry Granby, whom she had now known for several years. She could remember to have liked him from the first period of their acquaintance; and that sentiment, which began in girlish admiration, ripened with her years into actual love. She, indeed, would not have given it that name; but how could one interpret otherwise her eagerness to insure his good opinion; her eye that watched his looks so timidly, yet anxiously; her abstracted mien when he was absent; her brightening countenance when he approached? She felt that she had derived, not only pleasure, but advantage from his society. His correct taste had enabled him to enter judiciously into her pursuits; it was his pencil that first called forth the powers of her's; his love of music that chiefly urged her to excel. Her literary taste had also been in a great degree guided and encouraged by his; and her talents, which amply repaid their cultivation, had not been suffered to lie waste. She was generally, but not pedantically accomplished; and without being profoundly or scientifically learned, was well informed on most topics of elegant and useful knowledge, and such as give a value and a grace to the intercourse of polished society.'—
Vol. i. pp. 46—49.

Lady Jermyn, and her husband Sir Thomas, who are well portrayed, had higher views for their daughter than Granby's expectations at that period held out. He was then living with his uncle, General Granby, a retired officer, possessing a limited in-

come; and he did not yet know that the estates of another uncle, Lord Malton, together with the title, were to descend to him on failure of male issue in the right line. The world imagined that Lord Malton's heir would be his son Tyrrel, but it turns out in the sequel of the tale that the latter was the fruit of an illicit passion, substituted in infancy by the father's desire for the real heir, who died almost as soon as he was born. Of this same Tyrrel the author makes most unsparing use. He is the evil demon from whose machinations spring all the troubles and disappointments experienced by Granby. Upon the whole, we think that the character of Tyrrel is drawn without any regard to *vraisemblance*. He is a profligate gamester, a treacherous friend, a mercenary suitor, and, withal, a man of fashion. When driven to an emergency, he becomes a ruffian of the lowest cast. All his perfidy to Granby is repaid by unbounded generosity, which, by the way, looks more like the result of terror than of benevolence. When the mask was removed, and Tyrrel's real situation is known to the world, he is represented as wandering about the streets of London in the disguise of an old Jew. His life is, consistently enough, closed by suicide. The introduction of such a character into the story, together with the many scenes of guilt and treachery, approaching more than once to the verge of murder, in which he is involved, betray a remarkable deviation from the good taste which is perceptible in other parts of this work. The activity of Tyrrel throughout, and the base and furious tenor of his conduct, unredeemed by a single virtue, are not at all in keeping with the tone and manners of the circles in which he moved, nor, it may be added, of the age in which he is supposed to have lived. The interest which his profligate schemes impart to the tale, is essentially melo-dramatic; it therefore reduces the standard, by which the work should be estimated, below that to which most probably the author aspired.

In his representation of quiet, domestic, drawing-room intercourse, as well as of the bustle and heartless brilliancy of London routs, the author is peculiarly felicitous. Sometimes also, as we have already intimated, he touches external scenery with a master-hand. No man has ever left a ball room at an early hour of the morning, who will not recognize the truth and beauty of the following picture. It is necessary to premise, that after a tedious separation from Caroline for several months, Granby met her with her mother at a rout, and learned from a bright glance that, though compelled to submit to the control of others, *she* did not yet forget the companion of her infancy. As they left the ball-room —

Granby followed them with his eyes: and now too full of happiness to be accessible to any feelings of jealousy or repining, after a short reverie of the purest satisfaction, he left the ball, and sallied out into the fresh cool air of a summer-morning, suddenly passing from the red glare of lamp-light to the clear sober brightness of returning day. He walked cheerfully onward, refreshed and exhilarated by the air of

morning, and interested with the scene around him. It was broad daylight, and he viewed the town under an aspect in which it is alike presented to the late-retiring votary of pleasure, and to the early-rising sons of business. He stopped on the pavement of Oxford-street to contemplate the effect. The whole extent of that long vista, unclouded by the mid-day smoke, was distinctly visible to his eye at once. The houses shrank to half their span, while the few visible spires of the adjacent churches seemed to rise less distant than before, gaily tipped with early sunshine, and much diminished in apparent size, but heightened in distinctness and in beauty. Had it not been for the cool grey tint which slightly mingled with every object, the brightness was almost that of noon. But the life, the bustle, the busy din, the flowing tide of human existence, were all wanting to complete the similitude. All was hushed and silent: and this mighty receptacle of human beings, which a few short hours would wake into active energy and motion, seemed like a city of the dead.

‘There was little to break this solemn illusion. Around were the monuments of human exertion, but the hands which formed them were no longer there. Few, if any, were the symptoms of life. No sounds were heard but the heavy creaking of a solitary waggon: the twittering of an occasional sparrow: the monotonous tone of the drowsy watchman: and the distant rattling of the retiring carriage, fading on the ear till it melted into silence: and the eye that searched for living objects fell on nothing but the grim great-coated guardian of the night, muffled up into an appearance of doubtful character between bear and man, and scarcely distinguishable, by the colour of his dress, from the brown flags along which he sauntered.’—Vol. i. pp. 297—299.

Though subjected to a series of disappointments and mortifications in his pursuit of Caroline, yet Granby was occasionally cheered by a secret intelligence, which was renewed between them as often as they met at various assemblies, and this too without the aid of verbal communication. The arts of Tyrrel occasioned both a good deal of annoyance, by false representations calculated to excite their mutual jealousy. Another hero was also engaged in similar practices, which seemed likely to be more fatal to Granby’s hopes than the machinations of Tyrrel, because they were contrived with more intriguing ingenuity, and conducted with a more specious exhibition of disinterestedness and politeness. This hero was Trebeck, who is perhaps the most finished character in the novel. He is evidently a compound of one or two now antiquated beaux, who not many years ago were in the highest odour of fashion at the west end of the town. The ease of his manner, the oddity of his remarks, the temerity and good *ton* of his language, and his thorough mastery over every circle into which he is admitted, may be supposed to be borrowed for the occasion from a living original. The copy is excellent, though we should hope overcharged, in the unamiable traits of character which are given to Trebeck.

The reader may wish to see a specimen of his conversational facility. The following dialogue between him and Caroline is supposed to have taken place at the dinner-table at Lord Davenport’s, where a large party was assembled; among them the epicurean

Duke of Ilminster. The passage displays the character of Trebeck, and affords rather a favourable example of the author's powers in this department of a novel. It also presents Caroline in an amiable point of view.

"By the by," said Trebeck, who sat next to Caroline, "what is the dish before you? It looks well, and I see you are eating some of it. Let me recommend it to the Duke upon your authority; I dare not upon my own."

"Then pray do not use mine."

"Yes, I will, with your permission; I'll tell him you thought by what dropt from him in conversation that it would exactly suit the genius of his taste. Shall I? Yes, Duke," (raising his voice a little, and speaking across the table.)

"Oh, no! how can you?"

"Why not? — Duke," (with a glance at Caroline) "will you allow me to take wine with you?"

"I thought," said she, relieved from her trepidation, and laughing slightly, "you would never say any thing so very strange."

"You have too good an opinion of me; I blush for my unworthiness. But confess, that in fact you were rather alarmed at the idea of being held up to such a critic as the recommender of a bad dish."

"Oh no, I was not thinking of that; but I hardly know the Duke; and it would have seemed so odd; and perhaps he might have thought that I had really told you to say something of that kind."

"Of course he would; but you must not suppose that he would have been at all surprised at it. I'm afraid you are not aware of the full extent of your privileges, and are not conscious how many things young ladies can, and may, and will do."

"Indeed I am not — perhaps you will instruct me."

"Ah, I never do that for any body. I like to see young ladies instruct themselves. It is better for them, and much more amusing to me. But, however, for once I will venture to tell you, that a very competent knowledge of the duties of women may, with proper attention, be picked up in a ball-room."

"Then I hope," said she, laughing, "you will attribute my deficiency to my little experience of balls. I have only been at two."

"Only two! and one of them I suppose a race ball. Then you have not yet experienced any of the pleasures of a London season? Never had the dear delight of seeing and being seen, in a well of tall people at a rout, or passed a pleasant hour at a ball upon a staircase? I envy you. You have much to enjoy."

"You do not mean that I really have?"

"Yes — really. But let me give you a caution or two. Never dance with any man without first knowing his character and condition, on the word of two credible chaperons. At balls, too, consider what you come for — to dance of course, and not to converse; therefore, never talk yourself, nor encourage it in others."

"I am afraid I can only answer for myself."

"Why, if foolish, well-meaning people will choose to be entertaining, I question if you have the power of frowning them down in a very forbidding manner: but I would give them no countenance nevertheless."

"Your advice seems a little ironical."

“Oh, you may either follow it or reverse it—that is its chief beauty. It is equally good taken either way.”—Vol. i. pp. 93—95.

Next to Caroline, we should select General Granby as our favourite—preferring him even to his youthful nephew. The old man reminds us now and then of Captain Absolute—testy, impatient, affectionate, gay, and fond of his bottle. His death causes a material change in the prospects of Henry, who, besides a small accession of fortune, derived from him the documents by which Tyrrel's illegitimacy was placed beyond dispute. Before we quit this part of the subject, we must present the reader with the description of Henry's sudden return, after an absence of some months, to the residence of his uncle, upon hearing of his alarming illness.

‘On Friday about mid-day he drove into the village of Ashton, and stopped at the well-remembered turn, where a bye-road led from the highway to his uncle's house. This was situated about a quarter of a mile from the public road: and Granby got out and walked to it.

‘It was a fine but melancholy day: one of those which this cloudy climate rarely affords, but which, when it comes, is apt to temper our admiration with a certain feeling of gentle sadness. Not a cloud was to be seen, to relieve and heighten, by its contrast, the monotonous expanse of dull, deep, greyish blue. Not a breeze was heard to rustle through the trees: scarce a sound disturbed the silence, except the sky-lark twittering on high, you knew not where, and the long-drawn chirrup of the grasshopper. A thin haze which was spread over the landscape, gave a gloomy indistinctness to the distance, and deepened the flat solemnity of the dark green trees. There was a general, unrelieved, dull light; so that, unless when looking at your own shadow, you might have almost questioned the reality of the sunshine; and you might have thought the landscape cold, were not your ideas otherwise diverted by the enervating heat that poured down from the luminary above.

‘The scene conveyed a sentiment of gloom to the mind of Granby,—who perhaps was predisposed by the depressing object of his return, to seek food for melancholy. He walked on slowly, with his eyes on the ground, till, no turning a well-remembered corner, the house appeared immediately before him, and he raised his head to look at it. The shutters had been closed to keep out the sunshine—which gave it a deserted air. It looked to Granby like the mansion of death: and as he gazed upon the well-known window of his uncle's room, he shuddered to think how soon he might be told, that this room contained the corpse of one so justly dear to him.

‘He involuntarily stopped as the thought arose, and dreaded to advance and learn the worst: but after a brief, internal struggle, he pressed onward with a quickened pace. Still he saw no face that he knew, and heard no sound familiar to him, till, as he was almost at the door, an old favourite dog of his uncle's came bounding round the corner with a loud angry bark, which, on recognizing Granby, he instantly softened into a fondling whine, and writhed himself into many an expressive gesture of greeting.

‘Granby could not forbear, however occupied with other thoughts, from bestowing a short caress on his first welcomer, and then looking up, saw one of the shutters partially unclosed, and a female head appear

through the chink. In an instant he was at the door, with his hand on the bell, doubtful whether he should venture to ring. He removed his hand, for he heard the low pattering of feet in the hall within : the door was carefully opened : and behind it, as he entered, was Mrs. Robins, the old housekeeper, with a face that struggled between pleasure at seeing him, and grief for the cause of his return.

“Is my uncle alive?” were Granby’s first words : they were uttered in a tremulous whisper.

“‘Tis all we can say,” replied Mrs. Robins : “but thank God, Mr. Henry, we can say that.”

“I am anxious,” said he, “to see him : Is he sensible ? Does he expect me?”

“Yes, Sir, he does, I am pretty sure, for I told him myself that you would be back soon : and he made signs as if he understood me. But I think I had better prepare him for it, if you please, Sir. Will you just walk in here?” and she opened the door of the room in which he and his uncle used to sit.

‘It was almost dark, the shutters being closed to exclude the sun. He half opened one of them, and as the light poured in, looked round with mournful interest on the desolate apartment. Every thing in it reminded him of times that had been, and now, he feared, never would return. There was his uncle’s chair in the spot in which he always sat, and another placed opposite, as if for himself, on the other side of the small Pembroke table. On that table lay the last newspaper that his uncle had been reading—perhaps the last he ever would read—marking by a day in advance the date of his first illness ; and near it was an accumulation of unopened papers that had arrived since, and several sealed letters in well known hands. On the chimney-piece was a small old-fashioned clock,—the last appeal from all other clocks and watches in the house,—which his uncle, with scrupulous punctuality, always wound up with his own hand. It had now stopped—a mute predictor of the fate of him to whose daily care it owed its motions.’—Vol. ii. pp. 284—287.

This is all very well told. Every feature of the scene is in harmony with the melancholy occasion of Granby’s visit. His uncle died the same evening, after indicating to Henry where the papers were deposited by which his right to the title and estates of Lord Malton, upon the death of the latter, was established. This event took place shortly after, and it need scarcely be added that a corresponding change took place in the minds of Sir Thomas and Lady Jermyn, who were delighted to have for their son-in-law a peer of the realm.

Having observed on the melo-dramatic character of Tyrrel, we shall enable the reader to judge of him from his own representation of his career. We have alluded to the generosity with which Granby treated him on every occasion, and to the last “act” of his life, which was spent in disguise and in a wretched garret in London. Here Granby was induced to visit him.

‘Lord Malton surveyed the scene with sorrow and dismay. Tyrrel read his thoughts in his countenance, and seemed to participate in them.

"Yes," said he, "this is my splendour — here I live, and there, in the sty within, I sleep. It is bad enough, but I am satisfied. We gentry accustom ourselves to many fancied indispensables, that we can do very well without."

"But how came you into this situation?" said Lord Malton; "I thought you meant to have gone abroad? Is not this an imprudent exposure of yourself?"

"There is little risk," said Tyrrel. "You can bear witness of the excellence of my disguise. And if they come to speak to me, I can puzzle them more than ever. My old cracked voice would throw them off the scent completely. Yes, I sometimes walk amongst them, and take a peep behind the scenes, and see how the pigeon-trade thrives. I marched the other day into the billiard rooms in ——— street. There was an old acquaintance, playing his worst to encourage a youngster — shamming nervous. Oh, I long to *blow* a few of them! — But it is a sorry subject for me to talk upon, — me that — oh! it drives me mad. Fool, fool!" he exclaimed, striking his forehead — "to have wrecked myself, to have sunk to this vile state, through worse than folly — through wickedness."

Here his voice seemed choked with emotion, and his countenance was frightfully agitated. He hid his face for a few seconds; then raising it, and speaking in a calmer tone, "Granby," said he, "shun gambling as you would the plague. I have a right to warn you. No one better knows its pains and pleasures than myself. I have tried them thoroughly; I have drunk the cup from the sparkling froth to the bitter dregs. People tell you that it fascinates. Ay, and so does the rattlesnake. The poor bird, that is drawn within reach of the creature's jaws, is an apt type of the growing gambler; and the vice is scarce less deadly than the reptile. I know its pleasures well. I was a cool, calm, steady player — one who entered into its sober delights; yet I have sat whole anxious hours, even when a run of luck was in my favour, with a burning brain, parched and fevered, waiting in terrible agitation for the change of fortune that must soon come, and sweep my ill-gotten winnings from me; yes, and envying the loser, the very loser, for having better things in prospect. This was my triumph! these were the glories of *success*! I have given you now the bright side of the picture. Judge from that of the reverse. May you never know the horrid agonies of the losing gamester. I have tried *that* too; and to my cost, or I should not now be sculking here. Oh! that sinking of the soul — that struggle of the spirits — striving, striving in vain, to bear up manfully. And then, the feeling that you must go on, and repair the past, and plunge deeper into the pit; and the growing consciousness that you must sink, sink for ever, or fight your way through by any means — no matter what, fair or foul! But I am wandering, I scarce know where. Madman!" (he muttered) "to dwell on that! — oh, I could envy the damned!"

One extract more and we have done. It will be seen that we refer to it on account of the useful hint which it furnishes for the information of the fair portion of the creation. We should add that Courtenay was another of Granby's friends, who was also his rival for the affections of Caroline. His attentions were encouraged by Lady Jermyn, who, as she 'liked to be civil to young people,' gave him a cordial invitation to Brackingsley, the family seat.

Courtenay accepted the invitation with great alacrity. Not that he felt much pleasure in the society of either Lady Jermyn or Sir Thomas, or was much flattered by their notice of him. The attraction lay elsewhere: it was "the one fair daughter which he loved passing well." He had begun to admire Caroline in town, and thought of her as seriously as could reasonably be expected, considering that he had never met her but in the anti-matrimonial atmosphere of a London ball-room.

His admiration thus awakened, began to ripen fast into attachment, now that he saw her in the less dazzling, but more seductive sphere of her domestic circle. Hers were gentle timid graces which such a situation called forth; and in these consisted her greatest charm. Courtenay could not long regard her in this attractive point of view, without being deeply struck with the many captivating points of her character; her unvaried sweetness of temper, natural, unforced cheerfulness, and perfect freedom from affectation. He saw her now in that situation where woman's power is most deeply felt—where alone she may expect to win the heart of a man of sense.

'It is not amid the gay distractions of a crowded party, or the lively prattle of the dance—though with beauty heightened by the aid of brilliant lights, of costly jewels, and all the pride of millinery, that her influence is most powerfully experienced. It is in the quiet interchange of that domestic species of society, in which display has less power to enter, and in which the sterling qualities of the mind have fuller leisure to expand.'—Vol. iii. pp. 86, 87.

This is the language of good sense; for a few more such passages we should willingly exchange a vast quantity of the small talk which incumbers this work. Such *persiflage* may be amusing enough, when nothing better can be had, in a round conversation sustained by six or seven persons. But reduce it to writing, the sparkle vanishes, and the spirit which gave it buoyancy becomes insipid.

ART. XIII. *Histoire de l'homme au masque de fer accompagnée des pièces authentiques, &c.* Par J. Delort. 8vo. pp. 296. Delaforest. Paris.* 1825.

M. DE VOLTAIRE was one of the first historians, who mentioned the mysterious imprisonment of the man in the iron mask. In his Age of Louis XIV. he states, that some months after the death of Cardinal Mazarin, in 1661, an unknown prisoner, of a youthful and stately figure, was sent with the utmost secrecy to the castle of the Island of St. Margaret, on the coast of Provence, where he was confined under the special care of St. Mars, an officer in whom Louis XIV. reposed the greatest confidence. When St. Mars was made Governor of the Bastille, his prisoner was removed with him, and in that prison he remained till death, which happened in 1704. During the whole time of his detention he was compelled, under pain of instant death, to wear a mask, of which the lower part had steel springs, contrived so that he could eat without taking it off.

* Imported by Treuttel and Wurtz, Soho Square.

In the Bastille he was treated with the greatest attention and respect ; he never complained of his situation, or gave the least hint who he was. Chamillard, the last minister, who was acquainted with the history of this transaction, being pressed on his death-bed to declare who the prisoner was, answered, that it was a secret of state, and that he had sworn never to reveal it. M. de Voltaire adds, that the wonder was increased, as at the time when this prisoner was sent to the Island of St. Margaret, no person of distinction disappeared in Europe. Satisfied with the mere statement of the fact, the historian of Louis XIV. offers no conjecture as to the individual who was thus doomed to so many years of concealment.

The question has not failed to excite a good deal of attention, for to the minds of most men nothing is more attractive than mystery of any description, except the solution of it. Some writers, among whom the jesuit Griffet stands foremost, have given the mask to Louis de Bourbon Count of Vermandois High Admiral of France, and the natural son of Louis XIV. and Madame de la Valiere. Some have imagined the unknown prisoner to be the Duke of Beaufort, grandson of Henry IV., and Gabrielle d'Estrées. Some, as St. Foix for instance, imagined him to be the famous Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters. The mere comparison of dates would be sufficient to overthrow every one of these conjectures. Again it was said that the masked prisoner was a twin brother of Louis XIV., born eight hours after this monarch, and that his father had the circumstance carefully concealed, in consequence of a prediction which was conveyed to him by some impostors, that if the queen should be delivered of twins, the kingdom would be involved in civil war. The story goes on to say, that Louis XIII. had him at first privately educated in the country as the illegitimate son of a nobleman, but that he gave indications of having discovered his parentage on the accession of Louis XIV., which rendered it necessary that he should be imprisoned for life, and that he should wear a mask to prevent his being recognized. This elucidation of the mystery, may be seen in the memoirs of the Marshal Duke de Richelieu, which, it is scarcely necessary to add, are wholly unworthy of credit. M. Millin, in his *Antiquités Nationales*, unhesitatingly coincides with M. Charpentier, that the man in the iron mask could have been no other than an elder brother of Louis XIV., the fruit of the gallantries of Anne of Austria with the Duke of Buckingham, or some other of her male favourites. After his death, adds M. Millin, every care was employed to have the secret buried with him : few were the persons who had any acquaintance with it : Madame de Pompadour knew it ; Louis XVI. might possibly have been ignorant of it.

Not so, perhaps, Louis XV. It is said, that the Duke de Choiseul, being anxious to penetrate this state secret, one day entreated that monarch to reveal it to him. The king only observed, that in all the statements which had been published up to

that time concerning the iron mask, there was not a syllable of truth; and that of all the conjectures which had been made respecting it, not one was well founded. Another *on dit*, noticed in the *Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose*, (t. ii. p. 208.) relates that Madame de Pompadour, at the instigation of the Duke de Choiseul, pressed Louis XV. on the subject; and that the King answered that the man in the iron mask was *one of the ministers of a certain Italian Prince*.

The object of the work before us is to establish the truth of the latter assertion attributed to Louis XV., and which agrees so well with M. de Voltaire's observation, that "at the time when the prisoner was sent to the Island of St. Margaret, no person of distinction disappeared in Europe." After showing in a very satisfactory manner that some of the persons to whom the fatal honour of the mask was ascribed, never existed, and that none of the rest who have been mentioned could, from the periods, or the well known circumstances, of their deaths, have been the mysterious prisoner, M. Delort proceeds to the affirmative part of his argument. It is well known that Louis XIV. was strongly bent on making conquests in Italy, and that in order to diminish the influence of the house of Austria over that nation, the Abbe d'Estrades, the French ambassador to the republic of Venice, conceived (in 1677) the project of a treaty by which Gonzagues, Duke of Mantua, was to consent to the admission of a French garrison into the fortress of Casal, the possession of which would materially facilitate the entrance of a French army into Italy. The opposing interests of Austria, as well as of several sovereign princes, rendered it necessary that this negotiation should be conducted with the greatest delicacy and secresy. Besides, the Duke of Mantua, although of full age, was still in a great measure ruled by the influence of his mother, and a monk named Bulgarini, both of whom were entirely devoted to the house of Austria. The Duke, though of the most dissipated habits, was nevertheless desirous of shaking off this double yoke, but in order to accomplish that object, it was necessary that Gonzagues should have near him some person in whom he reposed unqualified confidence. Such a person the Abbe d'Estrades conceived he had found in the Count Matthioli, who had been secretary of state to the preceding Duke of Mantua (Charles III.). Matthioli was born in 1640; he was of an ancient and respectable family, and had distinguished himself in the study of the civil and canon laws. He was perfectly conversant with the secrets of the Italian princes, and had evinced a disposition to support the French interest. Before d'Estrades, however, opened himself to the Count, he had him secretly watched by a person of the name of Giuliani at Verona, where Matthioli resided. During the first interview with him, Giuliani learned that the Spaniards were taking steps to possess themselves of Casal, and to strip the Duke of Mantua of all his states; and that, in order to gain their object, they promoted divisions in his court, by the most artful intrigues. Upon this Giuliani expressed

his apprehension that nothing but the protection of France could save Gonzagues from the dangers by which he was threatened. The Count, who ardently desired to resume his former office, readily entered into this view of the matter, and pledged himself in a letter addressed to Louis XIV., to become the instrument of that monarch's political designs at the court of Gonzagues. Giuliani reported the result of his mission to d'Estrades, and the Count in the meantime had a long conference with the Duke, the issue of which was that the latter consented to give up Casal to Louis XIV., provided that he was freed from the state of anxiety in which he was continually kept by the intrigues of Spain. D'Estrades being duly informed of this conference, and its results, by Matthioli, expressed a wish that he should himself have an interview with the young Duke, and the season of the Venetian Carnival was fixed for this purpose, as the mask would effectually assist them to disguise their proceedings from the neighbouring princes. Matthioli proceeded to Venice, and represented to d'Estrades that one of the first measures to be adopted by Louis XIV., was to remit Gonzagues *one hundred thousand pistoles*, as the purchase-money for Casal; adding, that the money would be employed in matters connected with the service and advantage of France. This sum was after some negotiation pared down to a hundred thousand crowns, which were not to be paid until after the exchange of ratifications.

The time of the carnival arrived. Gonzagues and d'Estrades, on the 13th of March, 1678, had a long interview at midnight, at which the negotiation was considerably advanced, and it was arranged that Matthioli should be sent to Paris in order to complete it. The Count, accompanied by Giuliani, proceeded thither in October, the same year; he found d'Estrades there, and under circumstances of the strictest secrecy a treaty was concluded in the following December, which stipulated that the Duke of Mantua should admit French troops into Casal; that if Louis XIV. sent an army into Italy, the command of it should be given to the young Duke, and that upon the execution of the treaty he should receive a hundred thousand crowns. After the conclusion of this treaty, Matthioli had a private audience of the king, who presented him with a valuable ring, and a considerable sum of money.

Measures were next taken for assembling a French army on the frontiers, which threw all Italy into alarm. The Austrian and Spanish Ambassadors at Venice repaired to Mantua, and as it was suspected that Louis XIV. had designs on Casal, they strongly represented to the Duke the dangers which would follow the cession of that fortress to France. The Duke stoutly denied the existence of the secret treaty, of which rumour had already spoken, but Matthioli immediately after informed the Ambassadors of the whole transaction, and added, under the Duke's directions, that the ratifications would be exchanged on the 9th of March, at the village of Inerea, a few miles from Casal, and that on the 18th

of the same month, the Duke would proceed to Casal to receive the French troops. The 9th of March arrived. Matthioli did not make his appearance at Increa, where he was expected by the French General Catinat. Catinat dispatched an emissary to Casal, who returned the next morning, and informed him that the peasantry had risen, and that a detachment of cavalry were on their march to apprehend him. Upon this, Catinat himself repaired to Casal, and adroitly gained admission into the fortress, the governor of which received him in the most friendly manner. Nothing was yet heard of the Count. Catinat returned to Pignerol.

D'Estrades was at this time at Turin, and being alarmed at the delay of the exchange of ratifications, he wrote to Matthioli, urging the execution of the compact. Matthioli was wandering about Italy; his proceedings gave rise to suspicions in the mind of d'Estrades, which were turned into certainty, when he learned from the Duchess of Savoy, a princess sincerely devoted to French interests, and at that time Regent of the states of Victor-Amedée II., her son, that the intriguing Italian on his return from Paris, had given her at Turin copies of all the documents relating to the treaty of Casal, and had informed her even of the minutest circumstances connected with it. D'Estrades was overwhelmed with astonishment. He no longer doubted that the perfidious Italian had also revealed the secret to the Court of Turin, which was in the interests of Austria, and from which he received as the price of his treachery two thousand livres; to the senate of Venice; and to the agents of Spain, from whom it was soon after known that he had actually obtained for the secret five hundred gold crowns. The object of the negotiation was thus frustrated, and Louis XIV. indignant at being made the dupe of Matthioli, was determined on destroying him. D'Estrades received orders to concert the secret apprehension of the Count, and St. Mars, the governor of Pignerol, received a letter from the French minister Louvois, directing him "to receive a person, whom the Abbe d'Estrades would cause to be arrested, for conduct with which his Majesty had reason to be dissatisfied, to guard him in such a manner as that no one should have any intercourse with him, in order that he might repent of his bad conduct, and that his detention should be so managed as that no one should discover that a new prisoner was confined at Pignerol." This letter is given from the French Archives, and dated the 27th of April, 1679.

The Abbé d'Estrades confided his design to the Duchess of Savoy, who promised to keep it a secret, provided Matthioli was not apprehended within her territory. He further learned, that the Count had aggravated his guilt, by refusing to give the original documents of the treaty to the Duke of Mantua. The Abbé had subsequently an interview with Matthioli, who, though he equivocated a good deal, nevertheless sufficiently betrayed the course of his perfidious proceedings. But d'Estrades dissembled in his turn.

Knowing that Matthioli was about to proceed to Casal, the Abbé took measures for effecting his abduction. The Count, however, returned to Turin; and protested that the frequent journeys which he made, and the presents which he gave away, in order to serve the interests of France, left him without money. The Abbé adroitly told him, that General Catinat, who commanded the troops which were about to enter Casal, had a considerable sum at his disposal; and it was arranged that Matthioli should meet him in a church about half a mile from Turin, for the purpose of receiving a supply. At the hour appointed, six o'clock on the morning of the 2d of May 1679, Matthioli was punctual to his appointment; and was apprehended by Catinat, without making any resistance, although he was armed, as was then usual in Italy, with a poniard and a brace of pistols. He was immediately conducted under the care of St. Mars and a small guard to the fortress of Pignerol, where he arrived late at night, and was imprisoned, without its being known to any one except St. Mars, who he was. He was here detained for some years under the name of Lestang. He confessed that the Duke of Mantua never signed the ratification; and he acknowledged that all his papers were in the hands of his father, from whom they were ultimately received by d'Estrades, through the agency of Giuliani. The French troops who were encamped on the frontiers returned to France; and thus failed the designs of Louis XIV. upon Italy.

At first Matthioli was treated, according to the King's special order, with a considerable degree of harshness. He complained of this severity, and pretended that solitary confinement turned his brain. He affected to hold conversations with the angels, and to receive from them intelligence of what was going on in the world. From Pignerol he and another state prisoner (a jacobin) were removed to *Exiles*, about twelve leagues from Pignerol, still under the care of St. Mars, in whom the King reposed great confidence, and whom he appointed governor of *Exiles*. Matthioli was conveyed thither in a closely covered litter. The place being found exceedingly unhealthy, the Jacobin died there, and St. Mars, at his own solicitation, was removed to the government of the islands *Sainte-Marguerite* and *Saint-Honorat*, near the coast of Provence. On the 18th of April 1687, St. Mars took Matthioli with him; the latter was conveyed in a *chair* covered on every side with *waxed linen*, that he might have enough of air, without being seen by any body. These precautions were necessary, in as much as the apprehension of the subject of a foreign prince upon foreign territory, was such a gross violation of the law of nations, that if it were known, Louis XIV. could not detain his prisoner an hour without bringing upon him remonstrances from every court in Europe. The idea of a mask had not yet been thought of—at least it does not seem to have been yet carried into practice, for if it had been, the other precautions would have been unnecessary. The mystery with which the prisoner was surrounded, of course, gave

rise to many enquiries. St. Mars in answering them told many *yellow lies* (*des contes jaunes*), as he expresses it, which probably gave birth to many of the conjectures which historians have made concerning this famous captive.

After remaining in the island of St. Margaret eleven years, St. Mars was appointed governor of the Bastile in Paris, whither he removed, together with his prisoner in 1698. It is probable that it was on his journey thither, Matthioli was masqued for the first time, as upon so long a road any other mode of concealment would have been inconvenient. A mask was certainly worn by Matthioli on his entrance into the Bastile. It was not, however, of iron, as is commonly represented, but of black velvet strengthened with whalebone, and closed behind by means of a padlock which was kept sealed. The mask was so formed as that the prisoner could not take it off himself, and yet that he could eat and drink without difficulty. After suffering an imprisonment which lasted for twenty-four years, six months, and eighteen days, the masked prisoner died, almost suddenly, on the 19th of November 1703, at ten o'clock at night, and was buried the next day. The register of his burial, in the cemetery of the church of St. Paul in Paris, shows, that he was interred there on the 20th November 1703, under the name of *Marchialy*.

The reader will naturally ask, where is the evidence upon which this narrative of facts depends? We can only answer, that he will find it in a copious mass of documents, which form the greater portion of M. Delort's publication. These documents are chiefly taken from the archives of Paris; and we have found no reason to doubt the authenticity of any of them. In collecting them together, and giving them to the public, M. Delort has indisputably thrown great light on a historical mystery, which perhaps was of importance only so long as it remained unknown.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

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ART. I. 1. *The Principles of Political Economy, with a Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Science.* By J. R. McCulloch, Esq. 8vo. pp. 423. W. and C. Tait, Edinburgh; and Longman and Co., London. 1825.

2. *A Discourse delivered at the opening of the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, 30th May, 1825.* By J. R. McCulloch, Esq. 8vo. pp. 30. London, Richardson. 1825.

THERE is no study that is more perplexing, or from which one rises with less satisfaction, than Political Economy. No matter with what temper one commences it, or what portion of cool, patient, and persevering diligence one pursues it, he is almost sure to be disheartened by difficulties which start up at every step, and appear the more insuperable the more narrowly they are examined. Since the publication of the "*Wealth of Nations*" great facilities have been afforded, for proving and perfecting the theories of Dr. Smith. Men of undoubted talents have availed themselves of the greatest commercial convulsions, and the most sudden transitions in public affairs, that any people ever experienced, to elucidate his deductions, and correct his errors; and yet it is impossible not to perceive that they have in many instances obscured or rendered more problematical, what it was their object to simplify and establish. It is no conclusive argument, certainly, against the truth of a science, that its numerous professors are at variance regarding some of its subordinate doctrines, but it evinces something like *primá facie* evidence of immaturity, when scarcely any two of them are agreed upon any one elemental principle. This is tacitly admitted by the author whose works we propose to examine. He says, 'Since the science has become an object of more general attention and enquiry, the differences which have subsisted among the most eminent of its professors have proved exceedingly unfavourable to its progress, and have generated a disposition to distrust its best established conclusions.'

The work of Dr. Smith, although it exhibited the research of an acute mind, and an extensive practical knowledge of the principles of trade and commerce, did not, as has been imagined, invent any new theory of wealth. He did little more than give to preconceived notions the advantage of luminous arrangement. The same principles had been repeatedly enforced by writers who preceded him, and by none with greater clearness than the celebrated Locke, in an age when manufactures were comparatively in their infancy, and when agriculture was held to be the chief if not primary source of wealth. Our ancestors in their simplicity supposed that the indigenous products of the soil, — such at least as formed the staple aliment of the people, — were infinitely more valuable than those of exotic growth, not that the soil rendered them so, not that they were more valuable in exchange, but because they considered domestic cultivation to be the only sure basis of national independence. Dr. Smith first taught that our ancestors were in error, and that it was the interest of a country to confine itself to that trade or occupation in which it excelled, and purchase its food at the cheapest market. He nevertheless ascribed a certain value to the soil, and considered agriculture to be the most useful and advantageous pursuit. Not so his followers. They assign to a nation no boundaries; they recognise no separate interests among different states; they attach no value to the sun, the soil, or the climate; with them the mountain-peaks of Argyleshire are equally valuable as the plains of Kent; they assume that the passions of men are universally subservient to the narrow objects of selfishness; and affirm that that employment, which yields the highest profits, is the most conducive to national prosperity. (*Principles, &c.* p. 163.) As the science therefore has become more popular, it has become more complicated. The doctrines of Smith have been subjected to so much logical refinement that they are scarce intelligible. His system has been so analysed, and so undermined, that were he to rise from the grave he would not find in modern political economy a single trace of the theory he founded; and we question much if, with all his erudition, he would be able to comprehend the scholastic phraseology in which his simple inductions are clothed, or unravel the paradoxes which are employed to illustrate them.

Whatever proposition it was the object of Smith to establish or controvert, he never sought to hide the weakness of his argument in ambiguous language. He may be prolix, but we never misapprehend his meaning. His conclusions are drawn with a perspicacity and tact, which are rarely imitated. We may doubt his facts, we may reject his deductions, we may even impugn his theory, without any fear of exposing ourselves to the charge of having all the while misunderstood his argument. But who can affirm this of the works of Say, Sismondi, Malthus, Ricardo, Mill, or Lord Lauderdale? In almost every page of these we stumble on

something that is obscure, periphrastical, or contradictory. We are bewildered in ascertaining whether the conclusion we have acceded to, and the fact we are disposed to admit, be those which it is the aim of the author's reasoning to establish. We find the translator correcting the author; the pupil criticising the master; the one calling cause effect, and the other effect cause. The explanations which are given by one writer of the doctrines of another, are found frequently to have reference to the casual implications only of the original; and, oftentimes, when we turn up the text-book which is appealed to, and on which no inconsiderable research has been expended, and no little dependence placed, we are astonished to find the reasoning distorted and the facts misapplied.*

Amid this discordancy of opinion relative to a science which one would think as susceptible of perfection as any other, — that of pure mathematics excepted, — we are happy to see an attempt made to regulate its limits and define what are now its doctrines. If from this chaos of jarring sentiments light do not arise, we shall at least perhaps be enabled to grope our way with more safety in the dark. Should Mr. McCulloch fail in conducting us out of the labyrinth, it will be gratifying if he is able to point out some of the obstacles which beset us. If undivided attention to a subject can render it familiar to the mind, and thereby be the means of simplifying its intricacies, we ought to expect this much from him. Political Economy has been nearly his exclusive study for many years. It has been the theme of almost all his literary and preceptorial efforts; and if he do not stand at the head of its professors, it has not been from a slight or mere desultory dedication of his time and talents to its mysteries. Several of our contemporaries have long borne witness, if not to the brilliancy of his midnight lamp, at least to its continual use; and since his appearance in the metropolis as a public lecturer, if his discourses have not acquired for him the laurels which his friends might have hoped, they have certainly given rise to new and we trust valuable institutions; and have attracted the attendance of numerous auditories and many distinguished individuals. It is not assuming too much, therefore, when we view the present publications as contain-

* Mr. McCulloch in his *Principles*, &c. quotes Locke to show that that great philosopher entertained nearly the same opinion that modern economists do respecting labour being the only source of wealth, when he says in his *Essay on Civil Government*, 'I think it will be but a very modest computation to say, that of the products of the earth useful to the life of man, nine tenths are the effects of labour.' Locke, indeed, assigned a still higher value to labour, and he did so upon just grounds; but however small the moiety he left to the credit of the soil, he was too discriminating an observer to say that it possessed none. His reserve, however, on this point, is with much self-complacency ascribed to his ignorance!

ing his most matured opinions, and as being the recognised class-books of the science.

But a word as to the history of the works themselves. The first on our list is a transcript of the article on Political Economy in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, which the author says he has extended and improved by the 'aids derived from subsequent reflection and the suggestions and criticisms of others.' The second is exactly what its title imports, and consists chiefly of excerpts from the former, rendered applicable to the concise nature of the address, and the occasion on which it was delivered. Our remarks shall, therefore, have reference to the first work only.

Those who have paid any attention to the subject will at once recognise its leading terms. One section of the work treats of the Production of Wealth, the next of the Distribution of Wealth, and the last of Consumption of Wealth. Under these heads every branch of the science is discussed.

The first question which this arrangement will naturally suggest to the student is,—What is wealth? He is first told what it is not. It is not earth nor water; it is neither sun nor soil. In short, it is not matter; and why? 'Because,' replies our author, 'matter is very rarely possessed of immediate and direct utility, and is consequently always destitute of value.'—'It is only,' he adds, 'by means of the labour which must be laid out in appropriating matter, and in fitting and preparing it for our use, that it acquires exchangeable value and becomes wealth.' (Principles, &c. p. 48.)

Thus is 'wealth' defined by the economists; or, in other words, this is their standard of the "measure of value." Let it be carefully recollected that this definition involves a principle, which is a fundamental one in the science, and from which a multiplicity of important corollaries proceed, the soundness of which depends, of course, on that of the premises from which they are deduced. If the definition be correct, it will bear a strict scrutiny; and if it be fallacious it will vitiate the whole system. It is our object to demonstrate that it is an erroneous one,—that it is opposed to observation, and the conviction of our senses; and that to the innumerable absurdities into which it has led, and still leads those who have adopted it, may be mainly ascribed the tardy progress of the science, and the contradictory opinions of its adherents.

If accumulated labour be wealth, and labour the only source of wealth, it is strange that we should be compelled to measure it inversely from any other substance. It is strange that it should uniformly possess the least value where it is most exerted, and that where the largest portion of it is expended it should be productive of the least share of wealth. If it were said that gold or corn was wealth, simple arithmetic would teach us that the more we possessed of either of these the greater would be the amount of our wealth. But if we adopt this hypothesis, that labour is the sole

source of wealth, we are compelled to admit that it is valuable in an exactly opposite ratio. The corn that a farmer grows on an indifferent soil is seldom so valuable as that which is raised on the best soil, and yet if labour be the measure of value, the poorest soil must be held to be the most valuable, and the corn which it produces the most available in the accumulation of wealth!

But, says the economist, the value of the article is measured by the highest standard, — the most inferior soil; and the difference in the returns, between the good and the bad soil, forms what is called rent. This would be satisfactory and conclusive, if it could be shown that the different soils in question possessed originally an equal degree of fertility; for then we might conceive that the superior fertility of the first was the effect of labour; in which case we might comprehend how that which required the least share of labour in cultivating it, and accumulated the largest quantum of wealth, only did so apparently. We might conceive that the labour, which had formerly been expended in improving it, was a tax upon its present superior fertility to an amount exactly equivalent to the additional labour required to be expended on the inferior soil. But are we to reason on an impossibility? Are we to concede that all soils were originally equally prolific, merely to support a theory, when the experience of our senses tells us that the fact is otherwise?

It will perhaps be rejoined, that the difference in the value of the produce raised by the same amount of labour, does not arise from the increase or diminution of labour, but from the misapplication of it. We are told that restrictions on commerce may force inferior lands into cultivation, but that if trade were unshackled, and the markets of the world thrown open to the interchange of all the products of a country, inferior lands would not be cultivated, and consequently the price of commodities would not be regulated by monopoly but by the cost of their production. Admitting this to be true to a certain extent, it nevertheless does not remove the objection as to the disparity of soils. It surely will not be affirmed, that if such restrictions did not prevail, only certain soils in every country, and these of a similar quality, would be cultivated. To what specific quality would the culture of corn, for instance, be restricted? For if the market is to be supplied from three or four qualities of land, — the first producing thirty bushels per acre, the second twenty-eight, the third twenty-six, and the poorest twenty-four, — it can never be said that the labour expended on the last, which is the measure of value for the whole, is misapplied because it is not a source of accumulative wealth. That labour cannot be misapplied which repays itself, and far less can it be a correct measure of value which has no relation to the thing measured. We cannot measure distance by weight. We cannot call that the source of wealth which is uniformly dependent on soils,

which are infinitely various, for its productiveness. We might as well say that the spade of the husbandman is the source of vegetation !

We have stated these close proportions of productiveness in the respective soils, because we desire it to be understood that such disparity must exist independent of all commercial restrictions, and may be produced by the difference in the quality of the lands, and not by any discrepancy of skill in the mode of culture. We say such a disparity must subsist in every country ; for the lowest rate is so little below the highest, that competition on the part of growers, residing at any considerable distance, is altogether out of the question. Mr. M'Culloch frequently refers to the advancement of America in wealth and prosperity, in illustration of his principles, — let us take an example from the same continent. Suppose two farmers of equal capital should purchase the same number of acres on the banks of the Delaware, and that they are equi-distant from the same market. The farm of A. yields thirty bushels per acre, that of B. twenty-seven. The same capital and labour are employed, and the same skill manifested, yet it invariably happens that the produce of A. exceeds that of B. in the proportion mentioned. A. only accumulates this excess. B. accumulates nothing. Will it be said that the labour of A. was the sole source of his gains ? Will it be forgotten that the difference in soil was the advantage he acquired in competing with B., and that the superior profits he realised were exactly the value of that difference ? The labour of both was alike : the source of wealth in the one was the bounty of nature, and not exclusively the result of his industry.

If we encroach upon the patience of our readers it is because we feel convinced that this initiatory principle of political science is the most complicated, and the most insidious, and consequently the most dangerous of its many errors. It has emanated from such high authority, it is laid down with so much art, it is supported with so much ability, that it requires no little command of nerve to grapple with the specious and subtle argument on which it rests. Take this as an instance : ‘Place us,’ says our author, ‘on the banks of a river, or in an orchard, and we shall infallibly perish either of thirst or hunger if we do not, by an effort of industry, raise the water to our lips, or pluck the fruit from its parent tree.’ The ‘effort,’ we admit, in case of thirst or hunger, is necessary to save life ; but is the ‘effort’ the only desideratum ? Is the ‘effort’ the only thing possessed of transferable value ? Let there be no fruit to pluck, or water to raise, and the ‘effort,’ under such circumstances, would be unavailing. If this fruit is to be supposed to possess no value in itself, we must also suppose that it is equally valuable to a person who is ten thousand miles distant from it, to whom it never can be transported, as it is to the individual who fares upon it. How absurd is such a supposition !

This error — the offspring of Smith, and originating in a too unqualified rejection of the doctrines of Quesnay, — pervades almost every branch of political economy. It recognises no power of augmenting wealth in nature. A harbour excavated in the rock by the tools of the mechanic is an admitted source of wealth; but one equally capacious, formed in the solid granite by nature herself, is valueless! A deep and noble river carrying the ship from the ocean into the centre of a kingdom is said to have no value in exchange, and consequently cannot be a source of wealth; whilst the insignificant but artificial canal which communicates with it, and derives its principal value from it, — this canal which was dug by the peasant, and yields a revenue to the capitalist, is an acknowledged source of wealth, — it possesses exchangeable value, — it can be sold in the market, and converted into corn or cloth! The labour which is expended in ‘appropriating’ the fruits of the soil, and the creeks and bays of the ocean, is said to fix the value of these respective things; while the exuberant soil which grows the corn, and the cove where our navies ride in safety, are, in themselves, held to be destitute of price! Surely such a cove or bay ought to be worth as much, even in exchange, as it would cost to form one equally secure and convenient? But no; — this would be repugnant to the principle we have been considering!

That labour is one of the constituent elements of wealth we are far from denying; that it forms in many instances “ninety-nine hundredths” of the value of a commodity, we copy Locke in conceding; but that it should be deemed the ‘only source,’ the sole regulating principle of value, is a doctrine we must reject.

These objections to labour being the ‘only source of wealth,’ must be also taken to apply to the hypothesis of the ‘cost of production.’ Mr. McCulloch states that the cost of production is the ‘sole regulating principle of exchangeable value.’ (*Principles*, &c. p. 261.) It might as well be said, that the original terms of a government-loan regulate the prices of stock. Had our author for the last twenty years applied his mind to the study of facts, with the same degree of diligence with which he has constructed theories, he would have assigned a variety of circumstances as operating to the formation of value. At Mark-Lane, for example, he would have seen the prices of corn rise and fall like the mercury in the barometer; he would have observed that a week’s rain, a fortnight’s drought, the hopes of a good harvest, the fears for a bad one, had all a most sensible effect on the exchangeable value of grain. He would there have ascertained, that the cost of production, if it had any influence in regulating the value of corn, had very far from an ascendant or an arbitrary influence. We state these truisms merely because they are familiar to every person, who has been an observer of the rates of the market; and it will be of no avail to reply, that the fluctuations arose

out of the restrictive state of our corn-trade, for they must have prevailed, though our ports had been open to every description of foreign produce. But we dismiss facts, to encounter the hypothesis upon its own abstract merits. What is the cost of production? Is it the labour expended in growing and manufacturing commodities? This is our author's doctrine. If it have any signification, it must mean the average cost of production; and provided nature was alike bountiful, industry alike productive, and consumption exactly in the ratio of production, we might admit that the cost of growing and manufacturing was the principal regulating principle of price. It ought, however, to be recollected, that the cost of the commodity is invariably ascertained; and, of course, disbursed before the commodity itself has acquired an exchangeable value, or is brought to market. The greater or less is the excess produced, or the more or less abundant has been the harvest, in a certain proportion will the average price be low. On the other hand, the greater or less is the deficiency of quantity produced, in proportion to the demand, in an equally certain proportion will that average price be high. Under these circumstances, if the cost of production had any material influence on the exchangeable value of the commodity, the fall, as well as the rise in price, would be in exact proportion to the excess or the deficiency. This is self-evident. But what is the fact? Are the great marts of corn or cottons governed by this principle, and is the rise or fall in any proportion to the deficiency or the excess? Every table of prices, every market-list in the kingdom, every official return, proves the contrary. It is stated by Lord Lauderdale, from good authority, that a deficiency in the supply of corn, to the amount of only one tenth, will increase the money-price, and, of course, the exchangeable value of that commodity three tenths above its ordinary average-rate; that three tenths of increase will raise the price sixteen tenths; and that five tenths will effect a rise of upwards of forty tenths! This important calculation is almost universally admitted to be accurate; if it be accurate, or even nearly so, where goes the hypothesis of the cost of production being the sole appreciating principle of exchangeable value?

If our space permitted, we might show the fallaciousness of many of the other tenets of this peculiar science; and against none would we undertake to establish the charge with more clearness, than those which have emanated from the Ricardo school, and have become Mr. M'Culloch's by adoption. We cannot stop to notice the theories of capital, rent, profits, money, &c., because we are desirous to advert to one or two of greater importance; but we may observe, *en passant*, that that of money is dismissed with unusual brevity, the reason of which we cannot conjecture: while that of capital, besides being argued with ability, is placed on a more unassailable basis than that on which it was left by Smith, and is now recognised as embracing stock. It is defined, according to the present standard, to be 'that portion of the produce of industry existing in a country,

which can be made directly available either to the support of human existence, or to the facilitating of production.' (Principles, p. 92.)

The most argumentative chapters in the work are those in which our author combats the opinions of Sismondi and Malthus, relative to consumption and the employment of machinery. Sismondi's opinion was, that machinery, though it had the effect of lowering the cost of manufacturing products, was injurious to a country, in so far as it had a tendency to throw its labouring population out of employment. Mr. M'Culloch, however, demonstrates in a very satisfactory manner, that machinery not only never can be employed for any length of time in producing an excess of commodities, but that, by diminishing their cost, it consequently increases the number of purchasers, in an exact ratio to the additional powers of production which machinery is known to possess. The conclusion is, that, so far from throwing labourers out of employment, machinery, by rendering commodities cheaper, has a direct tendency to extend their consumption, and provide to the manufacturer a security against foreign competition. No one, who is acquainted with the history of our cotton manufactures, can fail to perceive the application of this reasoning; for it was owing principally to the employment of, and the improvements in machinery, that these commodities commanded a sale in the markets of the Continent during the late war, and our population was enabled to sustain the heavy exactions of the government.

But while our author was exposing the errors of Sismondi, he had to contend with another principle springing out of the former, and which for a long time had remained unrefuted. We allude to the doctrine of Malthus concerning gluts. This gentleman, in his work, entitled "*Principles of Political Economy*," has asserted that gluts are occasioned by "over-production," and an "indisposition to consume;" and he instances Mexico, where he says such an "indisposition" prevails. Mr. M'Culloch, on the other hand, in repelling this doctrine, attributes these gluts, which he says can only be limited and temporary, not to any general over-production, but to the misdirection of industry, and alleges that they arise not from an "indisposition to consume," but from an "indisposition to produce." We give him credit for stating his proposition with great distinctness, and for managing his argument with a closeness which cannot fail to be convincing. But, after all, is not the distinction more fanciful than real? Is not each of their theories equally correct? Did not Mr. Malthus mean precisely what his antagonist labours to establish? If Mr. M'Culloch's construction be more philologically accurate, is it not, in practice, perfectly immaterial whether we say a people are indisposed to consume or produce, when we mean to convey, that they are unable to purchase, or unwilling to labour so as to produce the exchangeable commodities which it is essential for them to possess, before they can become purchasers?

We proceed now to the consideration of another principle which has recently been naturalised by the laws of the economists, and not only been productive of considerable discussion, but has exposed its advocates to no small share of public obloquy. We allude to the doctrine of population, as first espoused by Mr. Malthus, and now acceded to by Mr. M'Culloch. We have before adverted to the generalising tendency of the science with regard to the employment of capital — that it drew no distinctive line between those occupations, which, if beneficial in a productive, are injurious in a moral point of view, further than the dictates of self-interest pointed out. Restrictive laws, of whatsoever kind, are held to be pernicious. Every profession, every project by which vice may speculate for profit, is left to the protection of public taste, and is considered to be more or less beneficial, in exact proportion to the amount of its returns. For instance, a law which would encourage the growing of corn, at the expense or to the discouragement of the growers of tobacco, would be deemed an arbitrary and impolitic one. The manufacturing of snuff, and the rectifying of gin, if they yield higher profits, are recognised as employments more available to national prosperity than the raising of flax, or the weaving of cloth.

We would not dispute the soundness of this doctrine, if the freedom of trade and commerce, which in principle we maintain, was not as liable to abuse in practice as political freedom. Nor would we dispute its policy, if the government which encourages the acquisition of riches in its subjects, and protects the citizen as well within his cottage as upon the high seas, was not also intrusted with the guardianship of public morals. In the encouragement of trade, in the facilitating of commerce, in the intercourse of nations, and in the importation, production, and consumption of commodities, the legislator must not sacrifice to wealth or economy the duties he owes to morality and national security. We here more particularly allude to the principle — we call it a revolting one — which says that that trade which is the most profitable, no matter by what artifice, or by what fraud these profits are acquired, is in a national point of view the most advantageous. We allude to that doctrine which says, a yard of fancy gauze is intrinsically as available to public wealth (for that is what we comprehend by exchangeable value) as a bushel of corn, or a peck of flour. If this principle be essentially just, the yard of gauze must, under every circumstance, and in every extremity, be as available to the possessor, as the bushel of corn. But would this be the case in Gibraltar, for example, if exposed to a siege? or, supposing the corn-markets of Europe closed against England, or the ports of England in a state of blockade, would it be of much avail to its inhabitants, that they possessed an overflowing abundance of the wines of Portugal and France, if England produced no more than half the quantity of corn necessary for the subsistence of its population? Disguise it

as they will, this principle of political economy, if not revised, must ever expose its doctrines to derision. It is opposed to ethics, for it says, Gain is the end of life. It chills the warmer and kindlier sympathies of the heart, for it says, Nothing is useful that is not profitable. It says to benevolence, You encourage idleness; to public charity, You foster crime; to nature, You owe all to labour; and to the social relations of life, You give existence to beings who must unavoidably be doomed to poverty and misery!

But let us examine the doctrine of population more abstractedly. It is laid down by our author as follows:

‘From the remotest antiquity down to our own times, it had been the uniform policy of legislators to give an artificial stimulus to population, by encouraging early marriages, and bestowing rewards on those who had reared the greatest number of children. But the researches of Mr. Malthus, who, though not the original discoverer of the principle of population, was certainly the first to establish it on a secure foundation, have shown the mischievous nature of all such interference. They have shown that every increase in the numbers of the people occasioned by artificial expedients, and which is not either preceded or accompanied by a corresponding increase in the means of subsistence, can be productive only of misery, or of increased mortality; that the difficulty never is to bring human beings into the world, but to feed, clothe, and educate them when there; that mankind do every where increase their numbers till their multiplication is restrained by the difficulty of providing subsistence, and the consequent poverty of some part of the society; and that, consequently, instead of attempting to strengthen the principle of increase, we should invariably endeavour to control and regulate it.’—pp. 193, 194.

In illustration of this passage, we subjoin a paragraph from another section of the work.

‘There does not seem to be any good reason why man himself should not, and very many why he should, be considered as forming a part of the national capital. Man is as much the produce of labour as any of the machines constructed by his agency; and it appears to us that in all economical investigations he ought to be considered in precisely the same point of view. Every individual who has arrived at maturity, though he may not happen to be instructed in any particular art or profession, may with perfect propriety be viewed as a machine which it has cost twenty years of assiduous attention and the expenditure of a considerable capital to construct.’—p. 115.

The latter paragraph shows what the labourer is—a machine; and the first what he becomes by ‘artificial expedients’—a pauper! On the authority of Mr. McCulloch we are bound to recognise this doctrine as forming part of the creed of modern economy; but is it possible to believe that the authors of it, when they gave it currency, were not conscious that they were turning their own favourite principles into burlesque? What do they mean by ‘artificial expedients’ to increase the numbers of the population?

There is no country on the face of the earth, the population of which has ever been, or ever can be, increased in the proportion of a drop to the ocean by any such means. We know that such laws have existed, but their existence is only a proof of the ignorance of those who enacted them. Suppose a bonus offered and paid for every child born in lawful matrimony, are we to believe that, if no more powerful motive obtained, the very humblest order of the population would be induced to marry unless the bounty would assist, first, in the maintenance of themselves, and, secondly, in securing that of their offspring. In this last case the bounty would be so great that no government could afford to pay it; and unless it was thus ample, it would be inoperative!

But this untenable position is not the only assailable one. It is further said, that 'mankind do every where increase their numbers till their multiplication is restrained by the difficulty of providing subsistence, and the consequent poverty of some part of the society.' Is this the case? Is it so, even in China, where infanticide, by the law of that country, is protected? On the contrary, the very fact that infanticide prevails, demonstrates beyond all cavil that poverty is no preventative of increase of numbers. This is also confirmed by the condition of the people of Ireland, where penury and privation, in the most appalling forms, present no obstacle to the contracting of marriages; and where, so far from this being the case, the law of increase operates in an inverse proportion to the acquisition of wealth. But in reality it is so in every country. Poverty is no impediment to augmentation of numbers. The poorest of the population, by some natural affinity, which we shall leave Mr. Malthus or Mr. McCulloch to solve, are not only the readiest to contract marriages, but they are invariably the most prolific; and it is only when the people become more luxuriant, when those engagements which form the principal charm in humble life lose their attraction, by the substitution of habits of refinement, that the increase becomes progressively less. The principle is equally applicable to the increase of population in America. The augmentation of numbers in that republic arises no more from the high rates of wages and profits than it does from a peculiarity in the climate. It originates in a source common to all countries, and which, in proportion to its extent, is not more prolific in the western hemisphere than it is in Europe. The labouring population is that source. All classes in America may be said to belong to this productive order; whereas in England the proportion of the wealthy, always the least prolific, to the poor exceeds that of the United States so much, that our increase must be in an equal ratio less active and less progressive. The increase of the population is impeded by wealth and luxury. A poor country increases most rapidly, an affluent one most tardily.

New York is not more prolific than Manchester or Glasgow; and the inhabitants of Kentucky or Massachusetts, making allowance for emigrants, are not multiplying more rapidly than the peasant-population of any county in England or Ireland.

This dangerous doctrine is not only unnatural but absurd, especially when examined by the rules of Political Economy itself. In the first paragraph, which we have quoted, it is said that there is a disposition in man to increase his numbers beyond the resources of his industry, his ingenuity, and the natural productiveness of the country which he inhabits; and in the second paragraph he is held to be a machine which forms part of the 'national capital!' How are we to reconcile these self-contradictory assumptions? If man be a machine, it will surely be conceded that he is as susceptible of improvement as any other piece of machinery. Common observation, in fact, shows that he is so, and that his faculties keep pace with the greatest improvements in the arts and sciences. Why then should his increase be injurious to himself, or to the country of which he forms part of the capital, when it is admitted that in the lowest state of civilisation he uniformly produces more than he consumes? But besides his admitted powers of production, he is likewise a part of the public capital! Capital, says our author, is the source of all national prosperity. Without it man would be in the most destitute state. It is accumulated wealth; it is labour treasured up to be employed in increasing itself, and assisting to increase the labour of others. How, therefore, can there be an excess of it? An excess of wealth! Too much capital! So it seems:—to such extremes does a love of theory lead us!

Mr. M'Culloch has adopted the opinion of Mr. Malthus regarding the effects of a rise and fall in the rates of wages. It requires but a very ordinary judgment to perceive that the doctrine of the economists on this subject is erroneous. They blend two things together that are naturally distinct; and by reasoning from unsound premises, they have concocted one of the most glaring paradoxes that ever emanated from the abuse of science. We are ready to award to Mr. M'Culloch the praise which his extensive research claims at our hands; and we cannot sufficiently admire the patience of his spirit, which could exercise itself on such a subject so unweariedly and yet so unsatisfactorily. Could he have erased every trace of his former thoughts from the pages of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, we would augur from his constitutional temperament, that he would have formed a more perfect system. In short, Political Economy is only in its infancy; it is not yet placed on any sure basis; its elemental principles are at variance with each other; and those conclusions which are essentially correct in themselves, are so promiscuously and incautiously applied, that they serve rather to mislead and distract the mind, than convince it. We shall conclude

with a passage which, instead of being placed at the end, we sincerely wish we had seen at the beginning of the volume. 'Security of property, freedom of industry, diffusion of sound information, and moderation in the public expenditure, are the only, as they are the certain, means by which the various powers and resources of human talent and ingenuity can be called into action, and society made continually to advance in the career of wealth and civilisation.'

ART. II. *Constable's Miscellany of original and selected Publications, in various Departments of Literature, Science, and the Arts.—Vol. I. Hall's Voyage to the Eastern Seas.* 12mo. pp. 322. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co., London. 1826.

IT has long been a source of regret to persons acquainted with the habits of the less opulent orders, that although innumerable cheap works were daily and almost hourly circulated amongst them, those works were all, or nearly all, either insufferably dull and useless, or else very mischievous in their tendency. They were besides wholly incapable of gratifying that appetite for information, which has, within the last few years, spread in so extraordinary a manner through those classes of society that had heretofore been the least instructed. These abuses and defects of the cheap literature of the country were forcibly dwelt upon by Mr. Brougham in his able pamphlet on the "Education of the People;" and no sooner had the want been pointed out than Mr. Constable's penetrating mind saw the remedy, which, like most useful discoveries, appears abundantly simple, though hitherto unheeded by the rest of mankind.

The object of this Miscellany is to print, in an economical form, so as to be within the reach of the very poorest reading classes, a series of works of merit, old as well as original, and of such standard excellence as to command also the attention of the superior orders of society. Already several productions of high promise are announced; and as we consider the commencement of such a vast and useful enterprise a new era in literature, we take the earliest opportunity of inviting to it the attention of our readers.

The first volume, which, as well as those that are to follow, is to be published in weekly numbers, contains an account of Captain Basil Hall's Voyage to the Eastern Seas. It comprizes three chapters of new matter, in addition to what the author has already communicated to the public in the account of his Voyage to Corea and Loo Choo. The whole of the narrative taken from the original work appears in this under a renovated and improved form. Features of scenery and character, which before were but slightly touched, are here fully developed and raised into higher relief. Such emendations are curious, inasmuch as they exhibit the history

of a mind matured to a more perfect power of observation and expression, by a more extended commerce with nature and mankind. It was Captain Hall's good fortune, soon after his return from the Eastern Seas, to visit the Pacific Ocean, and to make himself acquainted with the peculiarities of the people who inhabit its Spanish American shores. His admirable journal of that voyage is too well known to require any commendation. The experience it afforded him is apparent in the greater degree of interest, which he has infused into the work before us. Almost every sentence is remodelled, not with a view of adding brilliancy to the style, but of rendering it as simple as possible, so that it might be easily comprehended by the humblest capacity.

This anxiety to be understood, and the necessity which it imposes of adopting a lucid order, as well as of using plain and expressive diction, is another of the results, and perhaps not the least important one, which will follow from Mr. Constable's *Miscellany*. When authors feel that they are addressing every branch of the great community around them, they will endeavour to convey their ideas in language that will be intelligible to the mechanic, as well as to those whose fortunes are sustained, or whose luxuries are extended, by his useful labour. And this active and undisguised intercourse of mind will further tend to knit together the social frame by new ties, to strengthen the natural subordination of the different classes in the state by harmonising their connection, and to impart a new impetus to the current of public opinion, by purifying and augmenting the sources whence it emanates.

Of the three new chapters which Captain Hall has added in this edition, he first details the particulars of his passage from England to the Pekin river. We need hardly remind the reader, that this voyage was performed on the occasion of Lord Amherst's unfortunate embassy to China. His Lordship and suite were conveyed in the *Alceste*, Captain Murray Maxwell, accompanied by the *Lyra*, a ten-gun brig, commanded by the author, and by an Indiaman, which carried stores for the ships of war, and presents for the Emperor of China. They sailed from England on the 9th of February, 1816; and on their arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, the *Lyra* received orders to go forward with despatches to the governor of Java. Early in June she entered the beautiful straits of Sunda. Captain Hall describes this entrance to the China seas from the Indian ocean in a glowing strain of admiration. In language very natural to a sailor, who had been long tossed about by boisterous weather, he speaks of this region as a sort of fairy land, adorned by innumerable islands full of the most exquisite scenery, where 'nature seemed to revel in perpetual summer.' After coasting pleasantly along the south side of the straits, he 'anchored in Anjeer roads, directly opposite to a little Malay village of that name, con-

sisting of huts built of bamboos and wattled reeds, thatched over with palm-leaves, and almost concealed amidst plantains, bananas, and other trees of the tropical broad-leaved tribe.' Here it would have been easy for our author to have entered into a long dissertation upon the state of Javanese politics at the period of his visit, as the country was at that time on the eve of being restored to its Dutch masters, — a measure which has since been carried into effect much to the injury of British interests in that quarter. But Captain Hall felt that the interest of the subject was passed away, and he proceeds to the more attractive matter, which his singularly observant eye found in the manners of the inhabitants. He thus describes one of their monthly festivals, which he chanced to see celebrated in a grove of trees lying between the village and the sea:

'The Malays were stretched on the grass in an open space formed by a broad circular belt of the tall and graceful cocoa-nut tree, which, however thickly it grows, never casts more than a feathery or chequered shade on the ground, softening rather than intercepting the light. The natives had placed themselves in a treble circle, the men and women occupying the outer part of the ring, while the children were squatted on the ground within. On one side of the circle was placed a Javanese band of music, consisting of four instruments which played without ceasing while the games lasted. The tones of these instruments were exceedingly wild and sweet; and as the taste with which they were struck was at all times well regulated, and not in any degree boisterous or savage, the accompaniment was not only very pleasing in itself, but tended greatly to heighten the romantic effect of this curious scene.

'In the middle of the ring, which was about fifty paces wide, stood two men who acted as masters of the revels, each holding under his arm a bundle of rattans, or canes, two feet in length. These worthies entertained the company from time to time with wild screams, mixed with strange gesticulations and grimaces. After a short period had elapsed, during which these men harangued the multitude, to what purpose I could not discover, two boys, about fourteen or fifteen years of age, stepped forward to the centre of the arena. Here each of them was furnished by the managers with a cane, and being then placed face to face, at a yard's distance from one another, they were ordered to begin. The first proceeding, which was a sort of salute, consisted in touching the ground with the rods, and waving them to the company: they then approached, and each one placing his left hand on his antagonist's right shoulder, raised his elbow till it nearly met that of the other, overhead; this movement brought their bodies into close contact. Both were naked, with the exception of a slight blue cotton cloth round the waist. In this attitude they frequently continued for several minutes, eyeing one another with the keenest attention, holding their rattans extended in their right hand, and evidently watching for a favourable moment to strike, the surrounding natives, meanwhile, gazing on the combatants with the most eager and breathless anxiety, and watching for the event. The music at this

period lowered its tones, so as just to be heard, and the two directors withdrew themselves to the distance of several paces, in order to leave the ground clear for the combatants. After they had grappled each other in this way for some time, during which they performed a sort of waving or bending motion with their bodies, and described circles on the grass, one or the other, seeing his opportunity, gave his antagonist a violent blow either on the left side, or, more generally, on the calf of the left leg, accompanying the stroke with a loud yell. The instant the blow was given, the boy who dealt it, sprang quickly backwards, in order if he could to escape the retaliation of his antagonist, who was never slow to return the compliment, which he, in like manner, if successful, graced with a scream more savage than any sound I recollect ever to have heard before. In these cries they were accompanied by the surrounding Malays, especially whenever a blow happened to be given with particular effect. If a blow was avoided with remarkable dexterity, a shout, in like manner, testified the admiration of the spectators, but the distinction between these two cries was quite obvious. I was so totally unprepared for such wild sounds, that my blood ran cold when I first heard them, coming, as they did, from an armed multitude of people, proverbially reputed treacherous and blood-thirsty.— pp. 9—11.

Captain Hall, however, adds his testimony to that of Sir Stamford Raffles, Mr. Crawford, and Mr. Finlayson, in order to remove this harsh reproach from the character of the Malays. Indeed a piece of evidence making strongly in their favour, might be derived from the good temper with which a game of this description, painful as occasionally it must have been to the parties engaged in it, seems to have been conducted.

Sir Stamford Raffles in his work on Java, and Mr. Crawford in his History of the Indian Archipelago, have both given such complete descriptions of the Javanese music and instruments, that nothing remained to be added with respect to them. Dr. Crotch heard a collection of those instruments at the Duke of Somerset's, and observed that the tone of them exceeded in depth and quality any thing he had ever listened to. The band which performed in Captain Hall's presence consisted of four instruments. His description of the principal one is so brief and clear, that we cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.

‘ It consisted of five plates of polished metal, eight or ten inches long, and two broad, laid horizontally across the edges of a wooden trough, two feet long, and held in their places by wooden pegs, fixed in the edges of the trough. The player who sat behind the frame struck the plates with a small hammer with his right hand, while he varied the notes by touching the plates with the fingers of the left. Sometimes he raised the ends of the bars a little off the trough on which they rested. In this way, by varying the direction and intensity of the blow, a considerable range of the sweetest musical sounds was produced. The next instrument consisted of five burnished brass vessels, not unlike small gongs, about six inches in diameter, shaped somewhat like the bonnet of a Highlander, with a small knob or bulge

in the centre. These vessels were placed with the open part downwards, side by side, on two parallel strings, stretching from end to end of a case or frame, not unlike a small sofa. Under each vessel was suspended an empty cocoa-nut shell, with one end cut off, and the open part upwards; so that the inverted pot and the cocoa-nut presented their openings respectively to each other, at the distance of about two inches; a contrivance which greatly improves the sound. These pots were of different sizes, and being struck with two stuffed sticks, yielded exceedingly beautiful tones. As a running bass to these instruments, a sort of drum was struck rapidly by the fingers. A gong, which measured three feet in diameter was suspended to a handsome frame-work; its lips or edges were turned slightly inwards, so that, when held vertically, it was capable of holding in the lower part of the rim about two pints of water; a device used by the Javanese musicians to give softness to the tones of this instrument. The gong, which requires considerable skill to produce its proper effect, is struck with a heavy soft beater, the knob of which appears to be formed of elastic gum, and is never rung in the violent manner we see practised in this country; but is touched gently, and only at intervals in the music, when its sonorous tones are required to give depth to some particular passage.— pp. 12—14.

Lord Amherst, who arrived at Anjeer Point on the 9th of June, was deprived of the pleasure of hearing these instruments by an odd circumstance. The chief of the district intended to have entertained the ambassador with a dance of native girls to the music of a full Javanese band. Some of the sailors who had been on shore, found amusement for themselves of a different character. Having inflamed their spirits over some bowls of toddy, (fermented juice of the cocoa-nut tree,) they sallied out in pursuit of adventures. The first object they encountered was a tamed buffalo: they determined on a hunt; and, starting the animal to a full cry of Tally ho! they chased it through the village, and alarmed all the inhabitants to such a degree that they ran away, and hid themselves in the woods. Among the fugitives were the dancers and musicians, whom no promises of safety could allure from their places of concealment, and thus the entertainment was frustrated.

Nothing is more striking in those countries than the wonderful provision which nature makes for the wants of man, — the great object of her care in every climate. Of her attention and discrimination in this respect, the domesticated buffalo, just mentioned, is an instance. A still more interesting example of her vigilant superintendence is seen in the tree called the *Urania*, and more familiarly "*The Traveller's Friend*." It has all its branches in one plane, like the sticks of a fan, or the feathers of a peacock's tail.

' At the extremity of each branch there grows a broad double leaf, several feet in length, which spreads itself out in a very graceful manner. These leaves have the property of radiating heat so rapidly, after the sun retires, that a copious deposition of dew takes place upon them; this soon collecting into drops, forms little streams, which run

down the branches to the trunk. Here it is received into hollow spaces of considerable magnitude, one of which is found at the root of every branch. These branches lie one over the other alternately, and when a knife, or, which is better, a flat piece of stick, for it is not necessary to cut the tree, is inserted between the parts which overlap, and slightly drawn to one side, so as to cause an opening, a stream of water gushes out as if from a fountain. Hence the appropriate name of the Traveller's Friend.'— pp. 19, 20.

From Anjeer roads the *Lyra* was dispatched with letters from the ambassador to the English authorities at Canton. She rejoined the fleet at an appointed station, in company with which she set sail on the 13th of July for the north of China. They steered through the straits of Formosa, which lie between the great island of that name and the continent. Here they found that the best charts which they had on board were utterly useless, as they 'frequently stumbled upon large groups of islands, head-lands, and bays, of which no mention had ever been made.' Captain Hall remarks, that in this groping sort of navigation, they were greatly aided by Massey's Patent Sounding Machine, 'an instrument,' he adds, 'of the highest utility, as it enables the navigator to obtain an accurate knowledge of the depth of the water, without altering the ship's course, or retarding her progress for an instant.' As the *Lyra* drew less water than any of the other ships, the duty devolved on her commander to lead the way in this important and arduous service. On rounding the promontory of Shantung, the fleet entered the Yellow Sea, and the *Lyra* was dispatched to the westward with a letter to the chief of the mandarins at Ta-Coo, the proposed landing place of the embassy. It is well known that this is a remarkably shallow sea. In fact, the brig sailed along for some time with her keel in the mud, which was indicated by a long yellow train in her wake. This extreme shallowness, however, was attended with no danger, as it was ascertained, by forcing long poles into the mud, that it was formed of impalpable powder, without the least particle of sand or gravel. The water at every part of this sea is tinged by this mud with a slightly yellow colour, — hence its name. Captain Hall is of opinion, that 'in process of time the deposits from the innumerable streams which fall into this great gulf from China and Tartary must fill it entirely up, and that the Yellow Sea will become a vast alluvial district, like Bengal or Egypt.'

After enduring a great many preliminary visits from the mandarins of Ta-Coo, the embassy was at length allowed to land on the 9th of August. The squadron after that time was employed for five months in surveys and voyages of investigation, the principal results of which Captain Hall has already laid before the public, in his account of Corea and the Loo-Choo islands. We may here observe, that the peninsula of Corea offers a wide and an interesting field of enquiry, which as yet remains wholly

unexplored. The jealousy of the inhabitants, who are perfectly Chinese in their intolerance of strangers, prevented the gentlemen of the squadron from gaining any material acquaintance with the interior of their country. Upon this spirit of jealousy, and the narrow commercial system to which it gives rise, we find some pointed remarks, which we do not remember to have seen in the former edition, and which are of peculiar value at the present moment.

‘The extreme promptitude with which we were met at this remote spot, and the systematic pertinacity with which our landing was opposed, not only on the continent, but even at islands barely in sight of the coast, certainly imply an extraordinary degree of vigilance and jealousy on the part of the government. One can understand this better in China, where the circumstance of a strange ship calling at one of the outports is a possible, though not a probable, event; and where the government, instead of encouraging foreign trade, are perpetually on the watch to repress all attempts at an extension of foreign intercourse with their Celestial Empire. But in Corea, where there is infinitely less probability of a foreign ship ever calling, the same watchfulness against foreign interference is far more curious.

‘We need not look so far, perhaps, as the coasts of the Yellow Sea, to be convinced how slowly nations arrive at enlightened ideas on the subject of external relations, as there are not wanting individuals, and perhaps whole countries in Europe, who still maintain this repulsive Corean system to be the wisest. And it might be curious to trace on the globe the different steps or shades of liberality in this respect. Beginning with Corea and Japan, the least sociable of all nations, we next come to China, the commercial resources of which mighty empire are dribbled sparingly off at the solitary port of Canton. Manilla, which is strictly ruled by the principles of the Spanish colonial system, is but a single degree better. Proceeding to the westward we come to Java, where the restrictions and monopolies of the Dutch are still felt, though of late somewhat modified. When the Straits of Sunda are passed, a nobler field of view is opened in British India, the Isle of France, the Cape, and still farther westward, the free continents of South and North America. After again crossing the Trade-winds, we come within the influence of English intelligence on both sides of the Atlantic; though even in these latitudes we may perhaps detect some anomalous views of the subject quite worthy of Corea.’—pp.99—101.

France, we trust, will look to this, and rescue her fame and her interests in time from the stigma of that Chinese policy, which has hitherto governed her councils in matters of commerce.

Among the additions to the original work there is one other remark, which is in itself so profound, and so just, and at the same time so forcibly illustrated by a natural image, that we cannot pass it by unnoticed. In the squadron’s progress southward and westward they had to thread their way through an immense archipelago, where great caution was at all times necessary. On one occasion the *Lyra* was within a hair’s breadth of being lost on a

ledge of rocks, over which the tide was boiling furiously; but on examination it was found that these very reefs formed a break-water, behind which there lay a perfectly secure harbour, where both ships soon anchored.

‘This conversion of an evil,’ observes Captain Hall, ‘into an advantage, is a frequent occurrence in nautical affairs. The shoals and rocks which in one view threaten the mariner with shipwreck, often afford him, when duly taken advantage of, the very means of his security. It was the saying of a distinguished philosopher, deeply engaged in experimental researches, that whenever he found himself stopped by a difficulty, or when he encountered what was usually termed a failure, he was certain of being on the brink of a discovery. The same maxim will apply to the science of navigation, as well as to others; but it remains for the genius of such men as Smeaton and Rennie to realise the promise — by converting, for instance, the formidable dangers of the Eddystone rocks into the leading mark for Plymouth Sound; which in its turn, by a similar species of alchemy, is transmuted from a dangerous and inconvenient roadstead, into one of the securest harbours in England.’— pp. 102, 103.

We come now to the most important portion of this delightful little volume, consisting of the two remaining new chapters, one describing Captain Maxwell's attack on the batteries at Canton, the other containing an account of an interview which the author had with Napoleon at St. Helena. Whatever may be thought of the manner in which the embassy was conducted, no second opinion, we presume, can be formed as to the promptitude with which Captain Maxwell formed his resolutions, and the singular *sang froid* with which he carried them into effect on this critical occasion. Upon the return of the squadron to the anchorage of Lintin, not far from the mouth of the great river which flows past Canton, they received intelligence of the failure of the embassy, and with it a copy of a proclamation issued by the Viceroy of Canton, framed in the most offensive manner, and directing that Lord Amherst should not be permitted to embark in the river, but that he should find his way as he best could to the ships, which were to remain among the Ladrone islands, almost in the open sea. In point of practice, this was a violation of the precedent which had been adopted on the return of Lord Macartney; and, besides, it was an indication of hostility, sufficient to touch the pride of the British flag, and to awaken the bravery of those to whom its honour was entrusted. On the 7th of November, shortly after the squadron anchored off Lintin, orders were sent to Captain Maxwell by the Viceroy, to remain where he was, and on no account presume to approach the river's mouth. These orders were communicated by a mandarin, who, after turning a deaf ear to all Captain Maxwell's remonstrances against them, further added, that it was the intention of the Viceroy not to allow the ships to remain longer even at Lintin, unless, as is

usual with vessels engaged in commerce, they procured a Hong merchant forthwith to answer for their good behaviour.

"What is it you mean?" said Captain Maxwell, warming a little; "let me hear that again, if you please." The Chinese, not altogether at his ease, repeated that security must immediately be lodged for the good behaviour of the ships. "Are you aware," said Captain Maxwell, "that this is a ship of war — King George the Third of England's frigate the *Alceste*?" — "I did not distinctly understand," stammered out the mandarin, who saw too late that he was in a scrape, and knew not for his life how to get out of it; "I wished to be better informed — I wished merely to learn from you what cargo you brought — what kind of goods to dispose of." — "Cargo! — goods to dispose of!" exclaimed Captain Maxwell, rising and striking the table with his clenched hand, in admirably feigned anger — "Cargo, did you say! — powder, and shot, sir, are the cargo of a British man-of-war! Did you see His Majesty's pendant flying at the mast-head? If you did not, I desire you will take a good look at it on your way to Canton, where you may tell the Viceroy you have seen a flag that has never yet been dishonoured — and, please God, while it waves over my head, it never shall!" — pp. 273, 274.

In this piping time of peace, it gives a new impulse to one's blood, to hear the sound of such words as these — the plain and stern language of a genuine British tar — not merely spoken to the ear, but ready to be reduced into action the moment it became necessary. The mandarin and his interpreter were both amazed, and a free permission of the first order for entering the river was promised forthwith. Captain Maxwell waited for three or four days; and as the permission did not arrive, he proceeded, without further delay, on the 12th of November, to an anchorage a few miles below the narrow entrance called the Bogue. Here he observed a fleet drawn up in line of battle, to prevent his further progress: the batteries along the shore were filled with men; and an order was sent to him from the 'commander-in-chief' of the Chinese fleet to anchor forthwith. Disregarding these orders, he pursued his way up the river. The Chinese fleet fired upon him, but it was remarked, that they pitched their shot either just a-head or just a-stern. Captain Maxwell treating the whole affair as a salute, returned it in powder, and continued to sail on, without taking any notice of 'the uncivil cannonading in his rear.' The wind, however, having died away as soon as the frigate reached nearly to the Bogue, and within reach of the battery of Annan-hoy, the anchor was dropped: 'the Chinese fleet brought up also, but continued firing. Captain Maxwell then loaded one of the quarter-deck guns, and having directed it and primed the lock all with his own hands, he drew the trigger himself. The gun was aimed so that the shot should pass over the centre of the commander-in-chief's junk. The effect was instantaneous.' The crews of the Chinese vessels, and the admiral himself, fell flat on their faces, and all opposition from the fleet was at an end. The same evening a breeze sprung up,

which enabled the ship to steer through the Bogue; but she was scarcely in motion when the Chinese batteries were manned, and exhibited a determination to dispute the passage. Their first shot hit the *Alceste* very hard in her bows; the second cut away one of the mizen shrouds, and went through the spanker. Captain Maxwell did not return their fire till he was within half musket-shot of Annan-hoy: he then pulled the first trigger himself, and in an instant was followed by a tremendous broadside, which silenced the batteries without any further trouble. After this, every thing was as Captain Maxwell chose to direct. The cool and determined manner in which the whole of the business was conducted, reflects great honour upon that distinguished officer; and it is manifest, from the tempered enthusiasm with which Captain Hall relates these proceedings, that they were precisely such as he would himself have adopted, had he been in Captain Maxwell's situation.

After this event, the *Lyra* passed up the river without any opposition, and the officers of the squadron remained several months at Canton, without receiving the slightest insult. By the way, Captain Hall observes that there is a remarkable similarity between that city and Venice.

'Of course,' he says, 'I do not speak of the open squares and finer parts of Venice, for there is nothing similar to these in Canton: but in all that quarter of the town, which lies between the Rialto and the Place of St. Mark, the coincidence is exact; and he who has seen one of these cities can form a tolerably correct conception of the other. The streets are paved exactly in the same style—they are of the same width—have the same degree of light—the shops are just of the same dimensions and form—the houses are equal in height. The only difference that I could discover lies in the signs: in China, each shop has a large finely japanned board, six feet long, with gilt letters, hanging not horizontally like ours in Europe, but perpendicularly, and left loose to flap about with the wind on one side of the door. Neither in Venice nor at Canton are there any wheeled-carriages or horses; the same method of carrying loads at the end of poles across the shoulders being practised in both places, a circumstance which tends greatly to heighten the unexpected resemblance between two places so remote from each other, and so differently circumstanced.'—p. 300.

The embassy finally quitted China in January, 1817. The subsequent fate of the *Alceste* is well known. The *Lyra* was sent with dispatches to the Governor-General to Calcutta; from thence she proceeded to Madras, and the Isle of France, and after a prosperous voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, anchored at St. Helena, on the 11th of August. Here Captain Hall's first object was to obtain an interview with Napoleon. He encountered a good deal of difficulty in accomplishing his wishes, and, in short, he almost despaired, when he chanced to mention to Dr. O'Meara, that his father, Sir James Hall, the respectable President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, had spent some time at Brienne, at the very period that Napoleon was a student there. This fact completely changed the

colour of his fortune, as Buonaparte took a great interest in every circumstance relating to Brienne; and upon the matter being mentioned to the illustrious Exile in this view, he appointed a time for the interview. The most striking parts of the scene itself we must give in Captain Hall's words.

'On entering the room, I saw Buonaparte standing before the fire, with his head leaning on his hand, and his elbow resting on the chimney-piece. He looked up, and came forward two paces, returning my salutation with a careless sort of bow, or nod. His first question was, "What is your name?" and, upon my answering, he said, "Ah, — Hall — I knew your father when I was at the Military College of Brienne — I remember him perfectly — he was fond of mathematics — he did not associate much with the younger part of the scholars, but rather with the priests and professors, in another part of the town from that in which we lived." He then paused for an instant, and as he seemed to expect me to speak, I remarked, that I had often heard my father mention the circumstance of his having been at Brienne during the period referred to; but had never supposed it possible that a private individual could be remembered at such a distance of time, the interval of which had been filled with so many important events. "Oh no," exclaimed he, "it is not in the least surprising; your father was the first Englishman I ever saw, and I have recollected him all my life on that account." —

'In a few seconds after making this remark, Buonaparte asked, with a playful expression of countenance, as if amused with what he was saying, "Have you ever heard your father speak of me?" I replied instantly, "Very often." Upon which he said, in a quick, sharp tone, "What does he say of me?" The manner in which this was spoken seemed to demand an immediate reply, and I said that I had often heard him express great admiration of the encouragement he had always given to science while he was Emperor of the French. He laughed and nodded repeatedly, as if gratified by what was said.' —

'On my naming the island of Loo-Choo to him, he shook his head as if he had never heard of it before, and made me tell him how it bore from Canton, and what was the distance. He next asked its bearing with respect to Japan and Manilla, by the intersection of which three lines, in his imagination, he appeared to have settled its position pretty accurately, since every observation he made afterwards appeared to imply a recollection of this particular point. For instance, when he spoke of the probability of the manners and institutions of the Loo-Chooans having been influenced by the interference of other countries, he drew correct inferences as far as geographical situation was concerned. Having settled where the island lay, he cross-questioned me about the inhabitants with a closeness — I may call it a severity of investigation — which far exceeds every thing I have met with in any other instance. His questions were not by any means put at random, but each one had some definite reference to that which preceded it or was about to follow. I felt in a short time so completely exposed to his view, that it would have been impossible to have concealed or qualified the smallest particular. Such, indeed, was the rapidity of his apprehension of the subjects which interested him, and the astonishing ease with which he arranged and generalised the few points

of information I gave him, that he sometimes outstripped my narrative, saw the conclusion I was coming to before I spoke it, and fairly robbed me of my story.

Several circumstances, however, respecting the Loo-Choo people surprised even him a good deal; and I had the satisfaction of seeing him more than once completely perplexed, and unable to account for the phenomena which I related. Nothing struck him so much as their having no arms. "Point d'armes!" he exclaimed, "c'est à dire point de canons—ils ont des fusils?" Not even muskets, I replied. "Eh bien donc—des lances, ou, au moins, des arcs et des fleches?" I told him they had neither one nor other. "Ni poignards?" cried he, with increasing vehemence. No, none. "Mais!" said Buonaparte, clenching his fist, and raising his voice to a loud pitch, "Mais! sans armes, comment se bat-on?"—pp. 310—315.

We have not space for the remainder of this scene, and must content ourselves with Captain Hall's summary of the impressions which the interview left upon his mind.

Buonaparte struck me as differing considerably from the pictures and busts I had seen of him. His face and figure looked much broader and more square, larger, indeed, in every way, than any representation I had met with. His corpulency, at this time universally reported to be excessive, was by no means remarkable. His flesh looked, on the contrary, firm and muscular. There was not the least trace of colour in his cheeks; in fact, his skin was more like marble than ordinary flesh. Not the smallest trace of a wrinkle was discernible on his brow, nor an approach to a furrow on any part of his countenance. His health and spirits, judging from appearances, were excellent; though at this period it was generally believed in England, that he was fast sinking under a complication of diseases, and that his spirits were entirely gone. His manner of speaking was rather slow than otherwise, and perfectly distinct: he waited with great patience and kindness for my answers to his questions, and a reference to Count Bertrand was necessary only once during the whole conversation. The brilliant and sometimes dazzling expression of his eye could not be overlooked. It was not, however, a permanent lustre, for it was only remarkable when he was excited by some point of particular interest. It is impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it of benignity and kindness, than that which played over his features during the whole interview. If, therefore, he were at this time out of health and in low spirits, his power of self-command must have been even more extraordinary than is generally supposed; for his whole deportment, his conversation, and the expression of his countenance, indicated a frame in perfect health, and a mind at ease.—pp. 320, 321.

The day after this interview, the *Lyra* sailed for England, where she arrived in the middle of October, 1817, after an absence of twenty months,—an interval during which she had traversed a distance of nearly forty-two thousand miles, and had visited many of the most remarkable nations of the earth.

A work so pregnant with interest as the one before us, cannot fail to form an auspicious commencement of Mr. Constable's

Miscellany. Though printed in a very neat style, on excellent paper, and consisting of upwards of three hundred pages, this little volume costs no more than three shillings — a price about the one fourteenth of that at which the original “Voyage” was published. This remarkable cheapness will have the effect, and a most important effect it will be, of diffusing the Miscellany not only among the subordinate classes of the community, but also in those more favoured quarters, where juvenile works of little or no merit have hitherto exercised undisputed sway. At least we can answer for the volume before us. The simplicity of the language, the sound and attractive character of the matter, and the beauty of the embellishments, conspire to render it one of the most useful and agreeable books which could be offered to a young mind.

We heartily wish the whole undertaking success, because we feel that it will be a touchstone whereby we may ascertain the real advancement of education among us, and that at the same time it will itself become one of the most efficient instruments for the still greater diffusion of intellectual light, as well as the surest guarantee for its application to those conservative principles of liberty and morals, which constitute the only true foundation of a nation’s prosperity. The work is dedicated to the King.

ART. III. *The Three Strangers.* A Play, in Five Acts. By Harriet Lee, Author of “Kruitzner, and other Canterbury Tales.” 8vo. Longman and Co. 1826.

THE German drama, when first imported into England, about thirty years ago, was received with enthusiasm by a people, who claimed it as the near though late kindred of their own early literature. The German dramatists were the avowed disciples of the school of Shakspeare, and Massinger, and Marlow; and the qualities in which they differed from their masters, were for a while forgotten in others, in which the resemblance was obvious and striking. There was another reason for their popularity. The public taste was sated with productions, which only presented forms of a regular and frigid beauty. Garrick had excited new wishes, by bringing back upon the stage, after more than a century’s banishment, those creations, full of warmth and life, which the dramatic muse of England had wrought, — often irregularly, but always vigorously, — while her powers were yet fresh and young; and before she was wrapt in the entanglements of a stiff and pedantic criticism. Yet, with these models before them, authors still continued to write by rule; and there is, perhaps, no period of our literature in which poets (if, indeed, there were any besides Goldsmith,) measured their steps with more formal care, than the interval between the death of Gray and the first appearance of Cowper. The result of this excessive tameness was with us what

it has been in almost every nation, when similarly circumstanced; that has ever had a literature: — there was a violent and sudden re-action. The jaded appetite, tired of a dull and cloying succession of the same entertainments, longs for what is new and *piquant*; and it must be owned that, for such an appetite, nothing could possibly be better suited than the food supplied by the German dramatists.

To shock by excessive horrors, to surprise by novel and extraordinary character, to assault violently the sympathies of their audiences and readers by unusual modes of misery, were the objects common to them all. Want of moderation in almost every thing was their chief characteristic. Instead of seeking to please by those exhibitions of moral beauty, which are founded upon the gentle and tempered virtues, they usually tried to astonish by representations of moral grandeur, supposed to arise from heroic sacrifices eagerly made, — awful dangers braved and surmounted, — or generosity extravagant beyond all proportion to its motives. Instead of moving pity by scenes of natural and ordinary distress, they aimed at wringing the heart by presenting some instance of wretchedness, exceeding in its intensity the common measures of human suffering, or arising from circumstances that make humanity shudder and turn pity into horror. In drawing their characters, instead of looking abroad upon nature, and copying the originals which she afforded, they compounded beings such as never had, nor ever could have, existed, — with qualities inconsistent in their union, or singly pushed to an extravagant excess, — monsters, human in shape, but in their essence sometimes angelic, sometimes demoniac, — often mixed creatures, half-angels, half-demons.

There was another quality which sometimes marked the productions of these writers, but which, however, they much more commonly introduced into their romantic narratives, than into their dramatic works. This was a sort of metaphysical spirit, infused into their fictitious characters, who would sometimes reason upon their own feelings with all the air of persons sitting down deliberately to a philosophical analysis of the mind, and sometimes express their emotions as if they purposely watched the course of their thoughts, and spoke them only with the design of afterwards making them the subject of an ethical dissertation. The sentiment of the moment was traced to its sources, and these were, perhaps, divided and subdivided, and set in opposition or contrast to each other, in the soliloquy of one whose heart was supposed to be, at the very time, torn with anguish, held captive by some engrossing desire, or agitated by some vehement passion. The action of the plot, in its most hurried passages, was stopped to give the agent an opportunity of explaining, by obscure and fanciful declamation, the exact state of his mind at that moment. A scheme of composition similar to this has always prevailed upon the French stage, and has been the theme of unceasing reproach with all our

critics. It is nothing else than substituting the description for the natural language of passion. The German poet, however, in this as in so many other particulars, has a point of difference from the French one. The latter describes a sentiment or a passion by its results, and usually by its external effects and appearances ; the former explains it sometimes by means of an actual definition, sometimes by stating the causes which produced it, and the process which the mind has undergone by their operation. A French heroine, in expressing her grief, tells us that she strikes her breast, that she rends her robe, that she is shedding tears profusely, or, mayhap, that she with great difficulty can refrain from swooning. A lover of the German school will unfold his passion by enumerating, successively, the personal and mental charms of his mistress, and showing, elaborately, how each has contributed its share to his present feelings. The poetry is, in this particular, no bad representative of the national character, that of the one dealing with the externals, and, as it were, with the surface of the emotions ; that of the other penetrating, or seeking to penetrate, with metaphysical scrutiny, into their hidden springs.

It would be foreign from our purpose here to attempt accounting for these striking peculiarities of the German drama. There are some who think that all is explained by the fact, that it is the first offspring of a literature whose singular lot it was to spring into life, full grown, in an age of high civilisation. How much ought to be ascribed to the state of European literature in general at that time ; to the satiety of the public mind from long enjoyment of the tame, the dull, the prosaic, and the didactic ; and to the influence of one or two great writers creating a new kind of sentiment throughout Europe, we shall not now enquire. It is sufficient here to observe, that the impulse given by the introduction of German plays into England was sudden and great. A brood of dramas, in which broad farce was united with a whining and sickly sentiment, started into existence. High excitement was the order of the day ; and writers who had not genius to copy the romantic fervours of Goethe, or the tragic strength of Schiller (full of grandeur in the midst of his extravagance), contented themselves with giving meagre translations and vapid imitations of the half-laughable, half-sentimental, trifles of Kotzebue. The reign of these foreign productions on our stage was short, but the influence which they exerted on our dramatic literature exists to this day ; and to it we undoubtedly owe the composition, and, after the lapse of several years, the representation of *The Three Strangers*.

The tale of Kruitzner, on which this drama is founded, was published by the author about twenty years ago. It was a singular performance, and from the moment of its appearance to the present day it has held a high, though a separate and peculiar station in our literature. By many it was thought so dramatic in its structure, that Miss Lee (as she informs us) prepared it for the stage soon after

its publication. Our readers are aware that it was subsequently taken by Lord Byron as the ground-work of a dramatic poem, which completely failed. It is no disparagement to Miss Lee, whose talents we respect very highly, to say, that her drama, though in some points better suited to the stage, is, upon the whole, as a composition, inferior even to Werner.

The truth is, that the tale of Kruitznér, or, as it was originally called, "The German's Tale," is not dramatic in its original structure, though from the deep interest which it excites one is easily deceived into a different opinion, unless he examines the matter with a little attention. The design of the author was to illustrate the character of a man, proud, self-willed, obstinate, and unreflecting, of keen sensibility and inclinations not naturally vicious, but of violent passions, which he gratifies, under the irrational expectation that he will be exempted from the disasters, to which such indulgences must necessarily expose him. The predominating quality in his temper is pride, which prevents him from ever acknowledging, even to himself, that he has acted wrong; and most of his wildest errors and worst misfortunes spring from this quality, combined as it is with that habitual and inconsiderate dependence on his fate which does not permit him to profit by experience. The story is so well known, that we need here only remind the reader of a few of the leading incidents.

Kruitznér was the assumed name under which the hero of the tale resided at Hamburgh, some time after quitting the mansion of his father, Count Siegendorf, a nobleman of the first rank in Bohemia. The various excesses into which Kruitznér had fallen in early life, rendered him bankrupt alike in fortune and character. In this situation, he married a woman eminently endowed by nature, but much inferior to himself in rank. The result was, that Count Siegendorf's father settled upon him a small annuity, on the condition that he would give up his right of inheritance to Conrad, his own elder son. Conrad is in consequence placed in the family of the Count, to be educated for the sphere in which he was destined to move. The next heir to the house of Siegendorf is the Baron Stralenheim, who anxiously and secretly watches the career of Kruitznér, in order, if possible, to accomplish his destruction. This object attained, the other competitors might easily be removed. Kruitznér discovers that he is the object of the Baron's vigilance, and the very means which he takes to avoid his enemy, chances to place him under the same roof with that person in a little town in Silesia. The Baron, and two other strangers, who had saved him from being drowned in a river into which his carriage had fallen, were detained at this place by the inclemency of the season. Accident leads Kruitznér to an apartment in which he discovers a sliding panel, that opens to a secret gallery. Tempted by curiosity, he explores the passage, and it conducts him to a chamber where he finds Stralenheim stretched on a chair, buried in a deep

sleep, with several rouleaux of gold on a table before him. Kruitznér, goaded by his necessities, appropriates some of the treasure, and retires without incurring any deeper guilt. The next day the robbery is discovered ; enquiries are set on foot by the Baron and his two new companions. One of these is called the Hungarian, the other turns out to be Conrad, Kruitznér's son, and to him the matter is revealed. Shortly after this, the Baron is killed by Conrad, without the knowledge of Kruitznér, who succeeds to the title of Count Siegendorf, and the play ends in a manner not very intelligible. In this respect, as well as in several of the minor incidents, the drama differs from the story, but we have related enough to show that the chief interest of the play is centered in the character of Kruitznér, and in the conflicts which arise in his breast between the consciousness of guilt, which degrades him in his own esteem, and the inflexibility of his pride, which disdains even the remotest extrinsic appearance of a criminal stain on his character. It is obvious, that as the whole of this struggle is carried on in his own thoughts, it is impossible to dramatise it. The incidents to which it gives rise are few and unimportant : the consequences are felt only by his own family, in the completion of a state of misery, which is seen at once without the assistance of scenery or dialogue.

To developé such a character as Kruitznér's in a drama, and to mould it in such a manner as that it must fix our attention on the stage, we should see him employed in daring and reckless and busy action, or hear him reveal the tortures of his soul, in the language of penitence or despair. In a tale the author can pause to moralise and to explain, and can trace in his own language the motives, the passions, and the sufferings of the persons whom he introduces to his readers. In the original story of Kruitznér, this is done with great felicity, both of conception and diction ; and a very large portion of the work is taken up in these didactic expositions of the principal character, and of the effects produced upon him by his varying fortunes. But in a play, the workings of the mind must be shown, either by a series of events creating or modifying its changes,—as in *Macbeth*,—or, if the character is already fixed, by often giving occasion to the individual to speak his own feelings in the only manner in which the spontaneous course of thought and feeling can perhaps be adequately displayed—by soliloquy. It is by this last method, that Shakspeare effected some of the most delicate and difficult parts of the poet's task, in his *Hamlet*, the most peculiar of all his wonderful creations.

Viewing then the plot of 'The German's Tale,' as a means of developing a temper such as Kruitznér's, the first thing which strikes one is, the paucity, both of the incidents and the characters that can be draughted from it into a play. Of the important events of the story, the earliest, those which contribute to form the character of Kruitznér, are either too little dramatic, or occur at such a distance of time from the catastrophe, that they could not be repre-

sented without the incongruity of exhibiting the same person in successive scenes as in the flower of gay and elastic youth and in the seared leaf of middle age. There seem to be but two parts of the action at which the drama could open, — the departure of Kruitznér and his family from Hamburg, and their arrival at the village where he takes up his temporary abode. Poets are, perhaps, after all, better judges of these matters than critics ; but we own it seems to us, that of these two points of time, the latter, which both Miss Lee and Lord Byron have chosen for their dramas, was the least fitting of the two. The former would certainly have afforded more scope for developing the character of Kruitznér ; it would have varied the interest of the piece ; it would have given (what the whole plot requires) increased hurry to its action ; and it would have allowed also the great advantage of representing, instead of describing, the influence of the Baron over Kruitznér's fate, and the arrival of the latter at the village. Beginning, however, at this last event, all the material incidents remaining may be summed up as follows : the stealing of the gold, the recognition of Conrad by his father, the assumption by Kruitznér of his paternal honours, and the winding up of the plot by the agency of the Hungarian.

The persons are equally, or rather still more limited, both as to number and importance. The Hungarian does and says little, and is, in fact, an instrument loosely tacked to the machinery, the moving powers of which are hidden in impenetrable mystery. Nothing can be more wild and foolish than his whole conduct. Of Josephine, Kruitznér's wife, little can be made. She is a faithful and an unhappy wife, suffering much, but doing almost nothing. Conrad, the only person in the group, next to Kruitznér, capable of being moulded into a character, would require as much of incident and of language to unfold the strange and almost incomprehensible demon that works within him, as Kruitznér himself needs for the display of a temper, differing from that of his son only in possessing greater sensibility, less hardihood, and a more limited capacity. In short, the persons and incidents of this tale are quite insufficient to display, in a drama, such a character as Kruitznér's, connected as it is with the temper of a being who would require, to pourtray him so as not to shock credibility, such nice and various touches as Conrad.

The great blemish of the play is, that it does not lead us to sympathise with those peculiar feelings of Kruitznér, which excite such a deep interest in the tale. We do not understand them. We know him only as a man whose liberty or life is menaced by the Baron, — a sort of person, and a sort of predicament, too common on the stage to make us feel much alarm for his safety. Conrad's affection for his parents makes him for a while an object of interest, and the scene in which he is shocked by the intelligence that his father is guilty of midnight theft is tolerably well executed. But we see too little of his character ; and his wild exploit of killing the

Baron, following fast upon expressions of honour and virtue, shows a degree of weakness, which, while it prevents us from respecting him as a villain, does not at all incline us to pity him for being half-duped into crime by his filial piety. We feel little else than wonder at the inconsistency of his conduct. The whole of the Hungarian's proceedings (except his first appearance in the village, which is sufficiently explained by his accompanying the Baron,) are nearly unaccountable.

The scene in which Kruitznér takes the gold, which is one of the finest passages in the tale, is judiciously represented, not related, in the drama. In this, Miss Lee's play differs from Lord Byron's *Werner*; and we presume to think that Miss Lee's conception was a just one. But here, again, we have to complain of the execution. The speech of Kruitznér, while the Baron sleeps, is tame, and not quite in keeping with the sanguine and impetuous character of the speaker. We are somehow disappointed, that the *idea*, at least, of destroying his enemy, does not occur to him. Even the start of the Baron in his sleep, which adds so much to the life and interest of this passage in the tale, is here wanting.

[A clock strikes two ; the Baron opens his eyes heavily ; listens to it, then closes them again, and after a pause, sinks to sleep. The compartment slowly slides back, and Kruitznér is seen.]

Kruitznér. The boisterous and brutal crew did not intrude ; but to what spot my restless mind hath since impelled my steps I know not. No matter. What has despair to fear or to expect? — All silent ! *[Steps forward.]* Oh, luxury, art thou still so rich in blessings ! — Gracious Heaven ! Can it be Stralenheim I see. The Margrave's chamber, doubtless. Sleeps the persecutor thus calmly while his victim wanders, like a midnight spectre, amid the haunts of departed pleasure ! Why do I shudder thus ? as though some deadly and ominous presentiment — or is it the conflict of my mind that acts upon a fevered frame ? Gold and papers ! Ha, the name of Siegendorf ! Olmutz ! *[He reads.]* " We are yet within the appointed limit : the near fortress of Olmutz serves my purpose well, and four-and-twenty hours irrevocably seals the fate of Siegendorf. *[Glances indignantly towards Stralenheim.]* He gone, the wife and child — *[Starts, pauses, and after drawing his hand across his eyes, reads on.]* The wife and child — may be easily disposed of." Remorseless, iron-hearted villain ! " They have no wealth that may defeat my measures ; and their liberty, like *his*, lies therefore at my mercy." Mercy ! *His* mercy ! Ha ! thus I save them.

[He lays his hand with one convulsive grasp on a rouleau, consigns it to his bosom, and exit, closing the panel.] — pp. 82, 83.

But the chief fault of the piece is its conclusion. We shall not attempt to describe the unravelment of the plot, which differs necessarily from that of the tale, since it must be suited to the difference between the story and the play in the characters of Conrad and the Hungarian. We shall leave it to our readers' ingenuity to divine what becomes of the group on which the curtain so abruptly drops. Conrad (differently from the tale) dissuades

his father from molesting the Hungarian, for whom Krutzner (now Count Siegendorf), suspecting him to be the Baron's murderer, had ordered strict search; and confesses that the Baron had fallen by his own hand. Siegendorf just expresses his compliance, when

' The Friar and the Hungarian descend from the interior.

' Friar. Son, I present to you, at his own desire, the stranger whom you demanded.

' Hun. You start, Count. Is it rectitude or alarm that speaks thus pointedly within you? When last we met you tendered your hand to an obscure, perhaps suspected guest; Dare you now proffer it, the pledge of honorable reparation, to one who proclaims himself an honorable man?

' Sieg. Dare I?

' Hun. 'Tis a conscience-searching question, Count. Examine yours well before you answer it.

' Sieg. To the point, Sir.

' Hun. You have arraigned me to this holy Father, as guilty of a most atrocious deed. I here deny the crime.

' Sieg. Your evidence. —

' Hun. The strongest — I know the criminal.

' Sieg. Your surmise, Sir, at least, hath been pointed and intelligible, and I freely advance to meet it. Speak out at once.

' Hun. He stands beside you, Count.

[Siegendorf starts in surprise and despair. Conrad collects himself, and advances.]

' Con. Proceed, Sir.

' Hun. Holy Father, observe that young man well. Bears not his exterior the stamp of honor? Looks not the fire that even now lighted up his eye like the generous indignation of virtue? Yet, even on this consecrated spot, where falsehood would be double damnation, do I retort the charge of guilt on that man's head.

' Sieg. Your proof, Sir — and your name.

[Conrad detaches his sabre, and folding his arms on his breast, holds it there while he listens.]

' Hun. You shall have both, Count. We met by chance; — rich in all the graces of youth and courtly life, your son secured my partial favour — almost my confidence: it was a dangerous one, or he would have possessed it. Obnoxious to the Margrave — injured and oppressed, with nothing to aid my purpose but a burning sense of wrong, I went privately to explore the palace, and tear from thence, even at the hazard of my existence, a once fondly loved, though an adulterous wife. It is no obscure adventurer. — It is the Count de Roslach that speaks to you.

' Sieg. Roslach!

' Ros. My search seemed hopeless — I therefore dared the dangers of the road, but, hemmed in by the waters, again returned. That traitor, *[Conrad shudders with resentment,]* doubtless to veil his own premeditated crime beneath my name, allured me to your roof.

' [Conrad, by sudden impulse, half draws his sabre, but returns it to the sheath.]

' *Ros.* Are you so brave, Sir? — Mark the conclusion first. — The victim whom treachery ensnared, infant innocence enlightened; guided by that, I guessed the secret door, and doubted not but I should discover her, whom her base paramour had artfully secreted. The panel of the Margrave's chamber yielded partially and unnoted to my pressure. What I saw there — let that youth tell. Methinks *he* sees it now.

' *Friar.* [*eagerly.*] And quitted you the spot, son?

' *Ros.* Aye, reverend Father — quitted a spot where courage came too late to aid — where disguise debased, and privacy impeached me, to appeal from petty jurisdiction to the justice of my country at large — to the ministers of her faith, and, through them, to the tribunal of her laws.

' *Con.* You shall be answered at full, Sir. Your tale hath been boldly uttered — it is plain, simple, and looks like truth.

' *Ros.* Like truth! Young man it shall be proved such.

' *Con.* Indeed! And will the Count de Roslach, avowedly obnoxious, persecuted, and oppressed, will he adventure upon his single testimony —

' *Ros.* Aye, though defeat, or even death, were the penalty.

' *Con.* 'Tis gallantly spoken, and may be as gallantly dared, and yet bring ruin only on the head of the *accuser*. I would shew you a less perilous path. Nay, hear me to the end, Count. You see me, in the zenith of fortune and of youth; with hopes yet unblighted; a spirit hitherto most daring. Friends — followers — retainers! To crown these mighty blessings *one* alone is wanting — unsullied honour. To that I offer homage. — Your narrative, in all save the imputed treachery, is *true*. Follow then the upright monitor within your bosom, and denounce a criminal who voluntarily surrenders that sabre you have seen dishonoured. [*Delivers his sword.*]

' *Sieg.* Kill me not with thy virtues, Conrad!

' *Ros.* [*considerably disturbed.*] I — I — I was not prepared for this — and scarce know how to answer! — Were weak and erring man allowed to compromise with conscience, all might yet *seem* well; but the voice of justice is imperative: blood for blood! — Nay, Count, [*to Siegendorf,*] there's more to hear. Master of *one* guilty secret, my every way insulted honour taught me to fathom both; both were revealed before these gates had closed upon us, nor will they open again but to the ministers of stern and rigid vengeance.

' *Sieg.* [*falling.*] That blow was through my heart.

' *Con.* Father!

' *Jos.* [*rushing on with Marcellin.*] Husband!

' *Friar.* Christian! Revive my son. The church may still possess a voice — a claim.

' *Sieg.* What claim — what voice can silence that which must speak here [*lays his hand on his heart*] — till I can speak no more. Curse not that parent, Conrad, whose base example and intemperate passions have thus degraded and undone us both.

' *Con.* Curse! give me your benediction, father!

' *Sieg.* My son! my son!

[*Siegendorf falls on Conrad's neck, the characters arrange themselves, and the curtain drops as the requiem is repeated.*] — pp. 73—76.

Surely this concluding scene might have been easily re-written. It might be somewhat difficult to bring Conrad to a suitable dramatic end, but the close of a play should have any fault rather than obscurity. There is nothing which an audience bears so ill, as to be kept in ignorance of the fate of those to whose movements they have paid some two or three hours' close attention.

With all its faults, however, this play bears testimony, as did the original story, to "singular force of mind and conception" * in its author. We cannot forbear expressing a wish, that it may not be the last drama which we shall see from the writer of the German's tale. Miss Lee, having once tried her powers, and having seen that where she failed, failure was in a great measure owing, either to the rugged nature of the subject which she chose, or to an inattention to details easily managed but essential in every dramatic performance, she is entitled to aspire, by a more careful exercise of those powers, to a high rank in an art now almost forgotten in England.

ART. IV. *A Manual of Classical Bibliography*; comprising a copious Detail of the various Editions; Commentaries, and Works critical and illustrative; and Translations into the English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and, occasionally, other Languages; of the Greek and Latin Classics. By Joseph William Moss, B.A., of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. 2 Vols. 8vo. London. Simpkin and Marshall. 1825.

THE glory, as our neighbours on the other side of the Channel would term it, of the invention of bibliography, is, we believe, the exclusive property of the moderns. We hear of no classical De Bures, Dibdins, or Mosses. In ancient times, books of any kind were of too difficult acquisition for people to be very curious about editions. Ptolemy Philadelphus exhibited certainly something of the spirit of a modern collector, and of the genuine taste for what is rare, and for *editiones principes*, which distinguish the true bibliomaniac, when, on borrowing the works of Sophocles, Euripides, and the other great Attic writers from the Athenian people, he had correct and elegant transcripts taken, which he sent to the proprietors, retaining for his library the probably far inferior old editions. It is probable, however, that the Egyptian monarch merely acted so more from an anxious desire after genuineness and accuracy, than from any solicitude about form or antiquity; proceeding, as is most likely, on the principles of those persons who fancy that a London or Paris edition of Tasso, or Dante, for example, can never equal in correctness those that issue from the presses of Florence or Milan.

* See Lord Byron's preface to Werner.

The ancients, however, had some idea of getting up books well, and there was often a good deal of diligence displayed about punning, lettering, and ornamenting their volumes. Tibullus gives the following directions for preparing what we might style a *dandy* volume, which he was sending to his mistress Nemra, as lovers of the present day, for nothing is new, might present the lady of their affections with a handsome Forget-me-not, or Literary Souvenir.

‘Lutea sed niveum involvat membrana libellum,
Pumex cui canas tondeat ante comas;
Summaque prætexat tenuis fastigia chartæ,
Indicet ut nomen, litera facta, meum:
Atque inter geminas pingatur cornua frontes;
Sic etenim comitum mittere oportet opus.’

And Martial, if we recollect rightly, may be consulted with advantage on the same subject.

There is, doubtless, a pleasure in book-collecting, which none but book-collectors know. How delighted are they when carrying off in triumph some venerable black-letter, with its illuminated capitals and silver clasps, never to be unclosed save for the purpose of exhibition! How they pant to become the envied possessors of some of the halfpenny ballads of Elizabeth's days! Heartily did we enter into the feeling of the worthy Jonathan Oldbuck, when recounting the various ingenious expedients by which he became possessed of ballads and Elzevirs, his morning and evening walks to the Cowgate and Canongate, and his anxiety lest the threadbare student of divinity should be a prowling book-seller in disguise. It is truly a pretty pursuit, something more important than conchology, and we should find no fault with it, were it not for its tendency to lead away useful minds from more valuable matter; for, unluckily, when a man has got a passion for title-pages, he is exceedingly apt to stop there, and to become careless about the contents. Still the collector is not without his merit in the republic of letters, for as he is of a laying-up disposition, he saves many a precious fragment document and treatise from oblivion, and thus provides stores for the antiquary and historian.

Little respect as we may entertain for book-collecting, we are by no means without a due sense of the value of bibliography. We know, that did it not exist, the student might often wander in uncertainty, unbenefitted by the labours of those who have preceded him; using bad or indifferent editions, when the good were to be had. Who does not feel the want of a classed catalogue in the British Museum? Even in a philosophical point of view, bibliography has its use. As we delight in tracing the gradual progress of some mechanical engine, from the rude and clumsy form given to it by the first inventor, to the point of comparative perfection which, by gradual improvement, it may have finally attained; so the philosophic mind traces with delight the gradual progress of the great *chef-*

Manuscripts of antiquity, from the bogginess, the incorrectness, the mutilation of the *editio princeps*, to that finished state of improvement to which they have gradually approximated beneath the critical acumen of the scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and attained in the editions of a Heyne or a Schweighæuser.

Still the bibliographer, as such, notwithstanding the utility of his labours, sits on one of the lowest forms of literature; for patient industry is almost his only claim to our praise. We therefore regret to see a young man of Mr. Moss's talents devoting himself thus, *primis ab annis*, to this so inferior a branch of literature. Mr. Moss, by an injudicious piece of vanity, informs us, in a note to his preface, that in 1824 he was a MINOR; and hints, that if his work had appeared in that year, he might as such have claimed the indulgence of the public. We can tell Mr. Moss, that though he might have claimed, he would not have merited that indulgence. Had it been a poem, a play, a romance, or any work of the imagination, indulgence might have been fairly claimed and given; but the case is very different with a Manual of Bibliography. For a MINOR to undertake giving an account of all the editions, translations, &c. of all the authors of antiquity is rather a bold attempt; and few will be disposed to allow him any other merit than that of a compiler from the labours of his predecessors. In fact, this does form nearly the sum of Mr. Moss's claims. He talks, indeed, of having consulted three thousand volumes, and he probably has inspected so many title-pages; but of how many works, except those of Brunck, Dibdin, and Co., can he say with the learned Harwood, "I have read this edition over carefully?" We fear, of very few indeed.

We are, however, disposed to think well of Mr. Moss's attainments. He appears to be acquainted with the principal modern languages; indeed, from the manner in which he speaks of, and decides on, some Polish, Danish, and Swedish translations, we are apt to suppose that he is familiar with those little known tongues. Of his English style we do not think so highly: his study of the great originals of antiquity does not seem to have benefitted him much in this particular; and many a "man of one book" is greatly his superior in expression. He is not always grammatical; and he adopts occasionally a style of very offensive flippancy, which does not sit well on a grave bibliographer. We would advise him to abstain from such compositions as this: 'It is said to be, by some critics, superior to the edition of Schrevelius, who (poor fellow), because he happened to be a bookseller's hack, and a little *under the weather*, (though, perhaps, not either a very sound or profound scholar,) has been rather cruelly treated, and sometimes not with very great justice; by others, at the head of whom stands Burman, by whom he is damned without rhyme or reason.'

For omissions of some editions we were prepared; it would not be just to expect, in cases where editions are as numerous as the

leaves on the trees, a complete enumeration. But we cannot excuse the passing over unnoticed authors, whose names are as familiar to us as household words; such as Silius Italicus, Orpheus, and the Alexandrian writers, three only of whom are noticed. As they are neither writers on science or romancers, we know not what plea of justification Mr. Moss can make for such omissions as these.

It is by no means our wish to find fault. The Manual is certainly a useful work, and very far superior to that of Mr. Dibdin. We shall therefore go through a considerable part of it, making such observations as occur to us, endeavouring to supply some of Mr. Moss's omissions, and also noticing some editions which have appeared since his work has been printed. We must, however, previously hint to the author, that he ought, either at the beginning or the end of his work, to have given some notice of the different collections of the Greek and Latin classics that have been published together, such as Stephens's *Poetæ Græci*, the Tauchnitz, and the Regent's Classics. We are particularly surprised at his silence as to the latter, which are still in progress, and promise to be the most complete and elegant edition of the classics which has appeared in modern times.

Æschylus was first published, in 8vo., by Aldus, in 1518. This is the *editio princeps*, and is styled by De Bure "a beautiful edition." Mr. Moss observes, that it is not an excellent one; which we may easily believe, as it wants several pages at the end of the *Agamemnon*, and beginning of the *Choephoræ*, a deficiency that was not supplied until the edition by Victorius in 1557. Canter, in his edition of 1582, first restored, from the *Frogs* of Aristophanes, the opening lines of the *Choephoræ*. The edition of Schütz is justly described as the *editio optima*. There appears in this country a great disposition to depreciate the labours of this learned editor, and, we think, with very little reason. Schütz certainly has an amazing propensity for emendation, and there are few passages that he does not think he could make better; yet as he does not often introduce his conjectures into the text, they are mostly harmless, and are not seldom happy; and as to the arrangement of chorusses, that we take to be purely a matter of taste; for in no two editions of any of the Greek dramatists, do we find an exact accordance in this point; consequently, a reference, when the edition is not specified, can only be regarded as directing the enquirer to within ten or a dozen lines of the passage of which he is in search. In Schütz's edition, we consider, on the whole, that *Æschylus* may be read—and no existing poet is more worthy of attentive perusal—to the greatest advantage. We know not whether the Bishop of Chester will now continue his labours on this poet to the end. An edition of the entire works of *Æschylus* was published by Wellaner in 1824, at Leipzig, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The old editions of *Æsop* are curious on account of the number of various fables by different authors which they contain, and of the numerous wood-cuts with which they are adorned. These cuts illustrate the state of the arts, as well as the modes of thinking of the time, and may have furnished many a useful hint to artists in later periods; as in the strange picture by Fuseli of the Serpent tempting Eve, the tempter is represented with a human head, a fancy evidently derived from a wood-cut in old editions of the Vulgate. The Naples edition of *Æsop*, of 1485, in Latin and Italian, is much sought after by the curious, on account of its wood-cuts, and the allegories, which are considered to be directed against the court of Rome. The first edition of the Greek is that of Accursius, printed at Milan, in 4to., about 1480. The best edition is that of Paris, 8vo., 1810, by Coray, with the Greek scholia.

It is to be regretted that this charming collection of apologues is not more generally employed as a school-book. The Greek is so pure and so simple, and the fables themselves so interesting, that we think none could be mentioned so well calculated to answer every purpose of classical instruction. From the notices of the numerous translations of *Æsop*, (in which La Fontaine might perhaps have been included,) we cannot refrain from extracting, for the entertainment of the reader, the title of a translation published in London, in 8vo., without a date. It runs thus:

"The Fables of Esope in English, with all his life and fortune; and how he was subtyll, wyse, and borne in Greece, not far from Troy the great, in a town named Amenio: how he was of all other men most disfourmed and evil-shapen: for he had a great head, a large visage, long jawes, sharp eyen, a short neck, crok-backed, great bely, great legs, large feete; and yet that which was worse, he was dombe, and could not speake; but, notwithstanding this, he had a singular wit, and was greatly ingenious and subtyll in cavillations, and pleasaunt in woordes after he came to his speache. Whereunto is added the fables of Avian, as also the fables of Poga the Florentyne, very pleasaunte to read." (Vol. i. p. 29.)

The *editio princeps* of Anacreon was priated by Henry Stephens, in 1554, when that illustrious typographer was but twenty-six years of age. Mr. Moss gives, from Beloe's *Anecdotes*, a curious account of the suspicions, and of the plausible arguments by which they were supported, of Stephens having forged the collection. These arguments are of course very strong and convincing, as arguments always are in support of an ingenious hypothesis; but an unlucky fact brought to light by Fischer, in his third edition of Anacreon, makes the whole vanish into smoke. Fischer informs us that Joseph Spaletti found in the library of the Vatican a manuscript on vellum, which among other things contained the Odes of Anacreon, and which was evidently written in

the tenth century. So much for ingenious theories. The best edition is that of Fischer, printed at Leipzig, in 1798, with very copious notes.

We must now notice what we conceive to be a very unjustifiable omission in Mr. Moss; we mean that of the Greek and Latin Anthologies, works containing some of the most charming effusions of the classic muse extant. Of the Greek, there is a fine old edition printed at Frankfort, containing the notes of Brodæus and others. There is an excellent edition by De Bosch, in four vols. 4to., and one containing the text of Brunck, and the commentary of Jacobs in 18 vols. 8vo., Leipzig, 1794, and another in four vols. 8vo., from the Palatine manuscript by Jacobs in 1813. A pleasing selection by Edwards has lately been published in London, in one vol. 8vo. Of the Latin Anthology, the best edition is that, *cum notis variorum*, of Burman, in two vols. 4to., Amst. 1759—1778. One was published in 1812, in one vol. 8vo., by Ast.

The account given by Mr. Moss of the different editions of Apollonius Rhodius appears to be very correct. We cannot but express our regret, that this agreeable poet is not in sufficient request in this country to justify a reprint of the edition of Beck. We will take this opportunity of observing, that Mr. Moss should have mentioned more particularly than he does, the portable editions of the classics published at Leipzig, so valuable to those whose finances do not extend to the purchase of the more costly editions. Mr. Moss has here noticed the Tauchnitz edition of Apollonius; but that printer has published nearly all the Greek and Latin classics, in a portable form in 18mo. A much superior edition, in paper and type, in 12mo., edited by Dindorf, Passow, and other eminent scholars, is now passing through the press at Leipzig, and is published in this country by Messrs. Black and Young.

As Aratus cannot justly be called a writer on science, we think Mr. Moss should not have excluded him. The best editions of this classic are that of Buhle in two vols. 8vo., Leipzig, 1793, and that by Mathæi, including also Eratosthenes, and Dionysius, in one vol. 8vo., Frankfort, 1817.

It was to be regretted, that almost up to the present day, there was but one edition of Aristophanes, which the scholar could use with advantage. We shall of course be understood to mean the very valuable one by Kuster, printed in folio at Amsterdam, in 1710. Brunck published his in 1781—1783, which we are informed 'is the very best edition of this comedian that has yet appeared.' Of this we are by no means certain. On the contrary, we are disposed to regard that of Invernizius, founded on a manuscript of the tenth century, which is preserved at Ravenna, as offering the best text. It is followed by volumes of notes, &c. by Beck and Dindorf, which have already arrived at the eleventh volume, and we cannot take upon us to

say how many are to follow. Schütz is publishing an edition of which but two volumes have as yet appeared; and we are happy to find, that one of the most spirited publishers of classical works in this country, Mr. Priestly, has announced an edition in four vols. 8vo., with a new text, and scholia revised by Professor Bekker of Berlin. This edition is to be accompanied by the annotations of Beck, Bentley, Brunck, Elmsley, Porson, Kuster, and others; and it promises to be the best edition of this valuable poet ever printed in this country; for the Oxford reprint of Brunck, in 1810, is about as wretched a specimen of typography as ever issued from a press, only to be exceeded by a London edition of the same author, by the same printer in 1828. With respect to a translation of Aristophanes into English, we are disposed to regard the task as hopeless. Our comic blank verse seems a little too heavy, and our rhymes are, we think, a little too brilliant to be usefully employed for such a purpose. In light, or moral satire, modern rhymes exhibit to our taste a point and vivacity, which we cannot discern in any of the rhymeless measures of the ancients. Mr. Mitchell's attempts are, however, pleasing, and his excellent notes (attendants, by the way, which no translation should dispense with,) greatly tend to elucidate his author; but we are disposed to look rather more favourably on the specimens of Mr. Frere.

It were idle at this time of day to give an opinion on the merits of Aristotle. He has long since taken his station among the first order of minds; but we must be allowed to observe, that we should, with all our heart have consented to a great portion of his works being sunk in the gulf of oblivion; and joyful should we have been to have received in exchange some half-dozen comedies of Menander and his contemporaries, and a few of the spirit-stirring strains of Alcæus. Mr. Moss devotes far too much space to the enumeration of the contents of worthless old editions of this author, editions which few, we are certain, will ever look into. The Bipontine editors began at the wrong end: they should have entered on another arrangement; and if they had got out the really valuable part of this philosopher's works, the remainder might have been purchased to complete the set. As it is, these five Bipontine volumes may be bought cheap enough, and will do to fill up a vacancy on the shelf of a library,—reading them is quite out of the question. We have excellent editions of the *Poetics*, *Rhetoric*, and *Politics*; and a good edition of the *History of Animals* (a valuable and curious work) has been published by Schneider, in four vols. 8vo., in 1811. The former works have been well translated; and we should like to see a good translation of the last, and some of Aristotle's other writings on physical subjects. Mr. Moss has omitted to notice the translation of all the works of Aristotle, in nine vols. 4to., by the celebrated Thomas Taylor, an omission that does not much surprise us, as, anticipating the cold reception

the work was destined to meet, only seventy-five copies were printed. Few learned men, perhaps, ever laboured to so little purpose as Taylor.

Athenæus the most curious, the most amusing, and one of the most valuable writers of antiquity, has been fortunate in his editors. The *editio princeps* of 1514 is one of the Aldine classics, and is priced by Mr. Moss at two guineas and a half. We once saw it sold at an auction for half-a-crown. The first edition with a commentary is that of the illustrious Casaubon, Geneva, 1597, in one vol. folio. Of the accompanying commentary the value has been long since recognised by the learned, and it continued the only useful edition of Athenæus until 1801—1807, when the excellent edition of Schweighæuser appeared in fourteen vols. 8vo. The first five volumes contain the text, and amended translation, the eight following ones the notes, a selection of the best of those of Casaubon, and additional ones by the editor, and the fourteenth is devoted to indexes. An *index græcitatibus* was promised, but has not yet appeared. It is curious, that no European nation except the French has attempted a translation. There are two in the French language both extremely bad, and even the laborious German appears to have hitherto shrunk from the task. In our own country, Hayley long ago wished for a translation, and the wish has since been repeated. The task would doubtless be a difficult, and perhaps not very profitable one. The great quantity of scraps of poetry scattered throughout it has certainly an appalling look; but our heroic and tragic blank verse would answer well enough for the hexameters and tragic iambics, and our comic verse for the comic iambics: the lyric fragments might very well be rendered in short measures of the same kind, such as are employed by Mr. Dale in his Sophocles. On the whole, we think, it might be executed by a good scholar and ready writer, in a very moderate space of time; and as there should be a judiciously selected body of notes, we conceive that whoever would execute it would bestow a most valuable present on the unclassical, and on many of the classical, members of the community. People in general little know the mine, from which have been extracted those details of ancient life and manners, that have interested and amused them in periodical journals.

Mr. Moss has omitted some of the earlier editions of Ausonius. The best are the Delphin of 1730, and the Bipontine of 1783. This poet is in so little repute that he makes no part of the editions of the classics published by Tauchnitz and others, and he has never been printed in this country. The Abbé Jaubert is the only person who has ever translated his entire works: sixteen of his Idylls were made English by Sir Jas. Beaumont, and published in 1620.

On Bion and Moschus we shall merely remark, how inexcusable Mr. Moss is, for totally omitting to mention the very excellent edition of the *Poetæ Minores Græci*, published by Professor Gaisford, in 1814, in four vols. 8vo.; a work which may be regarded as the best edition of the different poets contained in it. The *Poetæ Minores* of Winterton is also passed over in silence.

Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius generally go together. There is no good edition of them in a united form; but there is an excellent one of Catullus by Doering, a pupil of Heyne, and of Tibullus by Heyne himself. Propertius has not been so fortunate, as, according to Klügling, his late editor, Kuinöl performed his task but very indifferently. There has since appeared an edition by Lachman, which is well spoken of on the Continent. None of these poets are under any great obligations to their translators, except Catullus, who certainly owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Lamb.

No writer since the restoration of letters has been more frequently printed, or has engaged the labours of more learned editors, than Cicero. Milan had, in 1498, the honour of giving the *editio princeps* of his entire works. Mr. Moss gives a very full description of the contents of this edition, and in a note from De Bure, a rather ludicrous account of the embarrassments of the editor, Minutianus, about his dedications. The first portion of Cicero's works that was published, comprehended, we believe, the *Officia* and *Paradoxa*, which were printed in folio by Fust and Schoeffer in 1465, and which is one of the most celebrated editions in the annals of typography, illustrious for its type of a peculiar character, and for the "perfect curiosities" of Greek characters which head the chapters, almost illegible even to those who are skilled in perusing ancient Greek type. Cicero has had good editors, to say nothing of the "numbers numberless" of separate editions of his various works. Olivet has given a most magnificent edition of the entire of his works; Ernesti a most valuable one, accompanied by his celebrated *Clavis Ciceroniana*: the multifarious Beck commenced one in 1795, of which but four volumes have appeared; and Schütz has lately given a very excellent one in 20 vols. 8vo. The entire works of Cicero have not been translated into any modern language, but separate translations have been made of most parts of his works. In the British Museum may be seen the "Boke of Old Age," to which is annexed the "Boke of Freendship;" the latter translated by that accomplished nobleman, Tiptoft Earl of Worcester, imprinted by Caxton, in the year 1481, the first of Cicero's works which appeared in an English dress. This classic has since been the means of procuring us one of the most elegant translations that we possess: we shall easily be understood to mean the delightful versions of Mr. Melmoth, translations grateful even to those versed in the original.

Claudian is a charming poet, too little read in this country, in which his works were never printed until they formed a part of the "Regent's Classics." The Rape of Proserpine has been more than once translated. Mr. Moss omits the curious old edition of this poem, printed in folio at Utrecht in 1473, as is supposed, and which, consisting of but sixteen leaves, may be had for ten guineas.

The scholar has long been without a complete edition of the works of Demosthenes, no really useful one existing but that of Reiske, contained in the *Oratores Græci*. This deficiency will, however, speedily be supplied, as Schäfer is publishing an edition of this illustrious orator, with a revised text, with the notes of Taylor, Reiske, Wolf, and others, and the *apparatus criticus* of Reiske. The last volume is expected to appear in the course of next month. Priestly has, we find, announced an edition of Demosthenes and Æschines, edited by the Rev. W. S. Dobson, with a new text, selected from those of Wolf, Spalding, Bekker, Buttman, Taylor, and others. Reiske's text, we are told, has never been adopted; but it has been collated, and the variations given. The notes of nearly all the commentators, and some of great value, now first published from MSS., will follow, as also various readings, indexes, &c. This work will be succeeded by those of all the remaining orators and sophists, on a similar plan. The character given of Dr. Leland's translations by Mr. Moss, from the contemporary reviews, particularly from our own Journal, is just. Those translations are certainly extremely good. That of the Reverend Philip Francis has also considerable merit.

We will just stop at Dion Cassius to remark, that the *editio princeps*, printed by Robert Stephens, has long been the theme of bibliographical praise for the splendour of its typography, and that the *editio optima* of Reimar, 2 vols. folio, 1750, is 'one of the most correct and valuable Greek works ever printed.'

English scholars have done more for Dionysius Halycarnassensis than for the other Greek historians. A very fine edition, edited by Hudson, was published at Oxford, in 1704, and an excellent translation, by Spelman, in 1758.

Epictetus we are sorry to find totally omitted. Though of little bulk, he has had the honour of being edited by both Schweighæuser and Heyne.

It is not quite settled which is the *editio princeps* of Euripides. Mr. Moss and the generality of bibliographers assign the post of honour to a Greek quarto, without note or date, and containing only four plays, which from the resemblance of its characters to those employed by Alopa in his editions of Apollonius Rhodius, Callimachus, and the Anthologia, they consider to have been executed by that printer at Florence, about 1498. There is a copy

in the Bodleian Library, which was held in high esteem by Porson. A copy of it has brought 11*l.* 5*s.* The first edition of the entire works of Euripides is that printed by Aldus in 1503. It is considered valuable, though Brunck says it was not taken from very good MSS. A copy may be had for five guineas. English editors of this poet have not, in general, been very successful. The old folio of Joshua Barnes does not now rank very high; for Joshua was not a man of taste, and no other should edit a poet. Musgrave's edition is in no repute, but Porson's labours, as far as he went, are respectable. The edition of Beck and Mathiæ are deserving of the high reputation they enjoy; but the one for the scholar is the Glasgow edition, in 9 vols. 8vo., one of the most complete editions of a classic ever published. Editions of single plays are numerous, many of which have been omitted by Mr. Moss. We did not perceive, for instance, in his list the name of Seidler. What a precious dunce must he have been who edited the small edition, printed by Bliss in 1811, and has given the text from Barnes!

The Father of History has been always, as he well merits, a favourite with scholars, and scarcely a single bad edition of him has been sent into the world. The *editio princeps* was given by Aldus, and it is considered one of the most correct he ever printed. Those of Camerarius are "good ones." The first of H. Stephens is esteemed one of his most correct works. That of Gale, the first English one, is justly termed by Harwood "an excellent edition." Even the foul-mouthed Gronovius is not undeserving of praise. Wesseling, Reizius, Schäfer, and Schweighæuser, need only be named; and since the first volume of Mr. Moss's work has been printed, Professor Gaisford has sent forth an excellent edition, which contains the various readings of the Sancroft MS. The obligations of Herodotus to his translators are not so great as to his editors. Littlebury's is very indifferent; and though Beloe's sells, we cannot say we much admire it. It does not remind us of the curious gossiping old traveller. Larcher's French translation is very valuable; and there is in Italian an old one, by the Count Matteo Maria Boiardo, the celebrated author of the Orlando Innamorato, who must have perused the marvellous tales of our venerable author with singular delight.

From the Father of History we pass to the Father of Poetry, to whom Mr. Moss devotes 67 pages of his work. Like all other bibliographers, he expatiates with rapture on the beauties and perfections of the *editio princeps* printed at Florence in 1488, in folio, under the superintendence of Chalcondylis, which "bijou typographique" may, we find, be had for the small sum of 42*l.* In a note we are informed, in an extract from the amusing and instructive Curiosities of Literature, that Huet, Bishop of

Avranches, did actually plan the possibility of making a ~~new~~ ^{new} edition of Homer; but as the thing has never been done, it ~~was~~ rather a work of supererogation in Mr. Moss to notice it,—the hint, however, may possibly not be thrown away on Mr. Pickering. Clarke's edition is spoken of in terms of just praise. The edition by Ernesti, founded on Clarke's, is the best edition we have of the entire works of Homer. The excellent Heyne, one of the most tasteful and judicious editors that has ever fallen to any poet, we are happy to find still retains his high rank in this country; and the person who has not read the Iliad in his edition has but an imperfect idea of its sense and its beauties. Would that another Heyne arose to devote his labours to the Odyssey! The Glasgow edition of 1756—1758 is noted for its typographical accuracy, each proof-sheet having been read six times. Bishop Lowth detected but one error in it. The opinion is becoming pretty prevalent that the Iliad and Odyssey are not the productions of one mind: this has been pushed very far by the learned Wolf, who holds that of the two works a part only was composed by Homer; that the remainder was the production of the Homeridæ and other bards, and that Pisistratus and his family were the first who arranged them. This is, perhaps, going too far. R. P. Knight supposes that the Iliad was composed by one person and the Odyssey by another, and various additions made to each by the rhapsodists. The omission of the very curious edition of the two great Homeric poems by this gentleman, in what he conceives to have been their original form, with all their digammas and the spurious passages omitted, is perfectly inexcusable in our learned bibliographer. Mr. Moss has been rather negligent, too, on the subject of the Hymns: he has passed without notice the separate editions of the Hymn to Ceres (a poem conceived to be so fraught with mystery by Creuzer and others) by Ruhnken and Metzerlick. It seems also to have escaped him that the *Batrachomyomachia*, Hymns, and Epigrams were published with the scholia at Oxford in 1815. With the translations of Homer, notwithstanding the high poetic merit of some, we are by no means satisfied. Unlearned readers are still without the means of forming a just conception of the character of his poetry. Can it be that the English language is incapable of giving back his likeness, or may we still hope to see the adventure achieved?

Mr. Moss opens his second volume with Horace, to whom he has devoted a most disproportionate share of the work, not less than 109 pages; by which injudicious proceeding we afterwards find Virgil, who is certainly deserving of a more detailed account, huddled into 23, and Xenophon into three. We would with pleasure have exchanged his long notices of the Italian translations of Horace, for a little more detail on these last. Considering, however, that the editions, translations, and commentaries of Horace

have been so multiplied, Mr. Moss appears to have succeeded tolerably well in his enumeration.

For any information concerning Isæus, the student will consult the *Manual* to little purpose.

In the article on Juvenal and Persius, we noticed the omission of the curious old Juvenal printed at Paris in 1493 by George Vuolf Cadensis. It is improperly called by Mattaire a French translation, though its title is *Textus Juvenalis sine Commento*. We also missed Cramer's Commentaries on the Satires of Juvenal. In 1825 a new edition appeared of Juvenal, with notes by Weber.

The account of Livy seems very complete. There was a new edition of Drachenborgh's edition, and edited by Kreysig, published at Leipzig in 1823, and another by Goeller, with his own notes and those of Jacobs, in 1822.

Could Mr. Moss have been ignorant that there was an edition of Lucan by Schrevelius? It was published in London in 1818. He also takes no notice of the Leipzig edition by Weber in 1822, in 2 vols. 8vo.

There are various editions of parts of Lucian, all of which are unnoticed,—such are those by Leeds, Stock, Walker. We may add to Mr. Moss's account of this lively writer, that a new edition, with various readings, notes, and scholia by Lehmann, is in the course of publication: 5 volumes have already appeared.

Lucretius has not had many editors. They are all, we believe, enumerated, but some reprints are omitted, as, for instance, that of Creech, by the Foulis, and that in the Regent's Classics. Mr. Moss, we find, announces a new edition of this most original of Latin poets as preparing for publication by himself. We were actually surprised at the jump from Lucretius to Martial. Did Mr. Moss never hear of such names as Lycophron, Lysias, and Macrobius? They surely are not writers on science. Of the first, besides the famous edition by Archbishop Potter, there is a good edition by Reichard, containing the commentary of Canter, in 1 vol. 8vo., Leipzig, 1788, and another published at the same place in 1812, edited by Thrillitzsch and Müller. Lysias was published by Taylor at Cambridge in 1740, and by Auger, in 2 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1783. He has also been published by Reiske. The best editions of Macrobius are the Variorum of 1760, and the same work published by Zuenius, with the addition of his own notes, in 1774.

Mr. Moss observes, that a good edition of Martial is a desideratum. We agree with him, and we are certainly amazed how he can have so long escaped the Germans.

Two or three pages would have been quite enough for Cornelius Nepos, and then Mr. Moss need not have passed over Nonnus, the author of that curious poem the *Dionysiaca*, which, with all its extravagance, is well worth reading. The *editio princeps* is a

folio, printed at Antwerp in 1569, and the *editio optima* is in 8vo., Hanover, 1610. A new edition has been undertaken by Græfe, one volume of which only has, as yet, appeared. We looked in vain also for the names of Nemesianus, Nicander, and Oppian, who are certainly as deserving of a place in the Manual as Musæus.

The space allotted to notices of translations are frequently out of all compass. Those of Ovid occupy upwards of 30 pages. Mr. Moss has taken no notice of Mitzcherlick's edition of the works of Ovid, of Schönberger's of the *Metamorphoses*, and Mathiæ's of the *Festi*, and many others, while he cheerfully devotes half a page to a Spanish or German version that no one cares about.

Petronius Arbiter is unnoticed: the best edition is Burman's, in 2 vols. 4to., Amsterdam, 1743.

To Mr. Moss's account of Plato we shall add that the learned Ast, after having tried his strength in the editing of the Republic and the Laws, (which, by the way, are omitted, with some others, in the Manual,) has proceeded to an edition of the entire works of this philosopher, of which seven volumes have already appeared. A splendid reprint of Bekker's edition, with the notes of Heindorf, Wyttenbach, Buttman, Ast, Routh, and others in 10 vols. 8vo., is announced by Priestly, a work which promises to be the most valuable edition of Plato ever published. Mr. Moss, it would seem, does not know that the entire works of Plato (with the exception of what had been already executed by Sydenham) has been translated by the celebrated Thomas Taylor. But, indeed, we cannot blame him for being unacquainted with what few have ever heard of. The man who explains Plato by Proclus and Plotinus cannot expect to be read in this age. Mr. Moss seems also unacquainted with the French translation of Cousin.

Mr. Moss's profound feeling of delight on inspecting the *editio princeps* of Pliny, his admiration of the glossy texture of the paper, the delicacy of the type, and the blackness of the ink, his hearty congratulation of those who possess so inestimable a production, and his description of its whiteness, which almost equals that of "*rioux snow*," would be apt, we fear, to excite a smile in those who are not initiated in the mysteries of bibliography.

It was our intention to have made some observations on Mr. Moss's account of some of the remaining writers of eminence, but on looking back on what we have already written we find we have exceeded our limits. We shall therefore conclude by expressing our regret that our bibliographer should have so woefully miscalculated as to be obliged to devote but two pages to Thucydides and the same number to Xenophon, when in the earlier part of the volume he so freely bestowed page upon page to worthless and unknown translations. But as we trust the book will see a second edition, when Mr. Moss shall have attained more years

and experience, we look forward to the removal of all imperfections, and now take our leave of Mr. Moss, by assuring him of our conviction that he has made a useful book, though by no means so important or so valuable a one as he seems inclined to think.

ART. V. 1. *Friendship's Offering. A Literary Album.* Edited by Thomas K. Hervey. 12mo. Lupton Relfe. London. 1826.

2. *Janus; or, the Edinburgh Literary Almanack.* 8vo. Oliver and Boyd. 1826.

THE elegant cabinet volume first on our list belongs, it is scarcely necessary to premise, to the same delightful class of annual publications as the *Literary Souvenir*, which we noticed in the last Number but one of our Journal. We have in both the same lavish display of distinguished names to grace the list of contributions; in both the same interwoven variety of treasure, the same exuberance of wealth, scattering the choicest flowers of poetry amidst a motley profusion of prose-romance and narrative-humour.

Of these prose stories, however, — “many a tale of love, and ne’er a true one,” — we have, perhaps, something too much. Even in a common fault, therefore, the similitude holds between the *Literary Souvenir* and the volume before us; and we have here to repeat the objection which we raised against the prose-matter of the former work: — that the proportion of mere flimsy tales is far too great, to the exclusion of essays of a higher and more literary character, whether sportive, serious, or speculative.

Where the character of this volume so closely corresponds to that of the ‘*Souvenir*,’ that our general remarks may apply to either, we shall not care to dissect minutely the division of its contents; but shall take a few specimens as they happen to present themselves. In the first place, then, we shall turn, as we believe every reader will naturally, to the pieces which are illustrated by the engravings. But here, indeed, the ‘*Friendship's Offering*’ has very decidedly yielded the place of vantage to its rival. The pencil and graver have in this volume seldom achieved their share of the enterprise: they have scarcely rendered a fitting homage of embellishment in most cases, to the creations of poetic fancy which attend them.

Hindoo Girl, from a Groupe, by Westmacott. — Was there ever any thing more coarsely turned than this figure, — more thoroughly and robustly un-eastern? Was ever drawing worse than that right foot which affronts the sense, lying in such shapeless opposition to the eye, that we know it neither for sole nor instep? Does that goitred throat, and brawny arm, and clumsy form, tell of the ‘grace which, (faded) beauty ever leaves?’ Yet Miss Landon's lines are worthy of a far more graceful illustration.

' She leant beneath an alma tree, which flung
 A shower of leaves and blossoms o'er her head, —
 But faded all of them: this made the place
 A fitting temple for her; like her joys,
 The fresh sweet flowers grew far above her reach;
 But, like her griefs, the withered ones were strewed
 Beneath her feet, and mingled with her hair,
 Her long black hair, which swept round like a cloud,
 And had no other wreath than those sad leaves.
 Her brow was bowed upon a marble urn,
 Pale as its cold, white pillow; on her cheek
 Lingered the grace which beauty ever leaves,
 Although herself be gone; her large dark eye
 Was as a picture's, fixed and motionless,
 With only one expression. — There are griefs
 That hunt, like hounds, our happiness away;
 And cares that, ivy-like, fix on our hopes.
 But these are nothing — though they waste the heart —
 To when one single sorrow, like the rod,
 The serpent rod, has swallowed up the rest.
 ' Her history was on every lip; they told,
 At first, a common tale; — she loved, was loved,
 And love was destiny and happiness.
 But red war was abroad; and there are charms
 In the bright sabre, flashing to the sun,
 The banner, crimson as the morning sky
 It seems to meet, the thunder of the drum,
 The clashing atabal, the haughty steed
 Impatient for the battle, and the ranks,
 Glittering and glorious in their armed array;
 Aye, these have charms — but not for woman's dreams.
 The youth went to the warfare, where he fell,
 Unknown, unnamed, unmissed; — it is the fate
 Of thousands swept away like autumn leaves,
 Young, brave, with heart and hand, and all that makes
 The hero, — but in vain. And where is she;
 His lovely, lonely one? Not in her bower,
 Not in her father's hall; no more they see
 Her white veil floating on the evening air,
 The moon-light shining on the mystic bark
 She watched so anxiously. Again she came;
 But not the same, as when, with summer flowers
 And scented lamp, she sought the river side;
 But pale and silent, like a shadowy thing
 That has looked on the other world, and known
 The secrets of the grave, but forced, awhile,
 To linger on the earth it loathes. She held
 Within her arms an urn; beneath the shade
 Of the tree which had been the favourite haunt
 Of her young lover, at the twilight hour —
 For then they met — she placed her treasure down.
 ' It was a tale of wonder, and soon spread,
 She had been to the distant battle field,

And wandered 'mid the dying and the dead,
Gazing on many a ghastly face; at last,
She found her lover, and this was his urn. —
And leaning on that urn is her employ:
And still, at the lone hour, when the first star
Rises o'er the blue Ganges, will she sing
A low and plaining melancholy song.
At other times, she leans beside the urn,
As she were but a statue placed by grief
In memory of love!

pp. 25—27.

What have we next? — *A. Claude*, and from the National Gallery; carefully engraved, but the subject far too ambitious for the scale. Why has not the artist preferred to cull a few humbler snatches from some English landscape? But here, at least, the engraving has full as much to recommend it, as the common-places of Mr. Bernard Barton's accompanying lines.

The Honours paid to Raphael after his Death. — From a picture by Berjeret: — a picture sadly overwrought with figures, and confused in its details; and here the engraver has again mistaken exquisite minuteness of finish for every other beauty. Here we have also again some respectable lines from the pen of Miss Landon; but we implore her to remember our hint, — to abstain from quoting herself. The practice is really open to an imputation of conceit, of which we are sure she is unconscious.

We pass over two indifferent subjects, — *The laughing Horseman*, and *St. Cecilia*, — to arrive at the engraving of a *Sleeping Child after Chantrey*. Mrs. Hemans's lines are beautifully touching:

'Thou sleepest! — but when wilt thou wake, fair child!
When the fawn awakes in the forest wild?
When the lark's wing mounts, with the breeze of morn?
When the first rich breath of the rose is born? —
Lovely thou sleepest — yet something lies
Too deep and still on thy soft-sealed eyes!
Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest to see;
— When will the hour of thy rising be?
'Not when the fawn wakes, — not when the lark,
On the crimson cloud of the morn, floats dark!
— Grief, with vain passionate tears, hath wet
The hair shedding gleams o'er thy pale brow, yet;
Love, with sad kisses — unfelt — hath prest
Thy meek drooped eyelids, and quiet breast; —
And the glad spring, calling out bird and bee,
Shall colour all blossoms, fair child, but thee!
Thou art gone from us, bright one! — that *thou* should'st die,
And life be left to the butterfly!
Thou art gone, as a dew-drop is blown from the bough,
— Oh! for the world where thy home is now! —
How may we love but in doubt and fear,
How may we anchor our fond hearts *here*,

How should even joy but a trembler be,
 Beautiful dust ! when we look on thee !

pp. 181, 182.

These are immediately followed by some very beautiful lines by Mr. Hervey, the editor, written nearly on the same subject, and with a kindred spirit.

- ‘ How sweet to sleep where all is peace,
 Where sorrow cannot reach the breast,
 Where all life’s idle throbbings cease,
 And pain is lulled to rest ; —
 Escaped o’er fortune’s troubled wave,
 To anchor in the silent grave !
- ‘ That quiet land, where, peril past,
 The weary win a long repose,
 The bruised spirit finds, at last,
 A balm for all its woes,
 And lowly grief and lordly pride
 Lie down, like brothers, side by side !
- ‘ The breath of slander cannot come
 To break the calm that lingers there ;
 There is no dreaming in the tomb,
 Nor waking to despair ;
 Unkindness cannot wound us more,
 And all earth’s bitterness is o’er.
- ‘ There the maiden waits till her lover come, —
 They never more shall part ; —
 And the stricken deer has gained her home,
 With the arrow in her heart ;
 And passion’s pulse lies hushed and still,
 Beyond the reach of the tempter’s skill.
- ‘ The mother — she is gone to sleep,
 With her babe upon her breast, —
 She has no weary watch to keep
 Over her infant’s rest ;
 His slumbers on her bosom fair
 Shall never more be broken — *there !*
- ‘ For me — for me, whom all have left,
 — The lovely, and the dearly loved, —
 From whom the touch of time hath rest
 The hearts that time had proved,
 Whose guerdon was — and is — despair,
 For all I bore — and all I bear ;
- ‘ Why should I linger idly on,
 Amid the selfish and the cold,
 A dreamer — when such dreams are gone
 As those I nursed of old !
 Why should the dead tree mock the spring,
 A blighted and a withering thing !

' How blest — how blest that home to gain,
And slumber in that soothing sleep,
From which we never rise to pain,
Nor ever wake to weep!
To win my way from the tempest's roar,
And lay me down on the golden shore !'

pp. 183, 184.

The Dog of the Regiment wounded. — One sees by his drooping head, as plainly as though he could speak; that the diminutive paw, over which he hangs, has received the smart of agony. But the fellow to this engraving is still better, — *The dead Trumpeter.* It is really a beautiful little piece, and, as well as its companion, does great credit to the graver of Finden. Both these subjects are graced by some stanzas from Mr. Hervey's pen : but we shall prefer to extract his superior lines on the *View of Rouen* ; of which we have a clever engraving, on steel, by W. Cooke, jun.

' The Seine is like a belt of gold, —
Beneath an autumn sky,
That floats, in many a crimson fold,
Like a banner hung on high !
The town sleeps, darkly, on the stream, —
Where lights and shadows play,
While wave on wave — like dream on dream —
Smile, as they glide away !

' And here I stand — as here I stood,
How many years ago !
When life danced onward, like the flood,
With music in its flow !
But now, my breast, like yonder dome,
Where sleeps the Lion-heart*,
Is half a temple — half a tomb,
But has no earthly part !

' My spirit keeps the trace — like thee, —
Of many a lost parade, —
Dreams of the soul's young chivalry,
Of many a wild crusade !
— Like thee, dark town ! — like thee, in all
But thy many gushing fountains,
Yet, brightened, still, by lights that fall
From heaven, — like thy blue mountains !'

pp. 363, 364.

The remaining embellishments in the volume, to dismiss them in a word, are *The Parting*, vulgar and common-place in expression, and the last which should have been chosen for the frontispiece: *Aeneas relating his Adventures*, cold and stiff; and a *View of Ispahan*, as stately and formal as a Dutch landscape; but fol-

* The heart of Richard, of England, is deposited in the Cathedral, at Rouen.

lowed by a very tolerable eastern story, half fairy-tale, half romance, from the pen of Miss Porter. This is, however, of two unmanageable a length to extract; as is also a little sketch by the late Mr. Edgeworth, the most amusing thing in the volume. We have a pleasing paper, 'The Lady of Beech-Grove,' by Miss Mitford, though too strongly dashed with the mannerism which she exhibits in whatever she attempts. The scene of the story was

'An exceedingly pretty, inconvenient cottage, — a picture of a place; — with its French windows and verandahs, its trellis and porch covered with clematis and jessamine, its baby-house conservatory, and its miniature lawn. It was situated in the midst of woody, winding lanes, — lost, as it were, in the labyrinth of one rich and intricate country; with an open grove of noble beeches on one side of it, and a clear stream, crossed by a winding bridge, on the other. In short, Beech-Grove, with all its pretty rusticities, — its violets and primroses, and nightingales, and turtle-doves; — was the very place in which to spend the honeymoon. It seemed a spot made, expressly, for brides and bridegrooms, — doomed by the inexorable laws of fashion, to four weeks of connubial felicity to get creditably weary of solitude and of each other.

'Accordingly, couple after couple repaired to Beech-Grove. The very postillions, — whether from south or north, or east or west, — knew, instinctively, where to deposit a new married pair. There was not so pretty a dove-cote within twenty miles. Here they came in quick succession, and we had great amusement in watching them. A bridal party is, generally, very pleasant to look at, — all white satin, and white lace, and white favours, and finery and gaiety! One likes every thing about it; — the horses, so sleek and prancing; — the carriages, so ostentatiously new and grand; — the servants, so full of conscious importance, parading and bustling; as proud of their master's splendour as if they belonged to a sheriff on Lord Mayor's day, or to a winning candidate at an election time! Well, they came, and they went, — the fashionable, the titled, the wealthy, and the plain; — glad, as it seemed, to come, — and, certainly, glad to go. One couple, only, remained a little beyond the allotted time. (N.B. That bride was remarkably pretty.) They lingered on; she was charmed with Beech-Grove, and they talked of wintering there, and re-engaged the house. But, — I don't know how it was, — she was a sweet, pretty woman, to be sure, but did not look over wise; and it happened to her as to Cowley's Beauty in his "Chronicle," — her reign was short: —

"One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power."

Her husband whisked her off to Paris, at the end of five weeks.

'They were succeeded by a man in the prime of life, and a woman in its very morning; — an elegant but most melancholy pair, who brought with them no bridal favours, no gay carriages, no proud servants, no titles, no name. He was of a person splendidly beautiful, — tall, stately, commanding, — of a regality of port, and a haughtiness of aspect almost defying, as if expecting enquiry, and determined to look it down. It was only when gazing on his fair companion that his proud

bright eye softened, and his demeanour changed into the most gentle expression of tenderness and submission. He appeared devoted to her; and would read to her, on the lawn, ride with her, or drive her in a little open chaise, for hours together. She, on the other hand, although receiving his attentions with unalterable sweetness, seemed best pleased to glide away alone, given up to her own thoughts, — sad thoughts, alas! I fear they were, — cheerless prospects and mournful recollections! She would walk, with her bonnet in her hand, and her beautiful curls put back from her white temples, as if air were necessary to still their throbbing; — and she would so sigh! Poor thing! poor thing! once she came to church, closely veiled, downcast and trembling. She had forgotten the key of her own pew, and was invited, by the Vicar's lady, into hers. And she went in, and knelt in the lowest place, and sate out great part of the service. But the sermon was affecting; — it spake of female frailty, — of the woman taken in adultery, — of sin and of forgiveness. She could not bear it, and left the church. She never entered it afterwards. Poor thing! guilt was there; but shame and repentance were there, also. She was born for better things, — and shrank from the eye, as if looks were swords.

Without any intention of watching this lovely, downcast penitent, — for most lovely she was! — it so happened that I met her frequently; and, although we never spoke, she grew so far familiarized to my passing her in the lanes as not to start and tremble, at my appearance, like a fluttered dove, — as was usual with her, on the sight of strangers. She would even stoop to fondle a beautiful little spaniel, which generally walked with me; and which, with the extraordinary instinct of his kind, had been attracted by her sweet countenance, and never failed to fawn on her. *Dash* and she were quite acquainted; — she had even learnt his name. We used to meet almost every day, — especially in one spot, which soon became as much her favourite as it had long been mine.

About half a mile to the right of Beech-Grove, a shady lane leads to a beautiful patch of woodland scenery, — the lingering remains of an ancient chase. Turfy sheep walks intersect thick brakes of fern and holly, mingled with rich old thorns and the light feathery birch, and surmounted by noble oaks and beeches — the growth of centuries. In one of the recesses of the wood, — just opposite the deep, clear pond which lets the light so finely into this forest-picture, — stands a real cottage, rough, rude, irregular, mis-shapen; with its hedged-in garden, and its well-stocked orchard, — all, evidently, cribbed from the waste, and sufficiently spacious to give an air of unusual comfort to the rustic dwelling. The cart-shed, too, and the faggot-pile, and the old horse grazing before the door, indicate a considerable degree of rural prosperity. — pp. 93—96.

Then we have a long catalogue of the individuals of this family, which we omit, as somewhat tiresome and prosing. The attraction of the gardener's cottage, however, to the lady of Beech-Grove, was a little rosy cherub child among its inmates, yclept Mary North.

Her object was, evidently, Mary. At first, she tried to talk to Mrs. North — to Martha — to the little ones that dabbled round the pond:

but the effort was, visibly, painful; and she soon desisted from it, content to hang over the little girl, or to sit on the grass at her side, — sometimes crying, — and sometimes with a heart-broken look, as if her tears were gone. The child's name, if accidentally pronounced, always occasioned a convulsive shuddering; and, one day, Mrs. North, — unable to resist the curiosity excited by these extraordinary proceedings, — said to her, "I fancy, ma'am, for so young as you look, that you must have had a little Mary of your own!" — "Once!" was the answer, with a burst of bitter grief, "once!" — "It's a sad affliction," pursued Mrs. North, "to bury a baby, — especially the first. I lost mine, poor innocent! but I have thought, since, how much happier she is than my little Mary would be, if I was to die now, and leave her motherless in the wide world." — "Oh, my Mary! my Mary! my child! my child!" cried the unhappy lady; and fell to the ground, in strong and obstinate convulsive fits.

She was conveyed home, — and came no more to the cottage by the wood side. In a few days, Beech-Grove was again vacant, and she was gone, — leaving, for Mrs. North, a little green purse, containing eighteen guineas and some silver, and a small slip of paper, on which was written, "For your Mary, from a mother who *left* her child!" — Poor thing! poor thing! we have never heard of her since.

Of the tales there are two incognitos, — Marian Seaforth, and Reichter and his Stag-hounds, — which bear, unless we much mistake, many of the features of Geoffrey Crayon, in his moods of pathos and humour respectively. There are also three tales by Miss Roberts: two, German night-mares, but the third, rather an interesting story, though not very skillfully wrought in its details. It is of the love of a maiden of Ghent, Constance Lindorf, for a young knight of Burgundy, who is imprisoned and doomed to death by the rebel burghers, but escapes, with her aid, through some very improbable accidents, and far-fetched contrivances, and of course marries her in the sequel.

There are many other little poetical pieces in the volume, besides those already noticed, and some of which yet merit equal commendation. We should point especially to a striking fragment, 'Rosamond Gray,' by Barry Cornwall; to some elegiac stanzas by the Rev. Thomas Dale, and to 'The Emigrants,' by Miss Landon. But has she not here, as Lord Byron said of himself, been "dosing herself with Wordsworth?"

There are, farther in the collection, two not very remarkable sonnets by the Rev. H. H. Milman on 'The Love of God,' and many lines by, and relating to, Lord Byron; the former, valuable, perhaps, only as every minor relic of his wayward genius is now curious, and the latter, by Lady Caroline Lamb, and the Rev. C. C. Colton, not valuable at all, notwithstanding Mr. Hervey's elaborate notice of them. To this imperfect catalogue may be added four juvenile pieces, never before published, by the author of *The Seasons*, and really curious, if it be correct that they were written by Thomson in early boyhood.

Altogether, we should judge of the poetry of this volume; that it is in too mournful a strain. The proportion of elegiac stanzas is very great: with reflections on death the volume opens, with these it teems in the middle, and with these it concludes. Was it as a *memento mori* to royalty, that the opening piece, entitled 'A Monarch's Death-bed,' was made to follow immediately after the dedication to His Majesty? This is a curious piece of editorial bad taste in arrangement.

Before we conclude our notice of this work, we cannot help asking where we are to find the merit of the lines entitled 'Discretion the better Part of Valour,' by one of the 'Authors of the Rejected Addresses.' The long lease of reputation claimed upon the strength of this latter title must, we should imagine, be near its expiration. Nor can we join in any commendation of those 'splendid lines,' as Mr. Hervey is pleased to designate them, addressed to an Owl, on the occasion of a late murder. They seem to us to excel only in that preposterous extravagance, which is too often in these days mistaken for the fire of poetic imagination.

We come now to Janus; or, the Edinburgh Literary Almanack.—It would be difficult, we believe, to find either reason or application in the title of this miscellany. Its contents have special reference neither to the past nor the new year; none of its pieces, even, are purely occasional; and if an almanack it be, it is, certes, beyond all experience, the most convenient and universally desirable article of the kind that the world has yet enjoyed: seeing that, like the list of immovable feasts, it is suited full as well for any one year as another. But, perchance, our almanack-editor is an etymologist, and may have recourse to the exploded derivation which would identify the word with a "new-year's gift," because, on that day, saith your man of lore, the Arabian astrologer was accustomed to make presents of his ephemerides. Ephemerides! but here have we none; matter ephemeral enough, it is true, but neither diurnal, hebdomadal, nor monthly.

Yet the title may not be without its use — in an advertisement. The Literary Almanack, from the scientific school of "the northern Athens," has an attractive sound. The mere word "literary" is a sure bait for every simple book-club, and every "true blue" in the country. A "literary almanack" has, in title at least, the semblance of family-commodities for all ages and conditions: poetry and sentiment for the young ladies; astrological predictions of political wonder and national woe, set into marvellous proper verse, for their grandams; and for the travelling, agricultural, and professional animals of our own sex, sure prognostics of foul and fair weather, of terms and returns, of full moons and eclipses. What if all this prove like the juggling promise of Macbeth's witches; what if it be no more than an empty sound,

“That palters with us in a double sense,
That keeps the word of promise to the ear,
And breaks it to the hope;”

what if the poetry be bad, the sentiment mean, and the note of tides and seasons to be found only in the broken faith of the title? Still, we repeat, that title is a good one — for an advertisement. But why *Janus*? This word, at least, has here neither attraction nor meaning. Why Bifrons? To what purpose is the double impress of his face, but to deceive; to what end doth he look two ways, but to mislead our expectation? For this is not the Biceps of the poet; he is here neither “*anni tacite labentis imago*,” nor yet the herald of the future: he has upon him neither the mark of observant retrospect, nor of sagacious foresight.

The book abounds in matter of all sorts, from the grave, metaphysical, political, and miscellaneous essay of imposing length, down to the *jeu d'esprit* of four pages, or the epigram of the same number of lines. Of this “*farrago libelli*,” numbering altogether some sixty articles, the lighter prose-pieces are by far the best; and three or four of the tales are really very spirited and humorous. Such are the life of that heroic French dog, Moustache; Saturday Night at the Manse; and the Fortunes of Daniel Cathie, Tobacco-nist. As a specimen of the best matter of the volume, we shall give the first of these, because it is the only one not too long for insertion in our pages, and is at least equal in spirit to either of the others.

Moustache was born at Falaise, in Normandy, as nearly as can be ascertained, in or about the month of September, 1799. The family being numerous, he was sent, at the age of six months, to Caen to push his own fortunes, and was received into the house of an eminent grocer, where he was treated in the kindest manner.

But, strolling about the town one day, not long after his arrival, he happened to come upon the parade of a company of grenadiers, who had just received the route for Italy. They were brilliantly equipped, — their spirits were high, and their drums loud. Moustache was fired on the instant with a portion of their fine enthusiasm. He cut the grocer for ever, slunk quietly out of the town, and joined the grenadiers ere they had marched an hour.

He was dirty — he was tolerably ugly — but there was an intelligence, a sparkle, a brightness about his eye, that could not be overlooked. “We have not a single dog in the regiment,” said the *petit tambour*, “and, at any rate, he looks as if he could forage for himself.” The drum-major, having his pipe in his mouth, nodded assent; and Moustache attached himself to the band.

The recruit was soon found to be possessed of considerable tact, and even talent. He already fetched and carried to admiration. Ere three weeks were over, he could not only stand with as erect a back as any private in the regiment, but shoulder his musket, act sentinel, and keep time in the march. He was a gay soldier, and of course lived from paw to mouth: but, long ere they reached the Alps, Moustache had con-

trived to cultivate a particular acquaintance with the messman of his company, — a step which he had no occasion to repent.

‘He endured the fatigues of Mont St. Bernard with as good grace as any veteran in the army; and they were soon at no great distance from the enemy. Moustache by this time had become quite familiar with the sound not only of drums but of musketry; and even seemed to be inspired with new ardour as he approached the scene of action.

‘The first occasion on which he distinguished himself was this: — his regiment being encamped on the heights above Alexandria, a detachment of Austrians, from the vale of Belbo, were ordered to attempt a surprise, and marched against them during the night. The weather was stormy, and the French had no notion any Austrians were so near them. Human suspicion, in short, was asleep, and the camp in danger. But Moustache was on the alert; walking his rounds, as usual, with his nose in the air, he soon detected the greasy Germans. Their knapsacks full of sourcrot, and rancid cheese, betrayed them to his sagacity. He gave the alarm, and these foul feeders turned tail immediately, — a thing Moustache never did.

‘Next morning it was resolved, *nem. con.*, that Moustache had deserved well of his country. The Greeks would have voted him a statue; the Romans would have carried him in triumph, like the geese of the Capitol. But Moustache was hailed with a more sensible sort of gratitude. He would not have walked three yards, poor fellow, to see himself cast in plaster; and he liked much better to tread on his own toes, than to be carried breast high on the finest hand-barrow that ever came out of the hands of the carpenter. The colonel put his name on the roll: it was published in a regimental order, that he should henceforth receive the ration of a grenadier *per diem*, and Moustache was “*le plus heureux des chiens*.”

‘He was now cropped *à la militaire*: — a collar, with the name of the regiment, was hung round his neck, and the barber had orders to comb and shave him once a-week.

‘From this time Moustache was certainly a different animal. In fact, he became so proud, that he could scarcely pass any of his canine brethren without lifting his leg.

‘In the mean time a skirmish occurred, in which Moustache had a new opportunity of shewing himself. It was here that he received his first wound, — it, like all the rest, was in front. He received the thrust of a bayonet in his left shoulder, and with difficulty reached the rear. The regimental surgeon dressed the wound which the Austrian steel had inflicted. Moustache suffered himself to be treated *secundum artem*, and remained in the same attitude, during several entire days, in the infirmary.

‘He was not yet perfectly restored when the great battle of Marengo took place. Lame as he was, he could not keep away from so grand a scene. He marched, always keeping close to the banner, which he had learned to recognise among a hundred; and like the fifer of the great Gustavus, who whistled all through the battle of Lutzen, Moustache never gave over barking until evening closed upon the combatants of Marengo. —

‘I think it has already been observed, that Moustache owned no particular master, but considered himself as the dog of the whole regiment. In truth, he had almost an equal attachment for every one

that wore the French uniform, and a sovereign contempt to boot for every thing in plain clothes. Trades-people and their wives were dirt in his eyes, and whenever he did not think himself strong enough to attack a stranger, he ran away from him.

‘ He had a quarrel with his grenadiers, who, being in garrison, thought fit to chain Moustache to a sentry-box. He could not endure this, and took the first opportunity to escape to a body of chasseurs, who treated him with more respect.

‘ The sun of Austerlitz found him with his chasseurs. In the heat of the action he perceived the ensign who bore the colours of his regiment surrounded by a detachment of the enemy. He flew to his rescue, — barked like ten furies, — did every thing he could to encourage the young officer, — but all in vain. The gentleman sunk, covered with a hundred wounds; but not before, feeling himself about to fall, he had wrapt his body in the folds of the standard. At that moment the cry of victory reached his ear; he echoed it with his last breath, and his generous soul took its flight to the abode of heroes. Three Austrians had already bit the dust under the sword of the ensign; but five or six still remained about him, resolved not to quit it until they had obtained possession of the colours he had so nobly defended. Moustache, meanwhile, had thrown himself on his dead comrade, and was on the point of being pierced with half-a-dozen bayonets when the fortune of war came to his relief. A discharge of grape-shot swept the Austrians into oblivion. Moustache missed a paw, but of that he thought nothing. The moment he perceived that he was delivered from his assailants, he took the staff of the French banner in his teeth, and endeavoured all he could to disengage it. But the poor ensign had griped it so fast in the moment of death, that it was impossible for him to get it out of his hands. The end of it was, that Moustache tore the silk from the cane, and returned to the camp limping, bleeding, and laden with this glorious trophy.

‘ Such an action merited honours; nor were they denied. The old collar was taken from him, and General Lannes ordered a red ribbon to replace it, with a little copper-medal, on which were inscribed these words: — “ Il perdit une jambe a la bataille d’Austerlitz, et sauva le drapeau de son regiment.” On the reverse: — “ Moustache chien Français: qu’il soit partout respecté et cheri comme un brave.” Mean time it was found necessary to amputate the shattered limb. He bore the operation without a murmur, and limped with the air of a hero.

‘ As it was very easy to know him by his collar and medal, orders were given, that at whatever mess he should happen to present himself, he should be welcomed *en camarade*; and thus he continued to follow the army. Having but three paws and one ear, he could lay small claims to the name of a beauty; nevertheless, he had his little affairs of the heart.

‘ At the battle of Essling he perceived a vidette of his own species; it was a poodle. Moustache seduced the fair enemy, who deserted with him to the French camp, where she was received with every consideration.

‘ This attachment lasted the best part of a year. Moustache appeared before his comrades in the new capacity of a father; and the Moll Flags of the regiment took great care of his offspring. Mou-

stache seemed to be happy. His temper was acquiring a softer character. But one day a *chasseur*, mistaking his dog no doubt, hit him a chance blow with the flat side of his sabre. Moustache piqued to the heart, deserted, abandoning at once his regiment and his family. He attached himself to some dragoons, and followed them into Spain.

Moustache was killed by a cannon ball, on the 11th of March, 1811, at the taking of Badajoz. He was buried on the scene of his last glories, collar, medal, and all. A plain stone served him for a monument; and the inscription was simply,—

“CY GIT LE BRAVE MOUSTACHE.”

‘The French historian of Moustache adds, but, we hope, without sufficient authority, that the Spaniards afterwards broke the stone, and that the bones of the hero were burnt by order of the Inquisition.’—pp. 139—146.

In a more serious strain we have one little tale, — Miles Atherton,—which is really executed with considerable power, and offers a touching and painful story from humble life of blighted industry, of want, guilt, and wretchedness. This is not the work of a common hand; and we regret that we cannot afford room for it. Nor, as a piece of some curiosity, must we omit to mention the Arabian ‘History of Alischar and Smaragdine,’ — a tale certainly not without value as one of the genuine collection of *The Thousand and One Nights*, lately recovered in Egypt by M. von Hammer, and translated into the German by Professor Zinserling. No English version of the stories thus regained has yet appeared; but the editor of this volume informs us that he is indebted to a friend, who is now occupied in preparing one for the press, for the permission to print a specimen of his labours.

We have now said, we fear, almost all that we can say in commendation of this volume. In lauding exclusively some of the lighter prose-pieces, we shall be understood to have put in a caveat against the extension of the praise to the poetry of the collection; and this, to say the truth, for the most part narrowly escapes the reproach of being execrable. Indeed we have sought in vain for even a few stanzas worth extracting. Such as it is, moreover, it is very little of it original: though we should scarcely object to this alone as a fault, since thoughts may at least be borrowed from a foreign language, though mellifluous versification cannot. But here, even in the choice of subjects for translation, little skill has been shown. We have versions from the French, from the Dutch and the German, from Boxman, Müller, Glück, and, lastly, from Goethe, the only name in the host which is dear to song, and the specimens of whose sonnets thus given have little more than that name to merit attention.

We must not omit to do justice to the paper entitled “Hints concerning the Universities.” Though rather “lengthy,” for it occupies above forty pages, and, perhaps, a little out of place,

it is a very sensible article, full of impartiality and candour; and offers some useful thoughts, at least worth consideration, for the improvement of our great English seats of learning.

ART. VI. *Anselmo: a Tale of Italy.* By A. Vieusseux. 2 Vols. 8vo. London, Charles Knight. 1825.

WE are at a loss to determine the department in literature, to which these volumes ought to be referred. They are employed too copiously in the detail of real occurrences to be placed in the class of romances; and, on the other hand, the admixture of fiction is in too large a proportion not to draw down upon the work the interdiction of the jealous spirit of history. The political events which have been brought into requisition by the author are, doubtless, of the most durable attraction: they are, however, most unseasonably dwelt upon, and they bear a disproportioned length to the body of the story. Another defect is the tardy appearance of the hero on the scene. It does not take place until the middle of the piece, and even then the introduction of *Anselmo* is attended with the sacrifice of two other principal personages, just at the time when they had fixed all our anxieties. But the irreparable fault of this author is the capricious and wanton speed, with which he proceeds to a close. At the moment when we should have thought that the fate of *Anselmo* was ripe for some consummation, or another; when death or marriage, or a promise of marriage, or a mortal malady, ought in the natural course of distribution to have been his lot, — at this precise moment he is unceremoniously dismissed from the scene, leaving us in most unsatisfactory uncertainty as to the nature of his destiny. To what purpose are we instructed in the history of the youth, if it be not destined to throw some light on the character of the man? The portrait is not merely unfinished: it is scarcely begun. When we find *Anselmo* supplied with extraordinary energies, his childhood enveloped in mystery, himself made the early object of domestic oppression, crossed, denied, “perplexed in the extreme” by the conflicting influences which have power over him, we are naturally led to expect that a full harvest of incidents of the most moving interest awaits us in our progress through the story. But the account is cut short. We find nothing in the sequel to justify so much preparation. There is no result from all the signal qualities with which the hero is invested. His wonderful judgment does no good: his firmness is unrewarded: his adventures terminate in a totally useless change of scene: he finally shares none of that retributive happiness to which antecedent adversity gives him a poetical claim.

It is due, however, to M. Vissieux to observe, that his sketches of some of the boldest episodes in modern history have all the animation of passing events. His descriptions of scenery also exhibit a well regulated enthusiasm for the works of nature. There is in his production no great variety of characters, nor any of that artful blending of contrasts for the sake of effect, which is so stale a resource with some of our novelists. An experienced hand is visible, in tracing the workings of a youthful mind under the application of contradictory impressions, and the whole is softened by a spirit of enlarged liberality, which conciliates the reader into a candid and impartial consideration for all religious and political systems.

The time at which this narrative commences, is about the era when the revolutionary infection, such as it was in France, spread to the states of the Italian peninsula. We have an account of its first advances in that quarter, in the history of the fortunes of an Italian Duchess, Donna Leonora, and a young Frenchman, De Bree, who had been clandestinely united in marriage, and who took up their residence in a secluded mansion not far from Naples. Here the lady gave birth to Anselmo, who in the fulness of time proved a source of much disquietude to his parents, partly from the newly awakened opposition between the different creeds of the father and mother, of which he was the unconscious origin, and partly from the peculiarity of the education which a concurrence of unfortunate causes traced out for him.

Anselmo was naturally susceptible and warm-hearted; he had inherited his mother's pride and his father's susceptibility. He was not to be conquered by harsh treatment, especially when that treatment appeared to him undeserved; he remained silent; sometimes he shed tears when alone, but never in the presence of Mr. De Bree: he rose at his approach, answered his questions, but never spoke first or begged any favour. He felt no aversion, but little affection. His mind dwelt upon itself, and he acquired a sort of vague romanticism, a habit of changing his ideas as the decorations of a stage. He looked through his latticed window at the gardens beneath, envied the working people who were in them, because they appeared to be free, inhaled the cool sea-breeze with delight, and looked at the blue expanse of heaven and sighed; at other times he cried again like a child. He contracted a sort of intimacy with that beautiful insect the green and gold lizard of the south, which crawled up the wall to his window; even a spider in a corner of the ceiling was to him an object of interest. Through the key-hole of his room-door, which was in a line with the loop-hole that gave light to the passage, he had a glimpse of the distant Apennines, and inhaled the refreshing tramontane or northern breeze that blew from them; he ate his solitary meal with keen appetite, and his health, naturally good, remained unimpaired, only he acquired a thin and slender habit of body.—Vol. i. pp. 134, 135.

The progress of the revolutionary spirit among the Neapolitan people, the disorders of which it was the fruitful parent, the military

movements which followed, the insurrections, the wars, the horrors that attended the reign of anarchy, are successively described. The retirement of the French troops from Naples, whither they had been dispatched upon the usual mission of confusion and blood, released the native insurgents in that city from any further restraint, and they immediately proceeded to the work of indiscriminate massacre and plunder. De Bree could not expect that his family or property should long remain in safety. One evening his peaceful residence was invaded by an armed band: his property was pilaged, and he and his family were conducted as prisoners to a neighbouring convent, the head-quarters of Pape di Grana, an insurrectionary leader. There De Bree undergoes a hasty trial, which, through the interference of Donna Leonora, would have ended in the release of the prisoner, but fearful of provoking the popular fury which was strongly directed against De Bree, the Calabrian chief resolved upon placing him in the hands of the Cardinal Ruffo, the royalist commander, then stationed in a distant part of the city. The whole scene is a counterpart of one of those mob-trials, which were so frequent in Paris during the reign of terror. The result is, that De Bree is put to death by the populace on his way to the Cardinal's.

The education of Anselmo at Rome furnishes the author with opportunities of exhibiting several of the least known peculiarities of the "eternal city," and the manners of its inhabitants. We do not remember to have seen any where so lively a picture of the pontifical court, as that which M. Vieusseux presents to us in pages 21—26. of the second volume. Too great a portion, however, of this volume is spent in a detail of the political vicissitudes which the Italian governments encountered during the agitated reign of Napoleon. The personal history of Anselmo, almost from the time of his leaving college, ceases to have any interest; and he appears to be transported from place to place, and to be brought in contact with different communities, for no other end than to justify enlarged local descriptions, and curious details of peculiar habits. As soon as the society into which we follow him, or the scene which he contemplates, are introduced to our attention, Anselmo retires from our view altogether; nor is there a thought bestowed upon him, until the presence of the new acquaintance is got rid of by our author. In short, the subsequent part of the story shows Anselmo to be no longer the hero, whose actions and sufferings should constitute the centre of a system of dependent events. His life appears to be the sport of a restless and capricious fancy, which finds nothing worthy of being dwelt upon, except the beauties of the scene where he may accidentally stray, or the political incidents of which he is a spectator. Though we are warned that the fiction is intended merely as a mode of connecting a series of important public events, yet it is impossible not to feel

disappointment at the manner in which the interesting character of the youthful Anselmo is suffered to lose its hold upon our sympathies, when it would have been no difficult task in the author to enable him more strongly to engage them. In pursuance of the plan which has been thus adopted in the construction of this tale, we find that probability and consistency are violated in the character of the chief person, in order to complete the political narrative; and as soon as the crisis of events renders it proper for the author to break off, Anselmo vanishes altogether.

To every reader, therefore, who expects 'a Tale of Italy,' this work will prove a source of considerable disappointment; while, on the other hand, it will be productive of much information, as well as instruction, to those who can prevail on themselves to look upon it as a mere narrative of public events, embracing an interval of twenty years; — a period during which 'all the elements of society were in fermentation, and the poor as well as the rich, the obscure as well as the noble, were tossed about in the general storm.'

ART. VII. *Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach.* Written by Herself. 2 Vols. 8vo. Colburn. 1826.

THERE is a fashion in all things. Some illustrious, or jocose, or mad genius strikes out a whim; thousands and tens of thousands, born to imitate, run after the celebrity of the inventor, and whether it be a new method of curing the gout, or of making a fortune out of the air, or of legislating for the human race, fashion is the grand impulse, sanction, and promoter, of all.

To this patroness we owe many absurdities; among others, the stories of the third-rate actors, waiters, and chambermaids. In this order of production, the style is of course in keeping with the habits of the author. Repartees out of the approved collections are the wit, green-room touches of character are the life, and utter amazement at any thing above punch on the table constitute the manners.

The present fashion is that of "biographies." This will be the most popular and permanent of all, if there were a thousand. When Alexander Stevens published his treatise, "Every Man his own Punster," he was justly considered as adding largely to the comfort and independence of society. "*Every Man his own Letter-writer*" was another step, yet productive of occasional disasters in the correspondence of high life. But next to the famous independence of "*Every Man his own Gardener*," the freest and most elevated is that which is now asserting its claims, "*Every Man his own Biographer*." The phrases of "good-for-nothing life," a "worthless life," will cease to exist in the language. The bibliopolist will be the great vindicator of the age, and the wondering world will discover that the lives of those fair and

fashionable personages, whom they have hitherto rashly classed among the childish, the ridiculous, or the profligate, are actually good for something.

The Margravine of Anspach, whose Memoirs we have now before us, was born in December, 1750, the youngest daughter of the fourth Earl of Berkley, K. T., by a Miss Drax of Charborough, in Dorsetshire. Her father died when she was but five years old. Her mother married Earl Nugent, an Irishman of some pleasantry, and renowned for the national talent of marrying rich widows. He was the husband of three, each bringing him an estate.

Lady Berkley was 'lively and handsome, and lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess of Wales, mother of the late King: she had no love for children.' This want of nature was probable enough in a lady of the *reign* of Lady Suffolk, her relative. Lady Berkley's neglect was fortunate for her children: the Earl sent for a respectable woman, a Swiss, the wife of a German tutor of one of the family. The German and his wife were fixed in a house on one of the estates, where they took charge of the Margravine, and her sister Lady Georgiana. Their education was plain and rational; exercise, early hours, piety such as children could comprehend, music and languages, filled up their time. The subject of this memoir became gradually a graceful and accomplished young woman. Nature had made her pretty; and if nature had also made her volatile, feeble-minded, and fond of pleasure, it was not the fault of the honest Switzer. The portrait in the front of these volumes is very like what she was even a few years since, — a pretty *piquante* physiognomy, a slight and well-formed figure, and a manner more foreign than English, animated and extravagantly fond of display, altogether made up what must have been in early life a very striking and attractive creature.

The biography of Her Ladyship might be told in a few lines. She had a booby husband, who after living with her thirteen years, and having seven children, went off with a mistress. Her Ladyship took her *revenge*, and travelled about with her friend. This friend was the Margrave of Anspach. He was a husband, but that made no difference in the system of the German etiquettes. His Princess at length "politely died." Almost at the same time, Lord Craven, who had occupied his means in stage-coach driving, pugilism, and general festivities of the same nature, died, leaving little to be inherited but his tastes; and Her Ladyship immediately married the Margrave. The rest of the story is more known. The Margrave sold his little kingship to Prussia, and came to live in England, in the early part of the French Revolution; a lucky change for a man who had nothing to gain in the plunder of thrones, and who thought of nothing but theatres, running horses, and women of easy morality. Brandenburg-House, since renowned for the residence of a still more public personage, became the receptacle of amusements of every species, and the Margrave.

was as idle, busy, and happy, as any prince on or off the throne in Christendom.

Yet in all this path of enjoyment there were occasional thorns. Queen Charlotte would not receive the Margravine at court. Her Majesty had, it is to be presumed, her reasons for this formidable interdict. The Margravine was forced to compensate herself with society which had no fear of the Lord Chamberlain before their eyes. But she seems to have borne up against those mortifications with spirit. She gave dinners and dances, received the dying commands of the Margrave, that 'his grey horse should run' for the Newmarket cup, buried him, and went abroad once more, to rove through the classic shades and orange-groves, where she and her friend had wandered when they both were younger.

We shall now turn over these rambling volumes, selecting such fragments as occur to our eye; premising that the whole is written in the most giddy, incoherent, and gossiping style that can possibly be contrived by the pen even of fashionable biography.

The writer's idea of her own appearance is sufficiently panegyritical.

'The impression which I received from my mother's conduct produced that look of modesty and timidity, which, contrasted with my natural vivacity, and love for all that was gay and cheerful, *fascinated every one in so powerful a degree!*'

'It is matter of regret to me that there is no picture of me which has done me *justice*, or is even like me. The figure in all the whole lengths is spoiled, and even Madame Lebrun, who has painted a three-quarters' length of me, has made an arm and hand out of all proportion to the chest and shoulders. The picture of me by Romney, which was at Brandenburg-House, and is now removed to Benham, has by no means given a just idea of either my face or figure. The former is much too severe, and the latter much too large.' — Vol. i. pp. 11, 12.

Her husband's character is rapidly sketched, and gives a deplorable picture of the propensities and education of a large class of our "fortunate youths."

'His (early) life was one continued ramble: — to hunt in Leicestershire, — to drive the Oxford stage, — to see a new play in London, — to visit Lord Craven (his relative) of Coombe-Abbey, or Admiral Craven of Benham, were his continual occupations. He had a dislike to remain longer than three weeks at a time at any place; which when I had observed he kissed my hand and said, "Till I lived with you, my love, I never stayed three days in one place." — Vol. i. p. 53.

If Her Ladyship was not deceived in the opinion of her own importance, she was offered the opportunity of being involved in an unlucky affair of state soon after her separation.

'My mother at this time earnestly recommended me to go to Brunswick, assuring me that the Duke would be very glad to see me. Why she had this wish, I did not know at the time. But I afterwards discovered, that the Duchess of Brunswick was anxious that one of her

daughters should become a Princess of Great Britain, for which reason she was civil in the extreme to the people of our nation. As I had an utter aversion to all kinds of matrimonial speculations, and that I might hereafter have nothing that my conscience might *upbraid* me with, I positively declined the remotest interference, either by word or action, which might *deprive a female of her liberty.*'— Vol. i. p. 99.

The Margravine, then a free wanderer, seems to have had a strong idea of the horrors of being bound to a husband. She arrives at Florence, and astonishes the population by a side-saddle.

'As I rode on horseback, on a side-saddle, I excited the astonishment of every body: the peasants, in particular, who passed me on the right side, used to exclaim, "Ah povera! — una gamba!" (poor dear creature, but one leg!)

'The brilliancy of the moon, which I observed when going to Florence, reminded me of what M. Carracioli had said, "Que la lune de Naples valait bien le soleil d'Angleterre."

'On my arrival at Venice, when passing by the great canal, I called to mind the words of the Abbé Coyer, who says that "Rome est battie par les hommes, mais Venise par les dieux." Having formed my own ideas of it from the different pictures I had seen, I expected to have found a cheerful city, but was greatly disappointed. The innumerable gondolas floating on the water like so many coffins, and the dismal appearance of the outside of the houses, the fine palaces having most of their windows closed half-way by dirty shutters not painted, did not form so lively a scene as is generally described.'

While still Lady Craven, she strays from city to city, and receives all kinds of civilities and gallantries from men and monarchs, attracts the eyes of the Austrian Emperor, the King of Poland, and a whole tribe of Grand Dukes, ambassadors, and ministers. She at length makes her way, in defiance of cold and storm, to St. Petersburg, where Catherine, then in her supremacy, welcomed a woman who had some resemblance to herself. There she was feasted in the high style of that half-oriental court. We are afraid that our English preparatives for foreign guests, must seem rather beggarly in contrast with the attentions and hospitalities provided for strangers abroad in every kingdom:—those of the Russian court were quite imperial.

'The Empress was at the expense of many entertainments. At M. D'Osterman's there was a ball every *Sunday* night. At the Dowager-Princess Galitzin's a supper every *Sunday* night; besides which, Count d'Osterman, who was vice-chancellor, had a table for sixty foreigners every Wednesday. All these were paid for by the Empress.'

'We like the fêtes; we dislike the day. One of the absurdities of mankind is the passion for huge precious stones: — diamonds, too huge to use as ornaments, and too precious to be kept any where but under double locks, and detachments of infantry. We have had something of the same folly here in older times; but, if report say true, some of our most gigantic diamonds are excellent crystal;

quite as good are to be seen for a shilling, and have the advantages of being much easier provided, and much less anxiously kept. France, Austria, Russia, and the great Mogul, were once the envied possessors of the largest lumps of this expensive mineral.

We have said that these volumes were a mere *mélange* of anecdotes and rambling observations. Nothing can be more desultory, than the road by which the fair author makes her way through the history of herself. A mention of her beauty gives her occasion to talk of every *belle* from Semiramis downwards. She touches on eloquence, and we are sure to have several pages of declamation about Demosthenes and Cicero; Pliny the Younger does not escape her, and Lord Chatham is her certain prey. Thus she totters on, sometimes amusing, always superficial, exhibiting the half reading of a French *bel esprit*, and the solid and ambitious blundering of an English blue-stocking. But as we are not without a portion of that gallantry, which it was Lady Craven's fortune always to inspire, if not to reward, we shall confine ourselves to the more amusing part, and begin by an anecdote of the famous Clairon, who, after having captivated all France on and off the stage, carried the remnant of her charms to the mart of Germany. One evening, when Clairon was performing in Paris the part of Ariadne, being extremely unwell, and fearing she should not be able to get through the character, she had ordered a couch to be placed on the stage, to relieve her in case she should be overcome with fatigue.

'Towards the conclusion of the play, her strength failed, where she had to express her despair at the flight of Phædra and Theseus, and she fell lifeless on the couch. The quick perception of Mademoiselle Brilland, who played the *confidante*, suggested the idea of occupying the scene by a *jeu de theatre*. She fell at her feet, took her hand, which she bathed with tears. Her words, slowly articulated, gave Clairon time to re-animate; and rising, she threw herself into the arms of her *confidante*. The audience, *in tears*, acknowledged this mutual intelligence by the loudest applause.' — Vol. i. p. 219.

Clairon was an old woman when she came to besiege the thrones of Germany, and she was ninety before she died. Nothing could be more profligate than her life, yet she perpetually complained of the excessive delicacy of her feelings. She was like all the Frenchwomen that ever existed, a "martyr to her sensibilities." Of what nature these sensibilities were, in her peculiar instance, may be concluded from the fact, that in Paris she limited herself to three lovers at a time, 'one of whom,' as Lady Craven says, 'she deceived, one she received *à la dérobée*, and one she left to live on sighs.'

The picture of foreign manners thus given, is of the same colour with all that the world has so long known, of the extreme and unblushing vice of the continental courts, little and great. Mistresses openly, and even ostentatiously exhibited; miserable intrigues of every kind, licentious and politic; wretched expedients to keep up

this profligacy, and, as the result of the whole, public and personal meanness, folly, corruption, and degradation. Are we to wonder that the French Revolution, mad as it was, should have been let loose to scourge and trample upon those base and scandalous voluptuaries?

Clairon lived in due Parisian and prostitute pomp at the court of Anspach. Four French footmen in livery, with a madame femme de chambre, valet, lacquey, and that grand indispensable, a French cook, made but a part of her expenses. Her wines were from the Margrave's cellars; she gave *petits soupers* to the Prince and his population, and altogether drew desperately upon the "Chamber of Finances" of this kingdom of square inches. But a perilous competitor was at hand.

'It was at this period of her grandeur that I made *my* appearance at Anspach;' thus announces her triumph the author of these volumes. 'As it was impossible for Clairon to be blind to the *sincere regard* which the Margrave had for me, it was of course to be expected that my presence should rouse her feelings, and prompt her to attempt to work upon the Margrave by every means in her power.'

This declaration is explicit enough on the part of one lady. The other was all on flame, and blazed forth immediately in one of those turgid, silly, and affected rants, which some persons pronounce the perfection of nature and oratory!

Clairon takes the unhappy Margrave to task in the true heroine style:—"Your unbridled passion for a woman, whom unfortunately you *alone* do not *know*, the overthrow of your plans, and *my destiny*! your entire disregard for the public opinion! the *licentiousness* of your morals, your want of respect for your own age and dignity, have obliged me to discover in you either a vicious soul," &c. She then proceeds, in the language of "injured innocence," to tell him, that "his inhumanity, &c. have not caused a change in her line of conduct; that by her silence, particularly on the subject of his *mistress*, and by his leaving her house, she had prevented the completion of her injuries!—That, however, now the veil is fallen, she discovers herself to have been the miserable victim of his egotism and various fancies;" adding, in the true Madame d'Epinay jargon, that "he had not blushed to appear before her eyes as a tyrant, wishing to assassinate her by torments: just Heaven! are you the man whom I have held up as the model of virtue?" and so on through four or five pages of "tortured sensibilities," and French nonsense.

Lady Craven now eclipsed every thing at Anspach. The Margrave's wife, a princess of the Saxe-Cobourg family, was a poor, sickly creature, full of etiquette and disease. The Englishwoman, young, pretty, and fully alive to the uncertainty of all earthly supremacy, more than a match for the French actress, of course threw this unhappy princess of silence and sourkrout to an immeasurable distance. The Margrave, who seems to have had a strange passion for the relations of paternity, now found her a new name. He

had called Clairon "*his mamma*," he now called Lady Craven "*his child*." Her Ladyship, probably not liking this affinity, called him "*her brother*." And altogether, allowing for the little differences that will occasionally disturb the best domestic arrangements, they made a very gay and harmonious family-party.

We gladly turn from this view of society, to some of the anecdotes which relieve the general gossiping. The following gives a pleasant idea of the *nonchalance* of the great, in lands where a man is nothing unless he is a king or a prince. The Prince of Bevern had served in the Seven Years' War, as a volunteer under Frederic. After the taking of Dresden, three or four thousand Austrian prisoners enlisted in the Prussian service, rather than go into confinement. They were formed into regiments, one of which was given to the Prince. The King was soon after repulsed before Prague, and the Austrians walked off, to a man. The Prince, left without his regiment, *dared* not report this summary desertion to the King, but took care to keep in his sight. At length he was asked, "Where was his regiment?"—"Gone off, Sire," was the answer.—"And you may follow them," said the King.

Lady Craven has had the merit of proposing a grand political measure,—the English reader will scarcely conjecture what,—"*the partition of Denmark!*" It would have been, she tells us, '*much more worthy of those three august monarchs, the Emperor of Germany, the Empress of Russia, and the King of Prussia, to have divided the Danish dominions among them, than to have torn in pieces the kingdom of Poland, "already dissevered by intestine divisions."*' Of course, the circumstance of Poland being torn in pieces already, much lowered the honour which they might have won, by breaking up a solid and united kingdom.

But Her Ladyship goes through the whole cutting up of Denmark with the *sang froid* of a thorough *stateswoman*, and tells us, that had a general arbitrator been appointed, he might have given the island of Zealand to Russia; and the Sound, with the West India islands, to Prussia; the Danish fleet, and Norway, with a free trade up the Baltic, between Norway and Prussia; and to the Emperor, Holstein, Jutland, and all their dependencies on the Continent, with, as Her Ladyship very justly observes, '*eternal oblivion to Danish politics.*'

It must be allowed that this dissection is very prettily done, and in a style worthy of any cabinet-minister existing. Yet the hint is probably borrowed from the projects of that grand cutting-up period, when an emperor was an emperor indeed, just before that furious revolution, which, among its evils, brought the good of teaching an emperor that he might be no more than a man. What other kingdoms *convenient* to the military powers of Germany and the north might have been intended for this anatomy, is now a question of the past. But it is not impossible that Her Ladyship's project might have been realised long before this, and

Russia and Prussia have found the Danish fleet and the ~~Sand~~ ^{Sea} so essential to their comforts, that 'Danish politics would have been indeed buried in oblivion,'—in oblivion with man, but not with that Eternal Power of judgment and justice that scourges the ambition of the covetous and the bloody, that will demand fearful retribution for every drop of innocent blood spilt on the road to unhallowed domination, and that, whether He decrees this stern atonement by the devastation and disgrace of the land, or the burning of a capital, or the deeper curse of contested successions and civil war, will inflict it to the uttermost. The malediction of Poland has already lain heavy on the heads of Prussia, Russia, and Austria. Their armies slaughtered, their people spoiled, their capitals in the hands of the insolent enemy, the "iron entering into their souls," all have followed that most sanguinary and guilty aggression. Whether they have been yet pardoned, or have yet to undergo a deeper and final punishment, time, and possibly no remote time, will tell.

Lady Craven repeats the often-told story of Lord Thurlow's answer to the Dissenters, who solicited his vote for the repeal of the Test-Act:—"When you were uppermost, you kept us down; so now that we are uppermost, we will keep you where you are." This answer has, we think, been denied, but it is characteristic of His Lordship: it is insolent, empty, and brutal.

There are some allusions to the fortune of the opera people, of whom Her Ladyship speaks with something of envy. After the saying of an old Sicilian nobleman, that "female dancers never had any genius, because their minds fell into their limbs, and their greatest understanding remained in their feet," she gives as a contradiction, that where the question is concerning their interest, they are 'eagles whose genius soars to rise to a rapid fortune.' The poetry of the figure is itself almost a panegyric. She then gives a sketch of the soaring of those 'eagles,' for whom history finds a much humbler name. Madame Coupé, the figurante, retired from the opera with all the honours of the dance. The *entrechét* procured her 25,000 livres a-year! Mademoiselle *Vestris*, a name, as it would seem, of undying theatrical productiveness, in following the graces, attained a brilliant fortune! L'Allert ruined *only one* prince: to be sure, it was not her fault that she did not proceed further in the art, for he was the only one in France to ruin: her companions had already arranged the affair of finance with all the rest! Mademoiselle Guiman held a *court*, beside "spectacles:" she was looked upon as surprisingly *moderate*: for she spent the Prince de S—— only 100,000 livres a-year for her table, and 50,000 under that general, curious, and indescribable head, her *menus plaisirs*!

After those little hints of the advantages and honours of theatrical propensities, we cannot be surprised that Lady Craven had a strong propensity to theatres. Her anecdote of the court-tailor,

which ~~we~~ ^{we} are not repeat, shows the happy ease of those manners which our fair countrywomen, from fifteen to fifty, are now vividly studying on the Continent.

Old Prince Kaunitz was once to the traveller in Germany, what old Voltaire was to the traveller in Switzerland, a regular head in the chapter of anecdote. Both were coxcombs, and both deserving of contempt from the public that turned both into wonders. Kaunitz, a fop of the first water in his youth and middle age, became a miserable and troublesome *egoiste* in his old. Selfishness, the natural product of courts, becomes a part of soul and body in a despotic court. Kaunitz, at the time of Lady Craven's visit, was nothing more than a disgusting and insolent old woman, eaten up with self-conceit and *gourmandise*. At his own table he was 'particularly fond of venison.' No man who expected to get or keep any thing in the whole compass of the empire, of course, 'dared to ask to be helped to venison twice.' An English officer, however, unacquainted with this vulgar etiquette, or probably, and rightly, not caring a straw about it, had the hardihood one day to send up his plate for a second slice. Kaunitz was perplexed, perhaps whether he should banish him from the imperial confines, or merely prohibit him his table for ever. 'Upon such occasions,' says Her Ladyship, with a gravity worthy of the emergency, 'I generally look down, but on this I fixed my eyes on his, and said, "Excusez, un soldat Anglois aime le cerf, et n'en trouve pas souvent."' There never was such a thing done before! *Gourmandise* itself yielded to such unexpected courage. Kaunitz smiled, and gave away the 'second slice' for ever. The whole table-full, who had watched this delicate piece of diplomacy with palpitating bosoms, 'were delighted with me!'

The officer did not understand French, and we look upon this as the luckiest part of the performance, as Prince Kaunitz might have very rapidly discovered the inconvenience of this insult, and the empire might have lost the oldest puppy in Europe.

The Margrave at last, sick of sovereignty, and possibly afraid in that age of seizures, for it was about the commencement of that revolutionary war, to which we have had so frequent occasion to allude, that his little territory would be swallowed up by some of the great devourers, who were open-mouthed on all sides of him, sold his principality to the late King of Prussia, and wisely embarking his person and property in the fortunes of England, left the Continent.

Here, however, matters are not managed with so much deference to the tastes of the noble and royal; and His Highness's household affairs began to be treated with a want of ceremony equally surprising and afflicting to the Margrave. He seems to have wished to bribe off the newspapers, but Her Ladyship, knowing the world better, told him that this would be only throwing his money away, and hoped that they would go the length of libel. This would have

undoubtedly been the most adroit mode of turning the tables imaginable. For thus Her Ladyship would raise the supplies upon the enemy, and instead of bribing, would possibly be bribed.

The Margravine's first salutation on her reaching England was certainly embarrassing: it was a letter signed by her three eldest daughters, and couched in these words:

“ With due deference to the Margravine of Anspach, the Miss Cravens inform her, that, out of respect to their father, they *cannot wait upon her!* ”

Nothing could be more explicit. But there was “ worse behind.”

‘ The next affront that I met with was a message sent by the Queen to the Margrave, by the Prussian minister, to say that it was *not her* intention to receive me as Margravine of Anspach.’

She had also made the attempt to be received as *Princess Berkley!* To her application on this point *no answer* was returned!

Court-honours were now out of the question; and the Margravine devoted herself to much pleasanter and quite as rational things, to fêtes, dances, and private theatricals: she turned her pen to translations of French farces and interludes, and thus wrote *The Princess of Georgia, The Twins of Smyrna, Nourjahad*, and several other pieces for the theatre at Brandenburgh-House. She was a musician, and composed some airs. She knew, of course, the whole crowd of those pleasant men, the Hares, Selwyns, Andrewses, and Colmans, who flourished forty years ago, and who have thrown our day into dulness, a thousand degrees deep in comparison. The old dramatist Murphy lived near her, and sometimes told her stories. Sheridan, worth all the wits of his day and every day before him, even stole one of her plays, and was on a footing of box-lobby jesting with Her Highness. Charles Fox gave and received repartees in her presence; and at the head of a household of thirty servants, a German prince, and sixty horses, nothing could be happier, more busy, or more brilliant than the Margravine.

She had all the family-animation to sustain; for the Margrave ‘ never talked on politics, nor religion, nor love.’ He must have been a very profound person. But his wife talked for him, and sometimes on the oddest of all subjects as referred to the individual; for instance, ‘ I remember I once gave my opinion to Beckford upon the subject of *love*. As we were alone, he asked me to give him a definition or explanation of love; as he believed, he said, that I must have seen more of the effects of that passion than *any other woman!*’ On this dialogue we venture to make no comment.

The world has already heard, we might have supposed, all that it could ever hear of Johnson, but the Margravine gives some fragments of him still. He one evening took it into his capricious head to defend drunkenness; and it must be owned he defended it in a manner not unworthy of his theme. 'He supposed me to be walking in the street, and attacked by a drunken man, and ended by saying, "she might push him into the kennel with her little finger; and how impossible it must be for a man to do much mischief, whom this little finger could repel."'

It had been observed, that it was "surprising that Johnson would suffer Davies the bookseller to write Garrick's life." Johnson replied, with great disdain, "I think Mr. Davies the bookseller is quite equal to write the life of David Garrick!"

But he was sometimes insolent without the excuse of pungent phrase. At a party of Lady Lucan's, on Johnson's being announced, Her Ladyship rose and paid him some high compliments: he stopped her by saying, "Fiddle faddle, Madam," turned his back upon her, and left her standing by herself in the middle of the room!

Fox, who loved to enlist all the women in his politics, from a Covent-Garden apple-woman up to the Duchess of Devonshire, one day came in, crying out "A miracle, a miracle: Craven, who never till yesterday opened his lips in the House of Lords, spoke." He then described, with much good humour, a speech which Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, had made, and had ended by asserting as a fact, something of his own invention. Lord Craven rose, to the astonishment of the whole House. Loud murmurs of disapprobation at Lord Sandwich's assertion had passed into a deep silence, to give audience to a peer, who before had never uttered a word. Lord Craven looking steadfastly at Lord Sandwich, exclaimed, "That's a lie!" and immediately sat down again. The House burst out into a convulsion of laughter.

The next anecdote exhibits a feeling which we should not readily expect in a conqueror, and of all men, in a French conqueror. The night before the battle of Rancoux, Marshal Saxe was sitting in his tent in profound reverie. M. Senac, who alone was with him, enquired the cause of his reflections. The Marshal replied, in the verses of Andromache:

"Songe, songe, Senac, à cette nuit cruelle
Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit éternelle,
Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris des mourans
Dans la flamme étouffés, sous le fer expirans."

He added, a moment after, "And all these soldiers think nothing of this." The meditation was as manly and natural as it was melancholy and true.

His semi-royal birth, for he was the illegitimate son of Augustus the Second, King of Poland, constantly stimulated him to sove-

reignty. But he had come into the world at a perverse time for this kind of ambition. Half a century later might have given him his choice of half the thrones of Europe, and extinguished the fortunes of Napoleon in the splendours of his own.

His first idea was to erect Courland into a monarchy, and to make himself king. In this he failed. He then had a nobler object in his grasp and flung it away, nothing less than the crown of Russia. In 1726, the Duchess-dowager of Courland had fallen in love with him, and he might have married her. But his negligence was too palpable, and she finally abjured the too general lover. But in 1730, the Duchess, who was niece to Peter the Great, was called to the Russian throne. Her lover then flew back, but it was too late, and, with his repulse, dreams of conquest that included Turkey, Persia, India, and all the world besides, vanished into the air.

This warlike visionary then lowered his imaginations, and thought of collecting the *Jews* into a sovereignty! He next projected a kingdom in the Brazils, then thought of Corsica, and finally died a subject, and a victim to experiments, which the foreign manners and more than feminine knowledge of the Margravine allow her to hint at in surprisingly explanatory terms.

An encomium by Burke on a poem of Mr. Jerningham's is recorded here. "I have not seen any thing so well finished a long time," said Burke: "he has caught fire by approaching in his perihelion so near the sun of our poetical system." Her Ladyship adds, that 'she never liked Burke's conversation: it was too flighty.' We will allow, that if it was all like this Her Ladyship's aversion was perfectly justified.

Her Highness mixes together, with infinite ease, Wilkes, Thurlow, Scipio, Cicero, Pitt, Christina of Sweden, Oliver Cromwell, and Horne Tooke. She throws them up with the promiscuousness, of an earthquake, and treats them with as little ceremony. Of the last individual she tells, that on his trial he baffled Thurlow and Kenyon, which is true enough, for he had more acuteness than either. Kenyon, we are told, never forgave this discomfiture. But Thurlow, who probably had no objection to see his professional brothers made ridiculous, called on Tooke in 1802. "Mr. Tooke," said he, "I have but one recollection which gives me pain." Tooke, with his habitual bile, answered, "You are a fortunate man, my Lord, for you have been Attorney-General, Lord Chancellor, and Keeper of the King's Conscience." The conversation was not broken off by this sneer, for which Thurlow was of course prepared. "As Attorney-General," replied he, "I must confess to you, that I was prevailed on to act against you, and against my own feelings, for I had always an esteem and friendship for you!" — "I am aware of it, my Lord," was Tooke's answer. — "I was with you the day before the prosecution against me for a

libel on the King's troops in America, and at that time you made me a promise to perform your duty with impartiality, and without rancour. Notwithstanding this, you laboured with all your might to convict me."—"It is true, Mr. Tooke," said Thurlow. "I acknowledge it, and I lament it. So now, good morning, and farewell."—"Stay my Lord," said Tooke: "if I could not escape you then, you shall not escape me now."—"What is it you mean?" exclaimed Thurlow: "I fear no man on earth, nor shall you threaten me with impunity."—"I mean, my Lord, that you shall stay and dine with me."—"No; I will come to-morrow." He kept his word, and they remained friends during life.

How much of this curious rencounter may be true, we cannot say, but it has the merit of being characteristic. Her Highness was certainly not led by any personal partiality to give Tooke credit even for the humble honours of repartee.

She describes him as one whose rancour was dreaded and abhorred; who took a peculiar delight in looking for errors and blemishes, and enlarging them by his fertile imagination into every kind of mental deformity. The singularity of his disposition made him 'neither an enemy to vice, nor a friend to virtue.' He would see the one oppressed, and the other extolled, without any sensations but 'those which might create an occasion for him to take advantage of either.'

It is not impossible that if this character should be true, it was like most characters, chiefly the result of the painful circumstances in which Tooke had placed himself in the beginning of his career. An unlimited passion to be a public man, inconsistently with the habits and purposes of his sacred profession, a sense of superior acuteness, and a consciousness that all the avenues of that ambition which he loved, were naturally closed upon him, made him peevish in private life, and fierce, hazardous, and revolutionary in his more general and ostensible career. An accomplished scholar, a dexterous sophist, and a ready and pungent conversationist, Horne Tooke undoubtedly made the great and common mistake of conceiving that the talents of the table were the talents for the noble requisitions of public eminence.

His first experiment on that wider scale proved to his associates, if the conviction came more slowly to himself, that he was not made to be a national champion. He wanted comprehensiveness, power and dignity of mind: he would have found it more congenial to him to make his way by sap than by storm. In the presence of such men as Burke and Pitt, Fox and Sheridan, his light would have been not merely rivalled, but cast into utter and disastrous eclipse: the minute adroitness of the sophist would have been beaten down, and trampled by the magnificent march and athletic weight of the great champions; and his criticisms and repartees would have been forgotten in his extinction. His effort in the House of Commons was altogether *contemptible*: it threw

his associates into dismay; but it surprised no one who had reflected on the infinite difference between dexterity and vigour, between the pungencies of familiar conversation and the stern and lofty demands of debate in national council.

That Horne Tooke was a remarkable man is not to be denied; that he must have become superior, in debate, at one time or other, to nine tenths of that miscellaneous and most ineloquent assemblage who settle the affairs of the land, will be readily conceded. But it is no less unquestionable, that he would have been to the last only a third-rate figure. Even before the mob he was feeble: the verbal keenness and minute ingenuity of his mind were the direct opposite of those large and vigorous faculties which impress great bodies of men; and on the hustings, beside Fox and Sheridan, he shrank into sneer, sarcasm, pun, nothingness!

Even his literature, on which his only hope of legitimate fame must stand, was narrow, diminutive, and hypercritical. His "*Diversions of Purley*," palpably the work of a subtle mind, is also, as palpably, the work of a perverted judgment. Its mixture of politics and philology not merely detracts from the usefulness of the performance, but throws ridicule on the understanding of the writer. It has, of course, nearly passed away from all sober study; and is now looked into chiefly for the amusement of those who can be diverted with the definitions and divisions of exploded faction; with the laborious burlesque of serious things, and with the eccentric abuse of talent and time.

The latter part of these volumes is a *pasticcio* of anecdotes of Napoleon, Desaix, the Margrave, and every body in the range of Her Highness's hearsay.

We had known that the late King of France was a scholar and a *bel esprit*. But we are here let into the arcana of his royal authorship. When Monsieur, he wrote a comedy, in three acts, "*Le Mariage Secret*," which was, we believe, a translation from the "*Clandestine Marriage*," and which he wished to have represented under the mask of his Secretary Ducis, the imitator of Shakspeare *à la Française*. But Ducis, secretary and Frenchman as he was, was too nervous about his reputation to let it take its chance on the same vessel with a Bourbon. He declined the honour; another less scrupulous secretary was found; the play was performed, and "*Monsieur*" was hissed by deputy.

Under the name of Morel, he had two operas performed: "*Paminda*," and the "*Caravane du Caire*," to which Gretry contributed that pleasant music, which was all-popular with the French parterre. He also penned politics, which were published in the *Journal de Paris*; and criticised in the other journals as keenly as if the name of the whole blood royal were subscribed to them. But to criticise kings, or those who may be kings, is among the hazards of journals, and some of them are supposed to have fallen

under the displeasure of Louis XVIII. for having observed on the lucubrations of Monsieur le Comte de Provence.

At length, the Margrave died. He was in his seventieth year. His relict's description of him is not the most brilliant of all conceptions; but he had merits not unworthy of the sovereignty of any little Germany principality. 'His complexion was fair, his hair brown, his eye blue.' He fenced, rode, danced, and was a good shot, 'played well at billiards and all games,' and, besides, 'played the violoncello.' 'This was an extensive round of accomplishments, and worthy of his native throne. The Margravine pleasantly enough adds, after an inspection of so many years, that 'had he been in a class of life to have chosen a profession, she would have *advised the stage!*' She was probably quite in the right.

We are told that the late King of Prussia executed a bond to the Margravine of 2000*l.* a year to be paid to her after the Margrave's decease. This bond was ratified by the present King. Nothing could appear more liberal. But, unfortunately, 'not a shilling has ever been paid!' The Margravine's first idea was to take an action in the English courts, and bring His Majesty of Prussia into the hands of Mr. Scarlett. But she had a due horror of law. Rothschild, who is ready with a contract for any thing, offered to contract with her for the arrears, but, after some negotiation, she declined the offer, relying on the Prussian exchequer. We consider Her Highness as ill advised on this occasion. She appears to have lived in a state of great discontent with those important things, the newspapers, and to have been married, by report, over and over again, on the first notice of her widowhood, to all kinds of persons 'from princes down to private individuals.' But the event proved their error, and she now continues oscillating between Italy and England, enjoying life with the pleasantries of a foreign *belle*, and we hope with the comforts of an English lady. She has had her day: it was an amusing, and certainly not a very innocent one. She has now turned her life to its best account by writing it; and, though it contains many exceptionable passages, indeed so many as to render it unfit to be admitted into any family-circle, which is yet free from the contamination of foreign manners, we cannot deny to the author the merit of having written a work in other respects highly entertaining.

ART. VIII. *The Songs of Scotland*, ancient and modern; with an Introduction and Notes, Historical and Critical, and Characters of the Lyric Poets. By Allan Cunningham, Author of "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," &c. 4 Vols. 8vo. London, John Taylor. 1825.

THE interesting as well as the useful part of an enquiry into the ancient lyrics of any country appears to us to begin at that era, when they first assume those peculiarities by which they are afterwards permanently distinguished. We need no antiquarian in-

dustry to affirm, that songs have been coeval with the existence of every society. At least, there is no historical fact determined by more abundant proof than this, that songs were familiarly known to the Celtic and Teutonic communities long before they undertook their western migrations. We are not, however, disposed to speculate much as to the primitive state of poetry among those tribes; and when Mr. Cunningham assures us in the opening of his introduction, that 'the greatest lover of Scotland will be unable to find the wild flowers of her lyric verse floating farther up the stream of history than the reign of Robert Bruce,' we adopt the figurative statement, as the candid testimony of one who would have been nationally proud of tracing those wreaths to a more remote part of the stream, if he could have found any authority to support him.

We also believe that we avoid an unnecessary part of this enquiry when, in defiance of Mr. Cunningham's example, we abstain from the controversy, as to the existence of native English minstrels, which Percy broached, and which Ritson learnedly discussed. The same reason would induce us to pass over those occasional lyrics which a temporary impulse, either of a political or a religious kind, has added to the poetical literature of Scotland from time to time; and to this motive we sacrifice the consideration of those songs, which the Reformation in Scotland had violently engrafted on the stock of its national poetry. After we get rid of the warlike and the religious effusions, we shall see a tendency in Scottish song to form itself into the entertainment of a purely domestic people. Love is always welcome to the national muse of the country, but never more so than when he is accompanied by Hymen. Every amorous swain is a professed suitor: — in all his fondest speculations he has an eye to marriage; — if he praises the personal beauty of his mistress, — the penetration of her eye, — the gloss of her hair, — the unrivalled proportion of her form, — he dwells on these subjects only to enhance his anticipations of the post-nuptial felicities of a warm fire-side, and a race of "bonnie bairns." When the "Gaberlunzie Man" of King James had induced the daughter of the gudewife who had sheltered him to accompany his wanderings, the royal poet has not forgotten to give the sober enjoyments of domestic life a prominent place in his narrative. The first glimpse we catch of the fugitives discovers them in the homely employment of eating,

' Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.'

The strains of gallantry are numerous enough in the Songs of Scotland; but even these irregular effusions draw their materials from, and tend strongly to support a preference for, the habits of domestic life. In the representations of that enduring mutual

affection which is the innocent boast and the happy consolation of some superannuated couple of rustics, we perceive a feature that is almost peculiar to the lyrics of that country.

When Mr. Cunningham attempts to trace the connection which exists between the customs, the superstitions, and the songs of his native country, he has scarcely done more than enumerate those sources of verse which are known to prevail among every people. Spirits, good or bad, are universally appealed to in poetry, — verse is as generally esteemed indispensable to the efficacy of a charm, — in every country births and marriages are celebrated, and deaths are lamented, in numbers. In most nations, also, as well as in Scotland, the popular belief in fairies gave rise to a very large share of their poetical literature. But the popular superstitions, and all those amusements which were associated with them, were soon diminished by the Reformation; and the lines from Bishop Corbet's facetious ballad are no less witty than historically just:

“ By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were Ave-Maries,
Their dances were procession.” *Fairies' Farewell.*

To this enumeration of the probable means which have affected the progress of Scottish song, Mr. Cunningham adds the account of a species of popular pastime, the traces of which are not yet altogether obliterated in the north. We confess that, in the pantomimic gestures, and irregular interchange of musical snatches, which give to these amusements so much of the character of a rude dramatic essay, and to the due conduct of which, song, in its genuine sense, appears to be no indispensable auxiliary, we do not discern those elements of influence, from which the lyrical poetry of the country might have experienced any modification. But we follow Mr. Cunningham with pleasure to the consideration of an obvious and interesting source from which the songs of Scotland must have drawn much of their attractions.

‘ The condition of the bulk of the Scottish population was in itself favourable for the production and continuance of song; and long after the minstrels were forgotten, many of the peasantry, without perhaps any skill in music, supplied their place in the recitation of romances, in the chanting of ballads, and in the singing and sometimes in the creation of songs. Such men I remember — a kind of district historians, who had a tale for every hill, and a song for every stream, and a proverb for every casualty in human life and affairs. They knew the history of each family, and the characters of the living and the dead: they could see in a rising name the fulfilment of some ancient prophecy, and in the sinking of another that some long treasured-up curse was coming to pass. At the hearth where they were seated for the evening were gathered many of the youths and many of the maidens of the district, and songs, and tales, and anecdotes abounded till midnight. They had grave songs for the grave, and gay songs for the gay

ner when the cups were moving and the maidens away did they want some of those free and characteristic strains which abounded when the kirk sought to chasten song by means of the "Godlie Ballads." I claim for these parochial poets neither the name of minstrel nor the importance of the art. But if they communicated none of the lofty, buoyant, and elegant spirit to verse which the minstrels are supposed to have supplied, they certainly brought a *naïveté* and rustic skill, a freshness and originality of thought, and maintained that lively dramatic cast of composition which has given so much spirit to northern song. If they had not the outward look, nor came in the pomp and circumstance of the ancient lyric professors, neither were they rewarded with chains of gold, and embossed cups, and costly dresses. The payment they received was more agreeable to their vanity than to their avarice, and the world grew daily more penurious; for I once heard a person of this description declare that Nithsdale was for him half-a-crown a week worse than when he first knew it.

Another source of song may be found in those evening meetings, or trystes, which for various purposes of pleasure or thrift are still popular in the lowlands. They took their name from the purpose for which they were assembled; and they originated probably in that spirit of good-fellowship and mutual obligation which Scripture enjoins, and which our early presbyterian divines pressed so anxiously on their flocks. The pursuits of pastoral or rural life present, it is true, no meetings of ranks or of opulent beauty, and no dignified labours, such as beseeem knighthood and may be worthy of the courtly muse. To card wool, and spin yarn, and acquit themselves in the pressing labours of domestic life, are matters which have a mean sound, and may seem no very elegant work for those who infused fresh feeling and new spirit into Scottish song. Nevertheless, our assertion is true, and we have the authority of Burns to support us, if any support were needed. It was at a "Roking" on Eastern's E'en when he first heard the song of old Lapraik; and at similar meetings I have not only heard new songs of merit introduced, but curious variations of old ones sung, and very clever opinions expressed on their merits. To such meetings we owe many variations which we have in ballad and in song, which change the sentiment, and alter the narrative, and remove the heroine of the old bard to make room for some district beauty.

To the sharp encounter among the provincial wits we also owe many curious and felicitous interpolations, humorous or sarcastic, of which several examples might be given. The great excellence of all such changes is not so much the new turn which they give to the song, as the way in which they are wrought into the narrative, and seem to be as natural as a new bough is to a tree. In these meetings it would be idle to seek for that refinement of expression and courtliness of sentiment which public taste demands now; and yet, amidst the rudest of our strains we have touches of natural delicacy, and verses of as exquisite grace of expression, as are to be found in the more elaborate compositions of the muse. Talk, it is true, intervened; and stories and mirth interposed to prevent the evening from becoming tedious by the repetitions of lyrics, many of which were old and well known; and episodic passages of love or recognition would assist in adding variety to the domestic picture, and contribute some of those characteristic charms which a painter uses in emblazoning as with national heraldry,

the main object of his composition. Still, however, song was one of the chief spells which called the meetings together, and the genius of the rustic muse was not more brought into action than the natural good taste and the sweet and exquisite voices of some of the maidens in singing. —

‘ If we look around, too, while the song is singing we shall see all nature, the hill, the vale, the stream, and the pastoral loveliness of the place, in strict union with the poetry, and forming a kind of framework, or historical accompaniment, such as Burns beheld on the robe of Ceila. Impressions as vivid as these have been frequently excited while I listened to the song of a maiden, herself yet unseen, coming winding and flowing among the broomy knolls and honey-suckled hollows of my native land; or when, accompanied by the shepherd’s pipe, she

‘ Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,
And sang with much simplicity — a merit
Not the less precious that we seldom hear it.’

Vol. i. pp. 153—156. and pp. 157, 158.

Mr. Cunningham then touches on the influence which prevails over all others in giving impulse to song: need we say it is the passion of love, as it operates upon the simple but sensitive youth of a country, remote from the corruptions of luxury, and abounding in the most picturesque scenes of nature? The last source which he specifies as contributing to the creation and preservation of song, is the winter fire-side of the farmer or cottager. Of the humble and innocent felicity which is enjoyed there, and the amusements of which it is the theatre, Mr. Cunningham has given a very marked and interesting picture. But in the comparison which he institutes between the songs of England and those of his own country, he is led into the natural mistake that as the popular songs of Scotland have been incorporated with, and are recognised as a legitimate part of, her literature, those of England have been complimented with the same privilege. This is not the case. Neither the strictly popular ballad-writers of England nor their productions find a place amongst her poets or their works; and Johnson, Delaney, and Elderton, the three most fertile composers, or the most industrious collectors, of ballads, are scarcely known to the general reader to have been in existence. The description of English song, in which Mr. Cunningham then has indulged, applies very properly to the compositions of our Cowleys, Ethereges, Sedleys, Careys, &c., and the other polite poets, who wrote exclusively for the educated circles. We could easily show, by countless examples, that the properties of the English popular song bore a much nearer analogy to the national lyrics of Scotland, than the comparison of Mr. Cunningham would allow us to suppose. The doubtful parentage of the well-known song, “Tak your auld Cloak about ye,” and the still undetermined question as to its English or Scottish descent, raise

a strong presumption that there must have existed a long connection between the lyrical productions of both kingdoms. This was an interesting part of his subject, which might, with great advantage, have employed the diligence of this editor. He would have found very many songs, confessedly of English origin, which by analogy of sentiment or narrative, by resemblance of expression, or identity of chorus, would have brought to his mind some of the most popular lyrics of his native country. ‘Lord Maxwell’s Good Night,’ for instance, is only in several parts a variation of several English songs that bear the title of “Good Night,” and many of the verses in the above lyric very closely resemble those of one of the oldest popular ballads we have in England, “Essex’s Good Night.” But this affinity between the songs of the two countries is more closely shown in the example of a very beautiful composition, “Lady Ann Bothwell’s Lament,” which has been always deemed one of the most undisputed descendants of the Scottish muse, and has obtained very just praise from Percy for its simplicity and pathos. We have seen a black-letter English ballad which has precisely the same thoughts and sentiments, and almost in the same order as the Scottish production, but in our opinion uniting more tenderness, with obviously more correctness. It is entitled “Lullaby, to a pleasant Tune.” The following is the first verse :

“ Come little babe, come little soul,
 Thy father’s shame and mother’s grief :
 Born, as I doubt, to all our dole,
 Unto thyself unhappy chief ;
 Sing lullaby, and keep it warm :
 Poor soul, it thinks no creature harm.”

Having thus traced out what we think to be the leading defects of the preliminary dissertation on Scottish song, we are bound to acknowledge that upon the whole it is an able and luminous composition. It is free and spirited, but desultory, and tending too often to speculation : it exhibits more of native strength than the elegance of a disciplined taste ; more of confidence in internal resources than of patient diligence in seeking auxiliary information. With regard to the collection itself, looking at the number and variety of songs which it embraces, and remembering the general merit of the lyrical poetry of Scotland, we do not hesitate to say that it constitutes a valuable body of popular literature. The whole of what has been contributed now, for the first time, to the lyrical treasures of the north, from the hidden sources of tradition or manuscript, is, however, very inconsiderable. The voluntary emendations of Mr. Cunningham, at the same time, are, we think, too profusely hazarded. Substitutions of modern for what has been deemed obsolete expression, abridgments, additions, are effected upon a principle too arbitrary, we think, to be necessary or useful. In fact, Mr. Cunningham is open to the imputation of mixing up

too readily the poet with the editor, and showing too great a facility of assisting himself in the one character against the difficulties which he encounters in the other. He has adopted that mode of illustrating the songs in these volumes which was commenced by Percy, and followed by others who undertook the protection of lyric productions. He brings a great deal of historical and local information to the task ; his anecdotes are generally interesting and appropriate ; the criticisms are sketchy, direct, and commonly just ; but sometimes in the effort to be concise, the editor falls into the error of being general and superficial.

We are under the necessity of passing by the lyrical relics which have been saved to us as the production of James V. ; for the address which Mr. Cunningham has shown in other instances in dealing with the licentious compositions of his earlier countrymen, has not been quite so successful in the purgation of the effusions of the royal poet. We select the following beautiful song of Alexander Montgomery, as modernised by Mr. Cunningham :

- ' Hey, now the day's dawning,
The jolly cock's crowing ;
The eastern sky's glowing,
Stars fade one by one ;
The thistle-cock's crying
On lovers long lying,
Cease vowing and sighing,
The night is nigh gone.
- ' The fields are o'erflowing
With gowans all glowing,
And white lilies growing
A thousand as one ;
The sweet ring-dove cooing,
His love-notes renewing,
Now moaning, now sueing,
The night is nigh gone.
- ' The season excelling
In scented flowers smelling,
To kind love compelling
Our hearts every one ;
With sweet ballads moving
The maids we are loving,
Mid musing and roving
The night is nigh gone.
- ' Of war and fair women
The young knights are dreaming,
With bright breast-plates gleaming,
And plumed helmets on ;
The barb'd steed neighs lordly,
And shakes his mane proudly,
For war-trumpets loudly
Say night is nigh gone.

‘ I see the flags flowing,
 The warriors all glowing,
 And, snorting and blowing,
 The steeds rushing on ;
 The lances are crashing,
 Out broad blades come flashing,
 Mid shouting and dashing —
 The night is nigh gone.’ Vol. i. pp. 274, 275.

In this version, which is, to southern ears at least, much more agreeable than the original, we see the danger of the task which Mr. Cunningham has imposed on himself. He acknowledges that the peculiarity of the rhyme obliged him to deviate from the strict meaning of the ruder strain, and ‘ to seek for matter more tractable.’ The reader, therefore, who would hope to derive from the songs in this collection any insight into the older manners of Scotland must be extremely cautious, in order to discriminate between the true ideas of the original, and the graceful interpolations of the editor. Indeed these songs are stripped of much of their authenticity, where they are not given in their native rudeness, as well as in the translation of Mr. Cunningham. The difference between them is sometimes so great that not only the measure of the original is changed, but the train of thought that pervades it wholly lost sight of. One example will be sufficient.

‘ I’d rather be fast than free,
 I’d rather be still than move ;
 My love has a man of me,
 Who loathes all things but love :
 O what can one desire,
 But love that’s frank and free ?
 If love were a burning fire,
 I’d rather be burnt than flee.’ Vol. i. p. 305.

Let the reader compare this with the original.

‘ I rather far be fast nor free,
 Albeit I might my mynd remove ;
 My maistress has a man of me,
 That lothis of every thing but love.
 Quhat can a man desyre ?
 Quhat can a man requyre ?
 But tyme sall caus him tyre,
 And let it be ;
 Except that fervent fyre
 Of burning love impyre,
 Hope heghts me sik a hyre —
 I rather far be fast nor free.’ Vol. i. p. 307.

We must content ourselves with two other specimens of this collection. The following beautiful lines are from the polished pen of Sir Robert Ayton :

- ' I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee ;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee :
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be lov'd by none.
- ' I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisseth every thing it meets.
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.
- ' The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells !
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells ;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.
- ' Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile !
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.'— Vol. i. pp. 320, 321.

It is remarkable that Burns failed in attempting to curb the stately march of these lines, by the introduction of a simpler and a more Scottish phraseology. Since his famous *Langsyne*, we agree with Mr. Cunningham that nothing has appeared more beautiful than the following stanzas on the same endearing theme. The author is not known.

- ' When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trode on thirty years,
I sought my lang lost hame again,
Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens if the dear friends I left
Will aye continue mine ?
Or, if I e'er again shall see
The friends I left langsyne ?
- ' As I came by my father's tow'rs,
My heart lap a' the way ;
Ilk thing I saw put me in mind
O' some dear former day :
The days that follow'd me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Which gars me think the joys at hand
Are naething to langsyne.
- ' These ivy'd towers now met my e'e,
Where minstrels us'd to blaw ;
Nae friend came forth wi' open arms —
Nae weel kenn'd face I saw

Till Donald totter'd frae the door,
Whom I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad come back
He bore about langsyne.

'I ran thro' every weel kenn'd room,
In hopes to meet friends there;
I saw where ilk ane us'd to sit,
And hang o'er ilka chair:
Till warm remembrance' gushing tear
Did dim these een o' mine;
I steek'd the door and sobb'd aloud
As I thought on langsyne.'

Vol. iii. pp. 335, 336.

*ART. IX. *Naval Sketch-Book*; or, the Service Afloat and Ashore; with characteristic Reminiscences, Fragments, and Opinions on Professional, Colonial, and Political Subjects; interspersed with copious Notes, Biographical, Historical, Critical, and Illustrative. By an Officer of Rank. 2 Vols. 8vo. London. Colburn. 1826.

By far the greater part of these volumes must be utterly unintelligible to all but naval men: to them it will afford a considerable treat; and as we were at sea ourselves, long ago, in our youth, we also can taste its humour perfectly. There is a strange disposition, however, among readers, to relish what they do not perfectly understand; and we have no doubt that a considerable portion of the interest of the Waverley novels, particularly in all the Scotch parts, arises from their being in a language of which we barely comprehend the meaning. What is odd enough, this is seldom admitted by the English, who pretend they understand what is written completely, and, in point of fact, they have no means of measuring their ignorance: they feel gratified, and they imagine it is from comprehending the matter thoroughly; while it is only Scotch people who can by possibility enter into the full spirit of many passages, which, nevertheless, in England, have the highest popularity. So it is with writings such as this, where the sea-slang, which must be Hebrew to most readers, will be read with interest. In both cases, however, one essential point must be attended to, — the language must be correct in its way, otherwise it totally fails to produce the effect. An English reader, quite ignorant of the Scottish language, will not indeed be able to rectify the errors of a pretended Scotch expression; but such false writing will strike the eye of the reader, and be felt as inaccurate, he does not know why. Whereas, if the whole be true to the life, it will leave an impression of fidelity, and convey an interest which it is the writer's object to inspire: just as we say of certain portraits of persons we have never seen; we are certain they must be likenesses. It is the same with nautical or any other professional phraseology: if it be strictly such as is used by men engaged in those employments, it

bears the stamp of authenticity, and is felt to be characteristic, by every reader, however ignorant of the particular habits and occupations to which the language has reference. The contrary is still more striking; and when an author, such as the writer of a recent novel, who has never been in blue water in his life, pretends to introduce old admirals, who talk of "splicing the mainmast," and such nonsense, the most inexperienced reader detects at once that the author's ocean is a mere horse-pond.

From all pretensions of this kind, the reader of the *Naval Sketch-Book* is quite safe: every word smells of pitch and tar; and really some parts of it are so well done, that, like the panorama of Leith Roads, they are apt to make one a little qualmish. Even in places where the author has no intention of being technical, and where, on the contrary, he imagines he is talking the best possible English, we detect the sailor. He wears a long coat now-a-days, but like his own capital story of a deserter, his 'lingo' betrays him, for all his canonicals. This, indeed, is the chief charm of the book, and is precisely the quality which, if we mistake not, gives our naval officers their acknowledged popularity in society; a sort of off-hand, jovial, reckless kind of talk, the very opposite to premeditated sententiousness, and highly characteristic of their desultory life and varied occupations.

In the introduction, our author dwells with considerable effect on the absurd misrepresentations of the naval character, which have gone abroad, and gives, as an example, an anecdote of Lord Nelson, which is currently believed to be true, though every line of it betrays the falsehood and folly of the writer.

'Sailors,' he well observes, 'are thus unfortunate in more respects than one. Generally, when they sit for a portrait, the canvass is made to glow with all the characteristic traits of a bold, generous, reckless ruffian. This might be endured, because it is at once detected as a caricature; but the indignity we feel most disposed to resent, consists in mingling in the picture the maudlin mawkish attributes of the pining writer himself. The sailor becomes in such hands perfectly metamorphosed, so that his intimates would not recognize in the sketch their blunt, honest, warm-hearted acquaintance.'—Introduction, pp. xiv, xv.

As a corrective to these evils, our author promises, what he terms, 'Galley Stories,' which he intends shall serve the double purpose of showing his opinion of 'men and manners, ashore and afloat,' and also, under the disguise of professional allusions, 'convey a clear and intelligible moral.' We think he makes out his point with considerable skill, especially in those stories which relate to several naval actions of celebrity, and which have long furnished matter for endless discussions in every rank of the service. There is no reason, indeed, to expect that these galley stories will have the effect of terminating such discussions; on the contrary, they will merely add

fuel to the flame of controversy. This, however, we by no means deprecate; since every thing which has the effect of keeping alive among professional men an interest in the details, and especially the glorious ones, of past days, is calculated to do good. Such disputes lead to the investigation of the principles upon which success or failure has depended, and the result cannot fail to be instructive to every class of officers. On this account, we have always lamented that Admiral Ekin's book, written, as he professes, for the benefit of the younger members of the profession, should have been published in so unavailable a size.

The first sketch relates to the *début* of a young naval hero, and is well calculated to recall to the mind of every one who has entered the navy, the miserable transition from a life on shore to that on the ocean. It is said there is no royal road to the mathematics, and it may be said, with equal truth, that there is no royal way to high station in the navy. Most fortunately it is so; for, however unpleasant it may be at first for the wretched urchins, who, to use the Lieutenant's phrase, in this story, are like young bears, with all their sorrows to come, there can be no doubt, that the rough discipline exerted over them at that season fits them better than any thing else, and by the most judicious degrees, for the right use of that power they would inevitably abuse, were they to come to it without the long train of experience to which we allude. Much useless pity, however, is often wasted upon these young "aspirants" by their mothers, and especially by their goodly maiden aunts, who judge of the matter as if they themselves were exposed to the hardship of a midshipman's birth. Nothing can be more fallacious: the boy is astounded at first, no doubt, and he suffers a little from the ridicule of his companions, and from the rough duties he has to perform; his little heart, too, saddens at the thoughts of home, as he sails away, and the white cliffs of his country sink beneath the horizon. But at his age life is elastic, and when his sea-sickness is over, and he has learned a few phrases to fling back upon his tormentors, he feels that his situation is not so bad, and, compared with what he has left, greatly preferable. He has escaped the discipline of school, and the constant watch which was exerted over him at home: he sees new climates, new countries, new people; and though his usefulness is little enough at first, he still feels he is somebody in the scale of existence, and not one of a mere heap of ciphers at a grammar-school, drudging at nonsense-verses, and other pursuits, which his reason tells him are to lead to nothing: whereas, on board ship, even if his expectations of complete liberty be counteracted by the presence of a schoolmaster, he has the satisfaction of feeling that every acquisition of knowledge is practically useful; and, in proportion as he learns, is conscious of increased importance. There can be no higher stimulus than this; and we dwell upon it the more,

because, as far as our observation goes, it is a peculiar and characteristic feature of the naval profession. After a certain time, indeed, when the periods of service have been completed, and the long desired promotion does not come, the heart sickens with the grief arising from hope deferred; but in the early stages, which meet with most pity, the whole scene is bright and full of promise, and a boy of the least spirit is made to feel, at every moment, the advantage of new knowledge. If he be quick and observant, he becomes a signal midshipman; if steady and trust-worthy, he is appointed mate of a watch; if a good navigator, he is named as prize-master; if he draws well, he accompanies the surveyors; if acquainted with foreign languages, he is sent as interpreter;—in short, there is perhaps no profession in the whole range of society in which every kind of knowledge comes more immediately into play than in the navy. We speak now more particularly of the beginning: but the argument, supposing the point disputed, is tenfold stronger in the higher ranks; and it may safely be said, that an officer, be his seniority what it may, who cannot find employment, and does not discover at every turn objects of interest on which to exert his faculties to good purpose, has but few faculties of any kind to use, and would be equally insignificant in any other profession.

But we have been led away by the witchery of this delightful profession, and have almost forgot the early sufferings of our little middy. The natural mistakes into which he is led by hearing words, the technical signification of which is quite different from what he has been used to, are very happily described. ‘Nettles, whips, and lashings! thought I; nothing but terror and torture.’ For a time the poor youth is left standing on the deck, quite bewildered by the evolution of furling sails, but is at length aroused by a mandate to dine with the officers; which, however, he knows not how to obey, till the surgeon good-naturedly returns from below, and beckons him to follow.

‘Encouraged by this kindness, I descended cautiously both the quarter and main-deck ladders leading to the steerage, abaft which, in the gun-room, dinner was served up. Thither my guide and I groped our way in the dark, breaking our shins against the midshipmen’s chests; which I have been since led to believe, from an intimate acquaintance with the tricks of these “young gentlemen,” had been thus premeditatedly placed in the gangway for the annoyance of *Bruno*, or, as the law phrase has it, “to inflict on him some grievous bodily harm.” Experience enabled my guide to tread, with comparative security, the dark

——— ‘“Abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way”

to a dismal dungeon-like looking place, flanked on each side by a row of miserably cramped cribs, called cabins. Overhead there was cer-

ainly what, by some poetic license, continued to be denominated a skylight; but, as to any light afforded, it might as well have been under foot, most of the panes in its frame having been fractured, and unpainted patches of solid wood substituted for what had once been transparent glass.— Vol. i. pp. 12, 13.

A highly characteristic scene follows at the mess-table; and the party is broken up by an order to weigh, which speedily discomposes our young friend's stomach, and exposes him to the merciless taunts of his companions.

'A violent retching and deadly sickness overpowered me. Just then I heard a loud laugh, accompanied by a sneering compliment from the Lieutenant, upon the youngster's punctuality in "casting up his accounts" so soon:—this insult totally unnerved me; home—kindred—parents—flashed on my recollection; and, hanging helplessly my bare head over the side, I abandoned myself to my grief, and wished I had never been born.'—pp. 17, 18.

All this is very good; but people will never be satisfied with having done enough; and our author must needs wind up with a moral reflection, which we hold to be quite foreign to the point of the story. 'It cannot fail,' he says, 'to assist youth in balancing the account as to the inducements and discouragements to embrace the profession.' Surely this author knows well enough, that no such bugbears ever influenced any boy to alter his determination a hair's breadth, if bent upon going to sea.

The next sketch is entitled *A Mêlée*, and is written in the author's best manner. It is an account of Cornwallis's celebrated retreat, given by one of the sailors, during a night-watch, in the full idiom of the fore-castle, and strictly agreeing with the following description of a sailor's conversation given at p. 19.:

'His narrative resembles a ship's course in working to windward, which is fain to yield obliquely to the blast, in order to weather her object indirectly, and fetch her port in the end: for though in a conversational cruize he may make twenty digressions, and fly off in chace of every strange sail heaving in sight, no sooner has he "run-'em down," than he will "close-haul his wind," and resume his original course.'

We have tried in vain to abridge this 'yarn,' as the narrator calls it; and we have failed still more signally in attempting to translate it for the benefit of our "shore-going" readers;—so we leave it entirely untouched excepting one little point, which we shall venture to give in our own words. Admiral Cornwallis, finding that one of his squadron was falling so far a-stern, as to run the risk of being captured by the enemy, whose force was infinitely superior, at once decided on sharing the fortunes of the day, and, running down in his own ship, till within hail of the Mars, called out to her Captain, Sir Charles Cotton, "Don't fear, my friend—have one, have all. We'll stick to one another, and not go to Verdun for nothing. What say you, Sir Charles?"

These, and numerous similar anecdotes, are excellent; but, much as we admire this style, now and then, we think the author very often misses the particular point, and makes his characters speak with a needless degree of vulgarity, when good language would be equally characteristic, and much more distinct.

The sketch called 'Leaves from the private Log of a Captain' is exceedingly humorous, but we fear so thoroughly nautical, as not to be intelligible to the uninitiated. To them, indeed, it will be very diverting, and to some will recall scenes which cannot be mistaken. 'Sir Stately as stiff as a steeple — quarter-deck bows — official faces — females aloof, moored on the Mother Bank,' is a picture to the very life. The little underplot against the 'Galleoner' is capital. This word means a captain who has made prize-money (taken a galleon, in strictness); but the term is applicable to any wealthy officer. The whole scene is graphic and amusing, beyond the comprehension of those who have not been to sea. 'Dinner announced; dreadful ceremony; squadron under weigh for parlour; pride and prudery on opposite tacks; private signal from female flag for galleoner to come within hail; signal seen, though not understood.' All this, to those who understand it, is worthy of Sterne. Again, 'Admiral aground for dignified diction; shored up by pompous deportment. Champagne operates; flag forgetting the formals, suddenly silenced by look from female flag — gray mare. — Mem. Too much familiarity breeds contempt.' This and a great deal more in the same style are the best things in the work; and, if we may judge from the stitch in our side, from half an hour's hearty laughing, will secure the book's popularity among all that class of officers who have had the fortune to be feasted after this fashion.

The suggestion contained in the next sketch, as to the advantage of having a standing committee of officers appointed to enquire into the merits of naval inventions, we consider well worthy of the attention of government. The different boards have not time to do justice to the numberless projects, good and bad, which are brought before them, and there can be no doubt that many important inventions might be turned to useful account by the means proposed, but which are now altogether neglected or unknown.

The notices under the head of 'Naval Anomalies' are but milk-and-water affairs. That upon the style used in addressing commanders is, however, good, as far as it goes. But while we think the commanders have much reason to complain, we are of opinion that captains likewise are entitled to some distinctive appellation to mark a difference between their rank and that of a captain in the army, to say nothing of their being treated, in this respect, no better than masters of colliers. Why should an officer, who ranks with a full colonel in the army, and who wears a suitable uniform, not have a distinctive title? How would the title Post-captain

do? It would sound awkward at first, but a few days would render it familiar.

The chapter on 'Naval Authors' is rather ambitiously written, and not very happily conceived. The merciless manner in which poor Lyon is treated has an unpleasant look of personal animosity about it; and we find three or four other places in these volumes where this very spirited and meritorious young officer is treated, as we think, with undue harshness. No doubt Captain Lyon did a very ill-advised thing in publishing any account of his failure. Officers should recollect that with the public *fault* and *failure* are generally convertible terms: this is often hard upon individuals; but the public service is, in the long run, greatly benefitted by it; and no officer ought to admit into his vocabulary the word "unsuccessful." "Success," Lord Nelson says, "hides a multitude of blunders, and the want of it obscures the most brilliant services." Yet Captain Lyon has done good service: his African travels are in the highest degree creditable to him; the same may be said of his "Private Journal;" and every one who is acquainted with him personally must have discovered that he is possessed of much energy of character, and capable of far higher things than he has yet done.

Our author has omitted one elegant writer in his list, we mean Capt. Beaufort, author of a very classical work on Caromania; and this reminds us that the pamphlet signed Scrutator is ascribed to an officer who, we are pretty certain, had no hand in that work. We have no time to enter into the squabbles of Mr. James and the navy; but we recommend what is contained in this volume to that laborious writer's attention.

'A Voice from the Deep' has no fault but that of being about twice as long as it need have been. All the sketches which treat of Newfoundland are, we think, heavy; but they will amuse persons who have visited that land of fish and fog. The 'Naval Club House' is rather flat; and, indeed, our gallant author is never strictly at home when he comes ashore, or, at all events, when he extends his cruise beyond a sea-port. The article 'Coast Blockade' is written with considerable spirit, and here and there contains a graphic touch of the deepest interest. A boat employed on this service is caught in open sea by a gale of wind, and is forced to lay in the oars, and prepare to scud under a reefed sail for the nearest beach.

"Lay in your oars, my lads," cried the Lieutenant, "step the short mast—close-reef the storm-lug: we must run all hazards, and beach the galley under canvass." Whilst executing this order, the bowman sung out, "A sail close aboard, Sir; if she don't keep her luff, she'll run us right down."—"Luff, luff!" exclaimed aloud every man in the boat. The lugger's course, however, remaining unaltered, there could be now no doubt that she had seen them first, and perceiving her to be a king's boat, her object was to run clean over the galley, by taking her right abeam. Destruction appeared inevitable in their helpless condition.

A shriek of despair, mingled with execrations, succeeded as she neared the galley, when the Lieutenant rose in the boat, levelled his pistol at the steersman, and fired: the hand which grasped the tiller relaxed its hold, and the miscreant his life. The lugger instantly broached-to, passing to the windward of the boat.—“Out oars, my lads,” said the Lieutenant, “we’ll board the villains.”—“Aye, aye, Sir,” exclaimed several voices, with an alacrity which might be taken for the surest earnest of meditated revenge. The oars were again manned, the boat in the mean time pitching bows under, and shipping green seas fore-and-aft. Before she had got way on her, two of the weather oars snapped short in the rullocks, and her intention to board being suspected by the smuggler, she had no sooner paid-off, so as to get the wind again abaft the beam, than, shaping a course edging in for the land, she quickly dropped the galley astern. Having run so far to leeward in the former chase, no one was now able to decide on what part of the shore an attempt to land might be practicable; all was darkness around; and although, from two or three flashes, discernible at an elevation considerably above the sea, and which appeared to be signals made from the heights to assist the desperate outlaws they had just encountered, there was no doubt they could be at no great distance from the land, still to follow her was to brave unseen dangers. The men were clamorous to hoist the lug and give chase; a sentiment in which the unpresuming coxswain concurred, as he observed, “that capture or no capture, they were more likely to find a smooth by following the lugger, which clearly was herself making for the beach.” A heavy lurch, which nearly swamped the boat, soon created unanimity. The lug was hoisted at all hazards, and the Lieutenant putting the helm-up, she flew with inconceivable velocity in the lugger’s wake, though not without imminent danger of being pooped by every successive sea. The roaring of the surf was now distinctly heard; and soon the whole scene was lighted-up by its luminous appearance. The bowman, alarmed, now vociferated, “Breakers a-head!—hard-down, Sir, hard-down!” Before the word was repeated she had entered the frightfully agitated element.—“Down with the sail, or we’re lost!” exclaimed the crew.—“Hold-on! hold-on on every thing!” cried the veteran, “’tis our only chance to beach her.” The surf now reared itself in boiling masses higher than the mast, and as it fell, thundering on the shore, the wild din burst on the affrighted ears of the seamen like successive salvos of heavy artillery. An enormous sea, striking her on the quarter, swept her broadside to the surf, washing out the Lieutenant, with one of the crew; and the next, bursting with wilder fury, turned her bottom-upwards, burying beneath her the seven unhappy seamen in one common grave.—Vol. i. pp. 192—195.

This is very powerfully written: the melancholy catastrophe is narrated with great force and a peculiar fidelity of colouring, the full merit of which can be understood by those alone who have been in similar situations. The loss of discipline, and the consequent vociferation of various opinions, is also most skilfully managed, and all the better for being just touched, and allowed to pass.

‘Nautical Nuptials’ is admirably told, and so particularly characteristic that we wish very much we could give it a place

here; but, after considering the matter for some minutes, we felt that it was not exactly such as a gentleman might read aloud to a lady, the test we always put our questionable passages to. Those, however, who, like Joe in this story, are not nice, will be well repaid by consulting the original, vol. i. p. 202.

'Lost and Found' is an excellent story. During the time Sir James Gordon commanded the *Active*, a seaman was pressed from a merchant-ship, who declared he had lost the use of one arm.

'The *Active* continued two years on the Mediterranean station, and though subjected to a secret and strict watch, both night and day, J—'s faithful arm never betrayed the slightest muscular motion. Being suspected to be an excellent seaman, he was plied with every inducement and argument to desist from an unprofitable and unavailing imposture. He still appealed to his helplessness as a full title to his discharge, and though appointed to the most degrading duties, as sweeper and scavenger, his infirmity continued inflexible to the last.

'In an engagement with an enemy's squadron, his captain had stationed him on the quarter-deck so as to be under his own eye. During the heat of the action he never lost sight of his darling object, preserving the most perfect presence of mind, recollecting that if he had "one hand for the king, the other was for himself;" for though fighting like a lion, it was observed that one arm only was employed at the gun-tackle-fall. His gallant commander now falling severely wounded, that important secret, which neither artifice, encouragement, threats, disgrace, or even the din of battle could induce him to reveal, the generous feeling of humane concern for his esteemed commander's misfortune betrayed in a moment. The honest tar, completely off his guard, was the first to pick up his mangled officer in *both* his arms. The grand discovery was first made by Sir James, who, though deprived of a limb, with admirable coolness, observed,—"Well, my boy, if I've lost a leg, I'm glad to see you've found an arm." As the reader will anticipate, he soon proved one of the best seamen of a "crack crew," and was ultimately promoted for his exemplary conduct.'—Vol. i. pp. 210—212.

To those who have had the happiness of being acquainted with the above-named excellent officer, the turn of expression, and the very look and voice with which it was spoken, will be as distinctly present as if they had heard him speak. It is not saying too much to assert, that in the whole range of the service, from top to bottom, there is not one man more universally beloved or respected, or of whom such praise could be uttered without the possibility of exciting the least spark of envy.

'Forced-Meat Balls' is humorous, but certainly never could have happened. The noble captain alluded to, knew well enough that it was not necessary to give a written order to enforce obedience even to an invitation to dinner: but the story is too good to be spoiled by such criticisms. 'Matrimonial Motives,' in like manner, is much too excellent to be injured by any doubts as to its authenticity.

The next two or three sketches are very well in their way, though calculated, perhaps too exclusively, for the rudder-head. That which treats of discipline is more carefully written than the rest of the book: it is full of good feeling and good sense, and not the worse for containing abundance of common-places. The author's argument against putting culprits on what is called the Black List are quite unanswerable. Every offender should be punished according to the measure of his offence, and from that instant all recollection of the crime should be dropped, and the offender allowed a fresh start for his character. Many officers dispute the propriety of this rule, and think men who offend more than once should be punished more severely, and perhaps there may be reason in this; what we object to is, the practice of letting men feel they are marked objects, and that they have not as good a chance as their associates, even when they behave equally well. This consciousness weighs on the spirits, and, by deadening generous exertion, actually conduces to those very errors which it is the object of our discipline to prevent.

We are glad to hear an officer avowing his dislike to the vulgar punishment of "clapping men in irons." The passage relating to this subject is so good, that we venture to extract the whole of it; and we shall be very happy if, by meeting the eye of any officer, it shall have the effect of discountenancing a practice highly offensive to the feelings of every seaman, and almost always unnecessary.

'During the war, it was almost universally the case, that men were "clapped into irons" for the most trifling offences; and even in cases where the commander must have been aware, from the character of the offence, that severer punishment would be necessary, the offender, though at sea, where escape was impossible, has been constantly put in irons.* Nothing can be more injudicious than such treatment; first, because the disgrace of being flogged before the ship's company is no trifling aggravation of the corporal punishment itself, whenever such punishment takes place; and next, where no such punishment ensues, the ship is deprived of the man's services pending a confinement, for which an apportionment of extra duty might be substituted, with the best effect both on the sailor and the service. A man of any spirit will naturally brood over and repine at the unnecessary disgrace thus inflicted for trifling offences. The injurious consequences of resorting to irons in the latter case may be most aptly exemplified by referring to numerous well-known instances, where a string of men, whose offences having been trifling, have been exhibited, each bolted by the leg on the half-deck, or other most exposed part of the ship, whilst visitors from the shore have been conducted round the vessel by their own officers. A sailor must be made of stone not to feel most keenly such ill-timed degradation. The

* Such a practice might be justified in harbour, as necessary to prevent the chance of the offender's escape.' (Note of the author.)

sentiment is not confined to the prisoner: an inference is drawn by the visitant (without at all being apprized of the cause of this severity) most discreditable to the character of the seamen and respectability of the service. Thus the injury is twofold; at once inflicting on the sailor unnecessary degradation and pain, whilst it serves the malignant purposes of malcontents on shore to calumniate the character of that constitutional force, which has hitherto been, and will ever continue, the natural bulwark of these sea-girt isles.'—Vol. i. pp. 249—251.

From the note at p. 247. of this article on Discipline, we are led to suppose that the author is not aware of the recent admirable regulations which have been established in the navy with respect to the payment of a portion of the seamen's wages abroad, and the alterations in the allowance of provisions. We have, indeed, frequently met with officers who were unacquainted with these most considerate and valuable changes, although the Admiralty order on the subject has been widely diffused. We may add that this order affords a gratifying proof of the degree of attention, which is paid by government to this important branch of the public service.

The article on 'Corporal Punishments' in the second volume is written with considerable care, and is calculated to do much good. Every reflecting person, who is well-informed upon the subject, knows that in order to render so extraordinary a machine as a man-of-war at all efficient, that is to say, ready at any given moment to encounter an enemy, there must be some system of discipline so strict, as to ensure the readiest obedience to orders, often of the most irksome nature. Were all parts of this machine composed of intelligent, zealous, and patriotic materials, the affair would be one of comparative simplicity: but when, on the contrary, it is made up of the most incongruous elements, the difficulty becomes very great. A captain of a ship has a difficult task in managing even the officers, who are men of education and reflection; but if he applies the same methods to the discipline of the crew he will obtain by no means similar results. It is not contended by any means that the seamen are not to be treated as rational beings, or that every thing is to be done by mere force — very far from it: but we do say, and all experience shows this to be true, that if a large body of totally uneducated men are brought together, and expected to act in concert, entirely at the will of a superior, there must be a power of punishment in some shape or other. When to the want of education among the class we are describing, is added the want of moral habits incident, we fear necessarily, to the desultory life which they must always lead, and the peculiar nature of their duties, it becomes a most difficult problem to find out what is the sort of punishment which is best calculated to accomplish the end, which all parties allow to be essential to the well-being of the country,—namely, a highly disciplined fleet.

There can be no doubt that in former times, when there was no check, or scarcely any, on the power of the captain, a system

extremely tyrannical was thought by many officers to be indispensable to good order. Since the period, however, that all punishments are reported to the Admiralty, a most material change has taken place, not only in the amount of actual punishments, but in the feelings of officers on the subject; and a captain of a ship now finds it his interest as well as his duty, and we may add, also, his pleasure, to consider how he can keep his ship in order at the smallest expense of corporal punishment. When once the commander of a ship is duly impressed with the importance of this point, he soon communicates it to his officers, and if the co-operation in sentiment be hearty, and the due degree of vigilance be exerted by all ranks on board, a very small amount of this kind of punishment will be found sufficient. Some, we fear, will always be necessary to control those turbulent spirits, who have scarcely any feelings but those of the body to touch; and we believe it to be utterly impossible, while the character of the seafaring profession remains the same, to do away with this most disagreeable means of enforcing obedience. If a substitute could be found, well and good, and no doubt many improvements have been devised by officers who seriously set about it; but these still leave much to be done, as will be seen by consulting our author's chapter on this head. Meanwhile we think a needless outcry is raised against naval punishments, by persons who are quite content to have daily private whippings in jails, and public exposures at the cart's tail, without the least sympathy with this description of "poor suffering guilt."

Upon the whole, however, we confess we should be very sorry to see this important subject neglected, or even less talked of than it is. For the tendency of power is ever to run into tyranny; and wherever human suffering is concerned, justly or unjustly, we cannot be too close in our scrutiny. Our gallant officers afloat must, therefore, make up their minds to have their conduct very freely canvassed; and if they wish to escape the merciless chastisement of public opinion, they must be careful how they handle the cat themselves.

The galley-story about impressment, at p. 27., vol. ii., is excellent; especially the account of the court-martial. 'Naval Tactics and Battles' is also very good; and though adapted principally for professional readers, contains many touches which cannot fail to interest all persons concerned in our naval glory. The chapter entitled 'Saints at Sea' contains much good sense; but the subject is a delicate one, and ought, we think, to have been more gravely written. It is a pity that good arguments should be hurt by incautious expressions; vulgar oaths, for example, occur too often in it, and indeed the same remark may be made of other passages in this work. It is seldom necessary for a gentleman, even in telling a sailor's story, to make use of those words which even the printer

scruples to give at length. There is also a long notice on the North-West Passage, written in no very good taste; to which are appended two extracts from imaginary critiques of the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, in a strain not altogether worthy of 'an Officer of Rank.'

ART. X. *Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs.* By J. Cradock, Esq. M. A. F. S. A. 8vo. pp. 294. London. Nichols and Son. 1826.

VENERATION for the character of a gentleman who has seen more than eighty winters pass away, and who still enjoys a vigorous old age, forbids us from treating these *Memoirs* with any thing bordering on severity. If it were consonant to good feeling to scrutinise minutely, a production issued under such circumstances, we might object to several of the details as being connected with persons and events too obscure to deserve the attention, which the author bestows upon them. We might further suggest that the greater portion of the volume consists of second-rate matter of this description, and that, in short, it is a book predestined to a speedy oblivion. But looking upon Mr. Cradock as one of the few literary men, now living, who were the companions of Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Boswell, and the other members of that school, we are disposed to excuse a great many dull anecdotes in order to obtain, from such a venerable witness, a few good ones.

Turning to the better side of the picture, we shall find that the author has given us a volume which is by no means destitute of interest. It is well known that he belongs to that pleasant class of men, who set a high value on a good story, a good dinner, and a good glass of wine. We verily believe that, even at this moment, he has not lost his early passion for the stage, and that, as in his younger days, he would still ransack a whole library, or even expose himself to the pursuit of the sexton, in order to ascertain an ambiguous point in a pedigree. It would be indecorous to say of him that he was a thorough gossip, and yet it will be seen that he possesses some of the most essential qualifications for a character, which, however prudes may object to it, is nevertheless welcomed by every body, and by nobody more cordially than the said prudes themselves.

We cannot help admiring the dexterity with which Mr. Cradock commences his *Memoirs*. 'Having published,' he observes, 'an [a] historical tragedy on the subject of the Czar, in my eighty-third year, which met with a flattering reception, I am induced to look over a great mass of materials of past times, and select from them particulars, which, from their authenticity, at least, may possibly afford some entertainment to the publick.' We are warranted, therefore, in concluding, that if the tragedy had not appeared,

these materials never would have emerged from the chest to which they were consigned. What particular connection exists, however, between the play and the Memoirs, we are rather at a loss to comprehend. Indeed the author might have spared himself the trouble of making any sort of apology on the subject, for he certainly has every right to become his own biographer. At least there never was a period when such a right could be less properly disputed than the present, as it seems to be the prevailing mode for every man and woman of every degree to pester the world with reminiscences of their lives from the cradle to the verge of the grave.

Mr. Craddock informs us, with nice exactness, that he was born about midnight, on the 9th of January, 1741-2, of a respectable family in Leicester. He received his early education at the endowed school in that town. In order to prepare him for Cambridge, he was placed, at the age of seventeen, under the private tutelage of the Rev. Mr. Pickering of Mackworth, of whose loyalty he hints some suspicions.

‘Mr. Pickering’s wife,’ he observes, ‘was daughter of the Rev. Anthony Blackwall, who wrote the Sacred Classics, and so far all would have been accordant; but we had the Pretender’s picture in almost every room, and I am not clear, but that Mr. Pickering himself might receive some benefit from the Non-jurors. There was a mysterious day annually kept by him and several other associates, at a house near All Saints’ church, where I have no doubt they first welcomed Prince Charles on his arrival at Derby. It was rather curious, that a weekly club should be held afterwards very near that spot, consisting of philosophers, then principally engaged on the subject of electricity, and that three of the friendly members should be, the Rev. Mr. Winter, originally a Dissenter, Mr. Pickering, at least a Tory, and Mr. Whitehurst, supposed to be an infidel. From this humble society, however, the celebrated Dr. Darwin, and his ingenious pupil and associate in experiments, Mr. Watt, derived no small advantages; science is best advanced by reciprocal encouragement, and they were all men of deep discernment, and laborious industry.’ — pp. 10, 11.

From Mr. Pickering’s our author went to Cambridge, where he contented himself with a royal degree, in consequence of his deficiency in mathematics. He married at an early age, and seems to have laid himself out for enjoying the world, without looking to any profession. In this purpose he was assisted by the attentions of several families of distinction, to whom he was known. He records with exultation, as his first great step in life, the discovery of a pedigree belonging to the ‘Percy’s ten years older than any other then possessed by the Northumberland family.’ This good fortune, we presume, it was that led him into another ancestral search, which is told in a characteristic manner.

‘We made a considerable stay at Merevale, a place always rendered more agreeable to me than my wife, for I had an excellent library to

refer to, and some management of the garden-ground ; but it was to some rather dull ; for I must confess, that on a close survey, the whole routine of the interior did not a little savour of the nunnery or the monastery. During one of my longer abodes there, I received an application from Lord Leicester, a learned antiquary, relative to an ancestor of his, who was buried in the church-yard near the old abbey, in which he was pleased to enumerate many family particulars. "He was (says His Lordship), according to our records, deposited under a very large stone, in an ox's hide, at so many feet from the wall of the corner," mentioning the exact distances, from the ancient documents ; "and I should take it as a very particular favour (he adds) if you could obtain permission to make an accurate examination." I accordingly applied to Mrs. Stratford, and went with her full consent, like Friar Lawrence, with a crow and a spade, but no lanthorn, for it was in open day, and was attended by the clerk and sexton, and a few select friends who anxiously awaited the result. We almost immediately struck upon the corner of an immense stone, not far from the surface, and at the precise distance that had been pointed out. The lower end had considerably sunk ; but I hesitated to proceed further ; for it appeared to me to be a service of danger, as no faculty had been obtained from the Ecclesiastical Court ; and I was legally informed afterwards, that the bishop of the diocese should be previously applied to, before any process in taking up such a corpse for examination could possibly be permitted. I informed Lord Leicester of all particulars ; but various occurrences afterwards interfering, I believe His Lordship's ancestor still remains safely and quietly deposited, *statu quo*, in the ox's hide.' — pp. 27, 28.

Mr. Cradock is very full on matters of this description, but we observe he is remarkably sparing in the details of his literary life. In truth his success was but slender in this line. His tragedy of Zobeide, whose memory has long since perished, seems to have raised him to the summit of his ambition,—an intimacy with theatrical people behind the green curtain. From a few anecdotes of Foote, we select the following :

'Foote, at times, spared neither friend nor foe. He had little regard for the feelings of others ; if he thought of a witty thing that would create laughter, he said it. He had never availed himself of the good advice given by Henry the Fifth to Falstaff, "Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;" and of this I can give one notable example. If Foote ever had a serious regard for any one, it was for Holland, yet at his death, or rather indeed after his funeral, he violated all decency concerning him. Holland was the son of a baker at Hampton, and on the stage was a close imitator of Garrick, who had such a respect for him, that he played the Ghost to his Hamlet merely to serve him at his benefit. Holland died rather young, and Foote attended as one of the mourners. He was really grieved ; and the friend from whom I had the account, declared that his eyes were swollen with tears ; yet when the gentleman said to him afterwards, "So, Foote, you have just attended the funeral of our dear friend Holland," Foote instantly replied, "Yes, we have just shoved the little baker into his oven." — pp. 32, 33.

The following is more laughable. We agree that the Doctor must indeed have been 'horribly annoyed.'

* Foote by accident met an inferior person in the street, very like Dr. Arne, who, to be sure, when full dressed, was sometimes rather a grotesque figure, and he contrived, I believe, not only to obtain some old clothes of the Doctor's but likewise one of his cast-off wigs, and introduced the man on the stage to bring in music-books, as an attendant on the Commissary. The house was all astonishment, and many began even to doubt of the absolute identity. The Doctor, of course, was most horribly annoyed; but Foote put money into his pocket, which was all he cared for. — p. 33.

One of the most interesting passages in the book is the description of the literary lounge at Hamilton's in Fleet-Street, which was then the resort of the principal Tory authors and bibliopolists of the day. Hamilton was the editor as well as printer of the "Critical Review," a periodical which was originally set up in opposition to this Journal. The impatience expressed by Hamilton at the close of the scene we can duly appreciate and excuse.

'As soon as breakfast was dispatched, the scene was generally changed to Fleet-street; for Dr. Johnson had then declared, that "the world, the busy world, at least, was Fleet-Street; and that no one who had much business to transact, but must, once or twice a year at least, pass through it."

'Long, however, before I arrived, Mr. Steevens and others had been writing or examining proof-sheets at Hamilton's, who was naturally of a quiet disposition, and who suffered himself too frequently to be incommoded by us all. First one dropped in, then another, till the room was nearly full of bibliopolists; nor was this all the annoyance; for serious disputes would sometimes arise about purchases and prices, as all the parties were more or less gamblers in literature; but perhaps to the uninitiated a little rough sketch of this bull-and-bear exchange, at high tide, may not be unacceptable:

"Your large paper copy of 'Grævius and Gronovius,' bound in vellum, that was bought in France, was a good speculation, if the work is perfect."

"It is, I can assure you; for I have paid no small sum to have it examined and collated, page by page, at Baker's, and he can ascertain particulars."

"I know very well where and how you procured that first edition of Suetonius, and what you gave for it; but they say, it is the pirated copy."

"They say then, Sir, what is false; for it is the genuine one, and invaluable. It is 'in Mense sextuli Pauli,' which is the only criterion."

"Why Dr. Askew, I find, sent down on purpose to Leicester, to secure that little Homer that was Jackson's, and gave ten guineas for it; however, when it arrived, he found it was not so good as his own; so he burnt it immediately, and now proclaims his own to be unique."

"To be sure Askew's library is immense; but there are two long-continued shelves of classics belonging to Bishop Keppel, for which alone I would give two thousand guineas; they are, without exception, the best bound and best conditioned books in London."

"Askew's collection certainly is the most abundant; however he can dispense with no more; for his passages are full; nay even his garrets overflow."

"Yes," adds a by-stander, "and so indeed would half Queen-Square, before his book-appetite would be satiated."

"Pray, Sir," says a very grave-looking gentleman that stood near us, "did you ever meet with any more specimens of translations of the Psalms for Dr. Percy; he has for a long time possessed near forty, and begins to think that no more are extant."

"No, but I have picked up what is much better for him, a complete Spanish novel, very scarce indeed, and which is several times alluded to in Don Quixote."

"Steevens, you are always so snug about your purchases, that I never make any enquiries of you concerning any of them."

"Why then," says Steevens, "I'll tell you; I am going from hence to Whitechapel, where I have purchased a whole shop, and I shall be engaged chief part of the day in examining and sorting my treasures."

"I am walking that way myself, but only as far as White's, for I am obliged to return here, as I am about bargaining for the sale of some black-letter books, which are now wanted for the King's library; and this, you know, is the critical time to make the most of them."

"But, gentlemen," at last exclaims Mr. Hamilton, losing all patience, "you surely must forget my occupation. I am exceedingly sorry to interrupt you: but the truth is, my workmen got drunk on Monday, and did not come at all on Tuesday. It is now the last week in the month, and I am in terrible arrears for the completion of my Review." — pp. 39—41.

One of Mr. Cradock's first essays in literature was a volume of letters, entitled "*Village Memoirs*," which he observes was favourably noticed in one of the earlier Numbers of *The Monthly Review*. It will readily be supposed that we are not inclined to dispute the value of an authority, which gave his youthful labours so much encouragement. The object of the work was to suggest several improvements in landscape-gardening; and he adds, that it is his intention again to offer to the public his more matured remarks on that subject. If he still persevere in that intention, he might perhaps, with some advantage, have omitted the extracts from his former work, which he has introduced into the volume before us. We would with equal cheerfulness have excused the absence of the half-dozen pages of '*Apophthegms*,' and the two '*Elegies*' with which he has favoured us from the same universal repository. While upon this subject of elegies, we may as well at once dismiss the pieces of "poetry," with which this book abounds, by saying that they are the least amusing things in it.

In the progress of his career, it was Mr. Cradock's fortune to be appointed High Sheriff of Leicestershire. His situation, as well as his miscellaneous life in town, brought him into contact with several of the most eminent lawyers of that day. Of these, particularly of Lord Thurlow, he tells some good anecdotes, though they would seem likely to lose by a repetition. We cannot forbear, however, from presenting the reader with a laughable mistake that was made by the well-known Sergeant Hill.

‘The Under-Sheriff, a very wealthy solicitor at Leicester, invited many friends of the grand jury, the counsellors on the circuit, and others, to dine with him, as it was a vacant day; and, indeed, he gave us a most sumptuous entertainment. I had the pleasure to meet Sergeant Hill, and Counsellor Newnham, and in their company there was generally no lack of either mirth or conversation. If the Counsellor now and then trespassed rather too far at the expense of the worthy Sergeant, the antagonist was always able and ready to retort upon him with keen and just severity. Newnham, however, never gave in: for when even Lord Thurlow has been known to hit him very hard, he scarce ever flinched, but always survived the blow, and returned again crowing to the pit. We staid rather late: the Sergeant that evening was uncommonly pleasant, and in the fulness of his heart, when he retired, by a little mistake unfortunately, gave a shilling to his bountiful host, and to our great amusement, heartily shook hands with the attendant servant.’—pp. 84, 85.

We pass over a considerable portion of the author’s life, which is unmarked by any important incidents, in order to arrive at the period when he became more intimately acquainted with the “spirits of the age.”

‘Dr. Percy very kindly introduced me to dine at the Literary Club, at the bottom of St. James’s Street, where we met Dr. Goldsmith. The table that day was crowded, and I sat next Mr. Burke; but as Mr. Richard Burke talked much, and the great orator said very little, I was not aware at first who was my neighbour. One of the party near us remarked, that there was an offensive smell in the room, and thought it must proceed from some dog that was under the table; but Mr. Burke, with a smile, turned to me, and said, “I rather fear it is from the beef-steak pie, that is opposite to us, the crust of which is made with some very bad butter, that comes from my country.” Just at that moment Dr. Johnson sent his plate for some of it, and Burke helped him to very little, which he soon dispatched, and returned his plate for more; Burke without thought, exclaimed, “I am glad that you are able so well to relish this beef-steak pie.” Johnson, not at all pleased, that what he eat should ever be noticed, immediately retorted, “There is a time of life, Sir, when a man requires the repairs of a table.”

‘Before dinner was finished, Mr. Garrick came in, full-dressed, made many apologies for being so much later than he intended, but he had been unexpectedly detained at the House of Lords; and Lord Camden had absolutely insisted upon setting him down at the door of the hotel in his own carriage. Johnson said nothing, but he looked a volume.

‘During the afternoon some literary dispute arose; but Johnson sat silent, till the Dean of Derry, very respectfully said, “We all wish, Sir, for your opinion on the subject.” Johnson inclined his head, and never shone more in his life, than at that period: he replied, without any pomp; he was perfectly clear and explicit; full of the subject, and left nothing undetermined. There was a pause; and he was then hailed with astonishment by all the company. The evening in general passed off very pleasantly. Some talked perhaps for amusement, and others for victory. We sat very late; and the conversation that at last ensued was the direct cause of my friend Goldsmith’s poem, called “Retaliation.”

‘Dr. Goldsmith and I never quarrelled; for he was convinced that I had a real regard for him; but a kind of civil sparring continually took place between us. “You are so attached,” says he, “to Hurd, Gray, and Mason, that you think nothing good can proceed, but out of that formal school;—now, I’ll mend Gray’s Elegy, by leaving out an idle word in every line!”—“And, for me, Doctor, completely spoil it.”

“The curfew tolls the knell of day,
The lowing herd winds o’er the Lea;
The plowman homeward plods his way,
And ——”

Enough, enough, I have no ear for more.”

“Cradock (after a pause), I am determined to come down into the country, and make some stay with you, and I will build you an ice-house.”—“Indeed, my dear Doctor,” I replied, “you will not; you have got the strangest notion in the world of making amends to your friends, wherever you go; I hope, if you favour me with a visit, that you will consider that your own company is the best recompence.”—“Well,” says Goldsmith, “that is civilly enough expressed; but I should like to build you an ice-house; I have built two already; they are perfect, and this should be a pattern to all your county.”—pp. 228—231.

Mr. Cradock observes, that the greatest real fault of Goldsmith was, that if he had thirty pounds in his pocket, he would go into certain companies in the country, and ‘in hopes of doubling the sum, would generally return to town without any part of it.’ In other words, he was a gambler,—a character which we do not remember to have seen imputed to him by any of his biographers. We must conclude these extracts with an anecdote which forcibly displays the character of Dr. Johnson.

‘When Dr. Johnson was busily engaged in writing his *Lives of the Poets*, I mentioned to him one day, that Lord Harborough, in his library in Leicestershire, had a folio volume of manuscripts, magnificently bound, which contained poems by James the First, Sackville, and many eminent persons. He said, he greatly wished to get a sight of it; and I accordingly borrowed it for his perusal.

‘Some time afterwards he wrote the following note to me to say, “that he had never received it:”

“Jan. 20. 1783.

“Mr. Johnson is very glad of any intelligence, and much obliged by Mr. Cradock’s favour and attention. The book which he has now sent, shall be taken care of; but of a former book mentioned in the note, Mr. Johnson has no remembrance, and can hardly think he ever received it, though bad health may possibly have made him negligent.”

“To Mr. Cradock.”

‘This of course made me very uneasy; and I particularly questioned Mr. Steevens on the subject. “That then,” replied he, hastily, “is the book, which now lies under his ink-stand: it is neatly packed up, and sealed; and I never was able to make out what it was: well,” says he, “if after all the caution I have given you about lending books to Johnson, you would persist, you must not be surprised, if the valuable book is finally lost.”’—pp. 243, 244.

The book, in fact, was found after Johnson's death, in the identical spot which Mr. Steevens had pointed out.

Mr. Cradock has anticipated in an Appendix a part of his *Travels in Flanders and Holland in 1786*. The remainder, we presume, he intends to add to his *Travels in France*, which he has already announced for publication, as a second volume of his *Memoirs*. That portion of his tour contained in the Appendix offers nothing that requires particular notice. And as to the narrative of a sojourn made in France forty years ago, we doubt whether it can contain any thing very new or striking. *Nous verrons*.

NOTICES.

ART. XI. *Poetic Hours*; consisting of Poems, Original and Translated; Stanzas for Music, &c. By G. F. Richardson. 8vo. pp. 200. 8s. Longman and Co. 1825.

MR. RICHARDSON is one of that class of sanguine versifiers whose chief ambition, for the first period of his poetical career, was to shine in the fair pages of a lady's album, but whom "the commendation of friends," that everlasting apology of modest bards, has at last induced to take a more daring flight into the world of literature. We hardly expected, at this time of day, to be presented with verses 'On a Flute in the British Museum;' still less did we imagine that any thing remained to be said on 'The Star of Eve,' and 'Woman's Eye.' Assuredly the mode of expressing old ideas is inexhaustible. Mr. Richardson thinks so, no doubt; for if we except some lines 'On a Meeting of the Bible Society,' he has made no effort to reclaim any new wilderness to the uses of his fancy. All his industry has been lavished on such original themes as these: 'On seeing a Lady shed Tears,' 'The Mermaid and the Sailor,' 'Love and Beauty,' 'The Storm,' and 'Love and Friendship.' He tells us, indeed, that his effusions were written at an early age, and under circumstances little favourable to poetical pursuits. Why then did he publish them? Is it possible that he could have expected a single human being, beyond his own immediate circle, to read such a precious composition as his 'Ode to Sickness?' The general turn of his sentiments and language is of such an inferior character, that we were surprised to find in the very last page a few such passable stanzas as the following:

' *The Nun's Vesper Hymn to the Virgin.*

' Ave Maria! 'tis the hour
When twilight sheds her softest rays;
' Ave Maria! 'tis thy power
That calls us now to prayer and praise.

O Lady! no resplendent rite
 Thy children hasten here to pay,
 But ask thy blessing through the night,
 And praise thy care throughout the day.
Ave Maria!

‘ O Virgin blest! no idle fears
 Molest thy willing vot’ry now,
 And worldly smiles and worldly tears
 Are banished from each heart and brow.
 For this, on each revolving morn,
 Thy praises shall our strains prolong,
 Shall all our noontide hymns adorn,
 And bless, as now, our vesper song.
Ave Maria!

‘ Sweet Saint! our oft recounted beads,
 Our ceaseless rites of hymn and prayer,
 Our holy thoughts and blameless deeds,
 Shall own and bless thy guardian care.
 And should a worldly thought arise,
 We’ll bid the strange intruder flee,
 And lose e’en life’s most cherish’d ties,
 To find them all restored in thee.
Ave Maria!

Unless Mr. Richardson can favour us with something better than the specimens which he has given us in this volume, we would earnestly recommend him to turn a deaf ear to the ‘favourable opinion of his friends,’ and confine his poetic essays in future to his own portfolio. There they can offend nobody, and they cannot fail to please — himself.

ART. XII. *Miscellaneous Observations and Opinions on the Continent.*
 Imperial 8vo. pp. 199. 1*l.* 5*s.* London. Longman and Co. 1825.

“THERE is nothing new under the sun,” said the sage. Mr. Duppa, the author of these ‘Miscellaneous Observations,’ thinks, on the contrary, that there is nothing old in the world. Though he wrote his work in 1822, yet he seems scarcely to have known that a single English traveller had appeared in France or Switzerland since the peace but himself. He commences with Calais, where, he observes, ‘an English carriage pays a duty of one third of its value.’ This, indeed, is valuable and novel information. ‘Paris, he says, is delightful, and Buonaparte contributed to its improvement.’ Indeed! ‘His column,’ adds this ingenious tourist, ‘is a noble monument, and an ornament to the Place Vendôme, but in it there is nothing new, except that it is of metal and not of marble.’ Now we thank the gods for living in such an age of discovery. We had been hitherto wholly ignorant that there was such a spot in Paris as the

Place Vendôme, still more, that it contained a pillar erected by Buonaparte which was of metal, not of marble!

Again; 'Paris has more amusements than London.' Mr. Duppa had some suspicion that we at this side of the Channel were not wholly unapprised of this important fact; and in order to give it something of a novel air, lo! he subjoins a dissertation. *Sic loquitur.*

'To amuse the public is of greater importance in absolute monarchies than in republican or mixed governments. In the one, the people look up to the authority that governs them for their amusements; in the other, they know the law, and amuse themselves. Hence, monarchies have a tendency to make the people vain, and republics proud.'

This remark sheds a new light on the subject. The consequence, it must be owned, is a little *bizarre*, which affirms, that where the people know the law they — amuse themselves. No doubt Mr. Duppa had an eye to our Court of Chancery, or to the King's Bench prison, where a knowledge of law certainly enables one sometimes to amuse himself exceedingly, — at the expense of his creditors.

Nothing but the most perfect confidence in Mr. Duppa's veracity could induce us to credit the following extraordinary facts which he mentions:

'The houses in the streets of Paris are numbered with even numbers on the one side of the street, and odd numbers on the other.' — 'There are two ways of dining at Paris: the one, at your own hotel, and the other at a restaurateur's.'

What! is there no way of dining at a friend's house? No chance of what in England we call "pot-luck?" Upon this point Mr. Duppa is silent. Of the only 'two ways of dining at Paris,' which he has enumerated, he seems to prefer that of the hotel, for 'it is most conformable to the character of an English gentleman. At the restaurateur's, indeed, you can order your dinner to a mouthful; but to have every dish cleared that is set before you, is a retail mode of dining, unfavourable to English feelings, and an exercise of too nice a calculation for comfort.' We would ask Mr. Duppa one question, — Has he ever been at Very's? Unless he can answer this question in the affirmative, we must protest against his authority upon the best 'way of dining in Paris.'

If our author's information with respect to the metropolis be valuable, much more important does it become, when we find him at once transferred, as if by some magical power, with his note-books and sketch-books, to the ancient capital of Toulouse. 'This,' he observes, 'is a large city, built of brick, situated in a flat country, as far as the eye can reach.' He next apprizes us that 'the honey, for which Narbonne is so deservedly celebrated, is every year diminishing. Bees have ceased to be an object of attention to the peasantry: they now devote their time to their vine-

yards, and neglect them.' If this be so, the Narbonneſe are a peculiarly gifted people. In England we are as yet ignorant of the mode of devoting time to a purſuit and neglecting it at the ſame moment.

Not ſatisfied with robbing the guide-books of their topographical as well as their ornamental paſſages, Mr. Duppa treats his readers to an abſtract of the book of the *Poſts* ! We next expected to meet a ſketch of Voltaire's houſe at Ferney, together with a memoir of his life, and in due courſe an abridgment of the loves of Petrarch and Laura. We were not diſappointed. Down came the eternal themes upon us, though it muſt be owned that Mr. Duppa having chiefly relied upon Galignani's Itinerary, ſtates ſome facts connected with thoſe celebrated perſonages, which eſcaped all his travelled predecessors. He ſeems to have entertained no doubt that Galignani's book was a mine of gold perfectly untouched before his own approach to it. We admire his *naïveté* exceedingly, and regret that we muſt conclude with a ſingle ſpecimen of it, not leſs remarkable for its originality than for the conſolatory doctrine which it inculcates.

' Mr. Mathews ſays, " The inns in Italy are generally better than thoſe of an equal claſs in England." When I read this paſſage, I paused, with a conviction that I miſunderſtood the author ; but in the next ſentence, finding that he had a contempt for a good Engliſh beef-ſteak, I was relieved. He reminds me of the domeſtic philoſophy of a gentleman I once met, who in the courſe of converſation after an excellent dinner, enjoying his wine in the full contentment of his heart, ſaid, " Well, when the worſt comes to the worſt, a man may do with a good rump-ſteak, and a bottle of port, — and a bit of fiſh would do no harm." I muſt confeſs that in all my travels in Italy from Domo d'Oſſola to Reggio, I never met in an Italian houſe any cookery half ſo good as this laſt refuge for the deſtitute.' — p. 73.

ART. XIII. *The Sabbath Muſe*; a Poem. 8vo. pp. 29. 2s. 6d.
London. Gifford and Co. 1826.

WE gather from a ſhort preface, that it is the intention of the author of this little poem to produce a ſort of periodical ſermon in blank verſe. His views are commendable, particularly as he ſtates that this ſpiritual labour is to occupy ſome portion of every Sunday, thus ſecuring for himſelf a mode of employing a few hours at leaſt of that ſacred day, in a manner not unadapted to its character, and perfectly harmless ſo far as the reſt of the world is concerned. He assigns no particular intervals for the publication of his ſucceeding numbers, contenting himſelf with ſtating that as quickly as he may be able to prepare them, they ſhall be laid before the public.

This firſt part is taken up with the uſual arguments in ſupport of the exiſtence of a God. They are, however, touched with

considerable force, as well as terseness of expression. The lines in general are fluent, and at the same time energetic in their course; but we apprehend that before the author can command success, he must implore his muse to inspire him with a more lofty strain, than he has been able to reach in the present attempt. The task which he has proposed to himself is an extremely difficult one. No genius inferior to that of Milton has succeeded in adorning the sublime doctrines of religion with the attractions of verse. Young's Night Thoughts contained the history of a mind wrapped in the gloom of melancholy; and so far they affect us. When he descants on the higher themes of heaven, and the great truths which are known and practised there, he either descends into common-place, or by attempting too high a flight, incurs the charge of affectation and bombast.

The author of the poem before us has not steered clear between these two vicious extremes. It is hardly fair, however, to judge of his talents for this species of composition from a single specimen. He is manifestly a practised writer, and seems actuated in producing this work by the most amiable motives. We select a single passage as a favourable example of his style.

‘ And can there be who doubt there is a God,
And life eternal! — When the river flows,
Deny the fountain-head who will, the wave,
That curling murmurs farthest from its source,
That source attests. Shew me some well-wrought work
Of matter or of mind; though you produce
No author, I conclude that such there was,
Or this had never been, and give him praise.
And why should sense demur? When the poor slave,
Doom'd by some tyrant's hard decree to starve,
Wakes in his dungeon, on his rocky bed,
From sleep, then wildly casts his eyes around,
As if in search of death, let him espy
In osier frame sweet herbage of the field
To greet his famished lip, and from the spring,
In earthen jar, the lucid draught to cheer
His parching tongue, will he not straight exclaim,
That some kind hand hath op'd his prison-door
And brought this bounty? will he not invoke
A blessing on the donor as he tastes,
And feels the temperate tide of health return
To cool the heated vessels of his heart,
And pacify the fever in his brain?
Tell him 'twas chance: — but no; — you could not thus
Abuse his ear, nor wound his swelling soul
In presence of the angel Gratitude.’

ART. XIV. *The Book of Churches and Sects.* By the Rev. T. Charles Boone, B. A. 8vo. pp. 560. 14s. London. C. and J. Rivington. 1826.

THIS is a very useful book for all denominations of Christians. Its great object is to exhibit a 'succinct account of the tenets and customs of the various sects, to which so many opposite interpretations of Scripture have given rise.' The texts upon which each particular mode of faith has been founded, are brought together under one head, and the reader can not only see at a single glance the doctrines of each sect, but he can, without any great trouble, compare them together, and decide which of them deserves his preference.

The manner of execution seems, on the whole, tolerably impartial. The author has properly, wherever it was practicable, given the opinions of each sect in their own words. He has abstained from commentary in the body of his work, though he has added to it 'a Refutation of Unitarianism, and an Arrangement of Texts in support of the Tenets of the Church of England.' This addition the reader will, of course, treat as his inclination leads him, but that part of the work which is more extensive in its character, and which has particularly attracted our notice, will, we think, be universally acceptable.

For instance, a reader who wishes to become acquainted with the peculiar belief of that respectable sect, the Quakers, has only to refer to the table of contents, where under that denomination he will find all the passages in Scripture which go to form a complete account of their tenets. Where a passage of Scripture is disputed, the opinions upon it are classed in a chronological order. Mr. Boone is evidently a young and a sanguine author, and a staunch advocate for his own form of worship. For this he is not to be blamed; still less so, when he acknowledges that he wrote from ignorance, or, in other words, for the purpose of 'adding to his own stock of theological knowledge.' We can further say, that his work is eminently calculated to augment the 'theological knowledge' of all those who may choose to give it their serious attention.

ERRATA.

In the first Number of this Series, page 68., line 36., the letter *h* and the word *his* were omitted at the end of the line.

Page 71., line 26., for "admits of such an instrument," read "admits of no such instrument."

* * * Subscribers are informed, that the APPENDIX, containing the TITLE-PAGE, CONTENTS, and INDEX, to Vol. cviii. of the former Series of this Journal, and also the usual number of articles on *Foreign Literature*, was published on the 2d of January. Those who have not yet completed their volumes are requested, at their earliest convenience, to send orders for their copies of the Appendix to the Publishers; where also a few copies of the first Number of the New and Improved Series may be had by a timely application.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1826.

ART. I. *Harry and Lucy concluded*; being the last Part of early Lessons. By Maria Edgeworth. 4 Vols. 12mo. 16s. Boards. Hunter. 1825.

THERE is no business or art that administers to the necessities or conveniences of mankind, which has not from time to time been beset with empiricism. Of this, education has had more than its full share. It may be doubted whether medicine itself has exhibited among its professors and practitioners a greater quantity of quackery. The philosophy of the human mind has been a principal and favourite subject of study with the wise and learned of all ages, and its professed aim, as a science, has ever been the improvement of the intellectual faculties of man, as the means of advancing his knowledge. Yet from Aristotle down to Bacon and Descartes, practical education (as far as the improvement of the intellectual powers was its object) was almost wholly confined to teaching how to wrangle by rule; and since the appearance of these two great lights, notwithstanding the vast and salutary change which they produced in the methods by which the philosophy both of mind and of matter has been conducted, it would be difficult to point out a writer of eminence who made the mental faculties the object of his enquiries, and who did not at the same time set up as the maker or destroyer of a system. The consequence of this, in these practical days, is just what might have been expected in an age in which the useful has begun to be almost universally followed in preference to the curious. 'Metaphysics,' as Miss Edgeworth observes in her preface to the little work now under notice, 'after being too much in fashion, have been thrown aside too disdainfully, and their use and abuse have been confounded.' So much is given in all works of this nature to mere speculation, and so little to the practical application of proved and admitted truths, that the very name of metaphysics sounds to the ear of a modern reader as a word denoting something

very profound, very perplexed, very troublesome, and very useless, and upon the whole exciting a certain vague feeling of antipathy almost amounting to horror. Yet it is most certain that without an attentive examination of the operations of the mind, especially as they are developed in early life, every attempt at systematic instruction is mere working at random, — as much so as Harry's repeated and unsuccessful endeavours to build a bridge, without having learnt the principles upon which arches are constructed.

The great merit of Miss Edgeworth and her father, as writers on education, may be stated in her own words :

' Surely it would be doing good service to bring into popular form all that metaphysicians have discovered, which can be applied to practice in education. This was early and long my father's object. The art of teaching to invent — I dare not say — but of awakening and assisting the inventive power by daily exercise and excitement, and by the application of philosophic principles to trivial occurrences, he believed might be pursued with infinite advantage to the rising generation.' — Preface, pp. xvii, xviii.

The application of metaphysics to the practical business of early instruction has been seldom attempted by metaphysical writers. Locke is the only metaphysician of much eminence who has written professedly on education in our language. Since his time Watts, and, in our own days, Mrs. Hamilton, have endeavoured to apply the principles of mental philosophy to the cultivation of the intellectual powers. But these, and other far inferior writers, have proceeded upon a plan so purely didactic, and have mingled with their practical remarks so much of speculative reasoning, that their writings are too often looked upon as belonging to a class of abstruse and learned disquisitions, excellent in their kind, full of important truths, and always to be spoken of most reverently, yet only to be studied as a task, and chiefly suited to the capacities of grave and learned persons. Of a very different character is the *Essay on Practical Education*. There is nothing like a process of reasoning from the beginning to the end of it. It is essentially a treatise written for the crowd. Every page contains remarks for which authorities might be quoted from the works of the profoundest and most celebrated philosophers, from Bacon down to Stewart; but all is expressed so briefly and familiarly, and the whole work is so crowded with illustrations and examples of the simplest and most obvious kind, that it seems to the common reader nothing more than a lively and agreeable essay upon the tempers and capacities of young folks, written by two good-natured people who were fond of amusing themselves with children.

The only circumstances connected with this work which we have ever much regretted, are, that it was not compressed into a smaller compass, and that it should have been represented by some absurd admirers as containing some new inventions or discoveries in education. Both circumstances have undoubtedly served to hinder it

from working all the benefit which its benevolent authors designed. The immense majority of those who can be expected to read it, are persons who are little disciplined to habits of patient study, and for whom the quantity of print contained in two well-filled and goodly-sized quarto volumes, has a very formidable and disheartening aspect. And the idea of its teaching a new system excited some doubts in many who would have been willingly led by its plain sound sense, if they had reflection and knowledge sufficient to convince them, that the "Edgeworth system of education" was, in truth, as old as Milton, and of course not younger than Locke; and that its authors did little more than enforce, with greater earnestness, and in a more popular form than any other modern writers, the necessity of so exercising the faculties of children that they should become in part their own instructors, and of adding to those more common incentives to study which consist of punishments and rewards, the far surer and more effective stimulants of curiosity kept alive by variety, and the pleasures of successful invention.

The great problem of education is, how the young mind can be best taught to think. The authors of the *Essay on Practical Education* have not solved this problem: the limited knowledge which mankind yet have of their own nature still renders the question one of considerable difficulty; nor, perhaps, will any thing more be ever done than the making of nearer approaches to its solution. But scanty as our information is of the manner in which the faculties of the mind unfold themselves in early life, or perform their functions when mature, we know that attention is essential for either recollecting or reasoning, and that memory and reasoning are essential to invention. It was to show the importance, and, at the same time, the ease of cultivating those faculties in children, that Miss Edgeworth and her father wrote their admirable *Essay*: it was chiefly to inculcate these truths in various ways, and by diversified examples, that she has written some of the most delightful volumes which the present age has added to the permanent literature of Britain; and it was for the same purpose of illustration that her father commenced, and that she continued, the "*Early Lessons*" which she has now concluded.

Such is the main object and such the chief merit of these little volumes. We are not sure, however, that it would be at once perceived by any but an attentive reader, and for this reason we have dwelt more upon this point than we shall perhaps have occasion to do upon the other more obvious qualities of the work. It explains, simply and familiarly, sometimes in conversations between Harry and Lucy and their parents or friends, more frequently in dialogue between the children themselves, the rudiments of science, principally of chemistry and natural philosophy, and the application of these to the common purposes of life.

It is not to be told how ignorant the greater part of us — even of those amongst us who boast of our education — are, of those great operations of the useful arts, which administer to our daily comforts. Many a well-dressed, well-fed, and (it is to be supposed) well-read gentleman and lady would be sorely puzzled, if asked how sugar is made into white lumps, and would stand a-gape if desired to describe the birth of a button.

Little Lucy, in her lively and innocent way, draws to the life, in a few touches one of those people who are satisfied with a kind of knowledge for which a child should blush :

‘ I asked Aunt Pierrepont again afterwards what was meant by an electrical kite and conductors. She told me, that they were talking of the great Dr. Franklin’s kite ; that he was a wonderful man, and had a wonderful kite, which brought lightning down from the clouds, and that he was the inventor of conductors for houses and churches, and people in thunder-storms ; but she said she could not explain more to me without being a professor of electricity, which she did not pretend to be. — Vol. iv. p. 6.

Yet it is easy to learn these things, and really shameful not to know them. In this busy and various world, only a few units of the multitude have the leisure (to say nothing of the talents) to become adepts in science ; but there are literally none (except mendicants and parish-paupers), as events are daily proving, who cannot make themselves so far acquainted with science as to understand its application to the most important of those arts ; by which society is at once improved and embellished, commerce extended, civilisation forwarded, peace rendered, from mutual dependence ; more and more the interest of nations, and the wealth, the happiness, and the dignity of mankind urged in a career of perpetual advancement.

The truth is, that scientific knowledge has begun to force itself upon us. ‘ My father,’ says Miss Edgeworth, (we again quote from the preface to these volumes,) ‘ long ago foresaw, what every body now feels, that the taste for scientific as well as literary knowledge, which has risen rapidly and has spread widely, would render it necessary to make some provision for the early instruction of youth in science, in addition to the great and successful attention paid to classical literature.’ We cannot remain ignorant of science, even if we would. The lower ranks are pushing up to our station in knowledge, and, to maintain our elevation, we must ourselves mount higher. Nor need we be alarmed at this new necessity. There is little difficulty in the task which it imposes. On the contrary, there is every reason to be assured, that the scientific education of children is not only easy in itself, (as it is most certainly delightful to them,) but is the mode of instruction best suited to aid the growth of their mental powers. Novelty and variety are the spells of early life, and the good or the evil

which they work depends upon the sort of persons who guide the wizard's wand, and who conjure up the objects which are to charm the youthful fancies of the beholders. How effectually this may be done, when it is done skilfully, is proved in every page of *Harry and Lucy*. The whole secret lies in never doing too much at once, never encouraging enquiries which disgust by their difficulty, and never teaching, by way of express information, what the learners may discover for themselves. To this it may be added, that the beginnings of scientific instruction ought, if possible, to be apparently accidental and desultory with children. They should be taken by surprize. Their curiosity should be roused before they suspect any cause for it, and the very idea of a task should be never once admitted to their minds. In this way the leading principles of science may be unfolded in familiar experiments, which will give the young learner the same sort of delight that he would feel in playing at some interesting game, or witnessing a showy spectacle; and the teacher may consider that every serious difficulty is overcome, when once the pupil exercises his own ingenuity to satisfy his curiosity. Having once felt the pleasure of success, (one of the highest pleasures, perhaps, that can be felt,) he will soon contract an habitual ambition for succeeding; — a permanent incentive to knowledge, which we may improve and direct, but for which, in the wide scope of human nature, we can find no substitute so strong and so lasting.

We can give but little in the way of extract from these volumes, which we have perused with much greater pleasure than we have often derived from works of much prouder pretensions. The following is taken at random; but we could hardly open any part of the work without meeting something which would deserve to be laid before our readers.

Harry is teaching Lucy the principle of the air-pump:

“ Pump away: this way,” said he, showing her how to hold the handle, and how to move it backwards and forwards, and how she worked two pistons at the same time.

“ She worked it, but not without difficulty. After she had pumped for some minutes, she found the difficulty increasing, and asked from what this arose.

“ Harry said, from the resistance made by the pressure of the outward air, which becomes greater as the receiver is more and more exhausted. He took off the receiver, and put her hand over the hole at the top of the pipe, which communicates with the pumps, and bid her move the pistons with her other hand gently. She did so, and felt that part of the palm of her hand, which was over the pipe drawn in. Her brother repeated, “ Gently, gently,” as she moved the handle. Indeed, soon there was no occasion to say so to her, for she felt the palm drawn in so as to be quite painful, and she grew red with fright.

“ Oh! brother, it hurts me very much; I cannot take my hand away. What shall I do?”

“ Stop pumping,” said he, “ and do not be frightened; there is no danger.”

' She stopped pumping, and her brother turned a screw, so as to let the air into the receiver. This relieved her hand. She held it up to show him a purple circle all round the inside of the hand.

' He pitied it a little — a very little. Lucy thought not quite enough.

' "I know," said he, "exactly how much it hurts you, because I have done the same a hundred times to my own hand. My dear, I wanted you to feel as I did myself. There is, as you said, nothing like feeling, to make one remember well. What do you think caused this?"

' At first Lucy answered, that she did not know.

' "Because you are thinking of the pain in your hand," said he.

' "That is true," said Lucy, "but it is pretty well over now. What did you ask me?"

' "I asked you what caused that kind of sucking in of your hand into the exhausted receiver?"

' She thought for an instant, and answered,

' "I believe it was the pressure of the outer air, which was trying to get in at that hole, to fill the vacuum, and which was prevented by the palm of my hand, which it then drove in as much as it could. Well, now I am sure I have *felt* 'the pressure of the viewless air;' and now you must let me repeat the line,

' " 'The spring and pressure of the viewless air.' "

' Harry repeated it after her, declaring it was a very pretty line, besides, it had some common sense in it. Lucy had said it quite at the right time, when it did not interrupt him, or any thing that was going on. He was so much pleased with it, that he begged of her to repeat all those lines again for him; and when they went out to their garden soon afterwards, instead of beginning to dig, he desired her to say the lines once more, for that he must learn them by heart. Thus he learnt from her some of her taste for poetry, while she acquired from him some of his love of science.

' In repeating these lines, Lucy observed which of them alluded to the barometer, and which to the air-pump. When she had first learned them by rote, barometer and air-pump had been so jumbled in her head, that she could not understand them.

' "How up exhausted tubes bright currents flow
Of liquid silver from the lake below;
Weigh the long column of th' incumbent skies,
And with the changeful moment fall or rise —"

she now knew described the barometer, and the succeeding lines the air-pump:

' "How, as in brazen pumps the pistons move,
The membrane valve sustains the weight above;
Stroke follows stroke, the gelid vapour falls,
And misty dew-drops dim the crystal walls;
Rare and more rare expands the fluid thin,
And silence dwells with vacancy within."

' While Harry was learning these lines by heart, Lucy stopped as she prompted the couplet concerning "gelid vapour" and "misty dew-drops," and objected, "I do not understand about misty dew-

drops on the crystal walls. I did not perceive any vapour on the glass bell."

Her brother told her, that these lines alluded to a fact which he had not yet mentioned to her, which his father had but very lately told him, and he was not clear enough yet about it to attempt to explain it to her.

Lucy said she was satisfied to wait; that it was best not to know every thing at once, and pleasant to have something to look forward to. But altogether she confessed, that though the air-pump was curious and ingenious, to use the air to drive itself out, yet the water-pump she thought a much grander, and a much more useful machine. She thought the air-pump was not of any use.

Harry smiled, and answered, "So I thought at first. But, my dear, that was owing to my ignorance. And when you know more you will find that the air-pump is of great use. There are many experiments in natural history, as papa showed me, that could never have been tried, and discoveries that could never have been made without it. For instance, to give you a little peep into the matter, we could never, without an air-pump, have known that a guinea and a feather would fall to the ground in the same time, if there was no air to resist the fall of either of them."

"A guinea and a feather! A heavy guinea and a light feather! oh, brother!"

"Very true, I assure you; as you will see one of these days."

"Harry, now I think I recollect I heard this about the guinea and the feather before, or read it somewhere; and something else too about the guinea's making no more noise than the feather when it falls. You will show me this too, will you?"

"I am not sure that I can, Lucy," said Harry. "I tried in this air-pump, and I did not find it was so. The guinea fell on the metal plate here at the bottom, and this plate touches the outer air, and rings, makes a noise."

"I do not clearly understand why it should make a noise when it falls, or why it should not," said Lucy.

"I cannot explain it yet," said Harry; and I must try the experiment about the noise over again, to make myself sure whether I am right or wrong. I am certain that the feather and guinea come to the ground in the same time, for that experiment I have tried often, and it always succeeded."

"Show it to me now," said Lucy.

"No, not now. But you shall see all this, and a great deal more, in time," said Harry. — pp. 130—136.

One great charm of the work arises from the characters of the two children who are its principal *dramatis personæ*. Their tempers are exquisitely sketched and contrasted. Lucy is a lively, playful, some would say rather volatile girl, who doats on a joke, suffers her imagination often to go a-rambling from her judgment, but is always ready to call back the truant and apply herself sedulously to the subject of enquiry, at the least hint from her brother Harry, whom she almost idolises, and who is partly her teacher and partly the companion of her studies. Harry is a boy

of a sure and steady rather than a brilliant and rapid intellect, with great curiosity and anxiety for information, and great patience in his progress towards acquiring it. He is more apt to discern differences than to perceive resemblances, and, therefore, often does not understand the wit and fun of his sister, which sometimes even provoke him. In the dialogues between them, the author has most judiciously scattered many passages which contain nothing but pleasantry and childish banter; in short, what grave grown-up people would term *nonsense*; 'an alloy,' however, which (to use her own simple but expressive words) 'is necessary to make sense work well.' We are not sure that in these portions of her work Miss Edgeworth has not been rather too sparing than the contrary. But the adjustment of the proper portion of such an alloy as nonsense, was, it must be owned, a business of no little difficulty; and perhaps, after all, her best praise is to say, she has so infused it, that for the sake of her young readers we could wish there were more of it.

In another part of the structure of her work Miss Edgeworth has shown no less judgment. She has given no index, no table of contents, nor even any headings of chapters. Nothing is foretold to the young reader. Expectation is held excited by a succession of entertaining novelties, not by formal promises, which as often repress, by half gratifying, as they awaken curiosity. And here we cannot forbear suggesting, that they who have the good fortune or the good sense to employ these books for their children, have need to observe some caution in the use of them. These are not volumes of which, like common story-books, large portions should be read at a sitting. Great management will be required to suit the food to the appetite; to give so much at a time as will serve to gratify, without cloying, the interest of the pupil. The author has herself marked certain divisions with horizontal lines upon the page; but this is a point which parents and teachers *must* regulate according to the tempers and capacities of the children committed to them for instruction.

May we be permitted, at parting, to enquire whether it has never occurred to the author of the most valuable part of the "Essay on Practical Education" to publish the substance of that treatise—the value of which none can know so well—in a condensed shape, and in a small, cheap, and portable volume? The work is indeed sold now in, perhaps, as cheap a form as is consistent with its present compass; but it is seldom read with effect by any except those who are not only very happily educated, but very happily inclined. There is in it much repetition which might be pruned, much of illustration which is not essential, and many large passages (part of the chapter on Servants we venture to give as an instance) which might be wholly dispensed with. We wish to see it in the cottage-parlour as well as in the drawing-rooms and

libraries of prouder mansions. We wish to see it, what we are sure it might be made, a pocket-volume, the mother's companion in every situation of life to which literary education, even in its rudiments, shall have penetrated.

ART. II. *The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1826.*
Vol. X. 8vo. pp. 470. 15s. Boards. London. Longman and Co.
1826.

THE elaborate biographical pieces in the present volume of this very useful and interesting work are sixteen in number. The subjects are Lord Radstock, the Rev. Henry Kett, Mrs. Barbauld, the Rev. Charles Wolfe, Lord Whitworth, Dr. Parr, Mr. Bowdler, the Bishop of Salisbury, Mr. Fuseli, Dr. Rees, Lord Carlisle, Dr. Tilloch, Mrs. Franklin, Mr. Owen, R. A., Sir Thomas Bertie, and Lord Donoughmore. The selection has very properly been confined to 'the memoirs of celebrated persons who have died during the years 1824-5,' with only one exception, the Rev. C. Wolfe; in whose case, although the period of his decease might place him rather beyond the usual limits of the work, the editor has justly 'preferred the slight relaxation of a general rule to the omission of all notice of an individual who was beloved wherever he was known, and who has left behind him more than one production of genius, which the world will not willingly let die.'

The measure of interest pertaining to the memoirs of so many individuals, must of course vary as much as the relative degrees of their celebrity for virtue and talent. The harvest of death must be unusual and tremendous, which could fill our annual obituary exclusively with the "illustrious immortal;" and many names must swell the yearly volume, whose sum of existence, however praiseworthy in itself, and dear to an admiring circle, can offer little matter highly worthy of public regard, or very attractive to general curiosity. Yet the story even of private worth must do good as far as its example can be inculcated; and if we cannot, with the compiler of the work before us, include the subject of every memoir which he has here inserted in the list of really 'celebrated persons,' we may at least commend the general spirit in which he has made his selection. We cannot expect him to find sufficient matter of permanent value to engross every year's volume; but he has succeeded in giving not only a harmless but an agreeable and wholesome variety to his work. We know not, in short, any annual publication which is better fitted for family-perusal, not only as abounding in amusing anecdote and instructive details, but for its higher utility, as holding out, from authentic examples, every incitement to manly, honourable, and virtuous exertion.

On the articles upon Mrs. Barbauld and the Rev. C. Wolfe (whose memory has been rescued from oblivion by the attention

recently drawn to his admirable *Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore*) no comment on our part is here necessary : for the papers have been compiled from the memoirs of the parties by Miss Aikin and the Rev. J. A. Russell ; of which, our readers will remember, notices have already appeared in the pages of this Journal. The articles on Lord Radstock and Sir Thomas Bertie are rather interesting pieces of naval biography ; for those officers' names are honourably associated with the glorious days of Cape St. Vincent and Copenhagen. Lord Radstock was, moreover, distinguished as a munificent patron of the fine arts : he left an excellent gallery of pictures by Italian, French, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish masters ; and this fine assemblage, entirely of his own collection, was valued at upwards of fifty thousand pounds. To this elegant taste he united the higher qualities of private benevolence and of sincere attachment to his country.

The short memoir on Mr. Kett is only an account of an amiable man and an exemplary divine, who did his utmost in the cause of his religion, but who, notwithstanding the eulogy which partial friendship has here exhausted upon his writings, was certainly not a person of any remarkable talents. Of the late venerable Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Fisher, the preceptor of the Princess Charlotte, it is impossible for any one to speak without respect and affection, who ever observed his meek and unaffected yet dignified deportment, his serene temper, and his earnest exercise of his functions. A person of brilliant attainments he was not : but he was a beautiful example of a Christian prelate, — pious, unostentatious, and charitable ; and we have here a very sensible sketch of his life and character, as free from injudicious pretension as the man himself.

We pass rapidly over several of the other minor memoirs in the collection : — of Dr. Tilloch, the able and scientific conductor of the *Philosophical Magazine* ; Mr. Owen, the painter and Royal Academician ; and Mr. Thomas Bowdler, the editor of the *Family Shakespeare* and of the forthcoming expurgate edition of *Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Mr. Bowdler was a truly amiable man, but whose undistinguished and “even tenor of life” is here related with rather more prolixity, perhaps, than was necessary, from a tedious memoir by his nephew. In the two papers on Lords Whitworth and Donoughmore we have a very careful, able, and impartial digest of the remarkable political transactions in which these noblemen were engaged : but we cannot bestow the same praise of ability on the composition of the memoir of Lord Carlisle. This is apparently by a different hand, with an absurd and laboured attempt at “fine writing” and flowery diction. We cannot be told in simple terms that the young nobleman was placed at *Eton*, but that ‘he was early sent to the celebrated seminary erected by the ill-fated Henry ;’ and then we are favoured with the novel information, in an explanatory note, that ‘*Eton College* was founded by

Henry VI.' We hear also, in curious phrase, of 'verses being appended to a school-room on account of their excellence;' of 'Charles Fox, ere yet he was in manhood's bloom;' of 'taste for the classic page;' of 'being borne on the bosom of the silvery flood;' of 'contending for the prize of eloquence and the meed of fame;' of 'shining a meteor of fashion;' and, *id genus omne*, of tropes and figures, sadly out of place in plain narrative prose. It is amusing, however, to be told of the youthful Charles Fox and His Lordship, as the two greatest beaux of their day, striving to introduce the foreign popery of red heels!

We have purposely reserved ourselves to speak lastly of the best papers in the volume. These are on Dr. Parr, Dr. Rees, Mrs. Franklin, and Mr. Fuseli. And here we will say, of the life of Dr. Parr, that it is an admirable compilation from all that has yet been published of him, with some curious additional matter. It completely introduces us to the person and peculiarities of the man; and it affords us a full and satisfactory account of the most profound scholar and one of the most original and eccentric minds of the age. We cannot analyse the paper, but we shall extract the author's brief summary of his character; which, if it too much forgets the hasty temper and overbearing manner of the literary Ajax, appears to us in other respects remarkably just.

His views were most comprehensive, his arguments most acute; his diction was correct without stiffness, and his imagery splendid without glare. It was the vulgar notion of those who did not know Dr. Parr, that his information was confined to the structure of sentences, the etymology of words, the import of particles, and the quantity of syllables. But those who intimately knew and appreciated his singular mental acquirements, were struck alike with their variety and with their depth. In classical erudition he was without a rival, and was one of the few surviving devotees of the old school of learning. His knowledge of ecclesiastical history, particularly as connected with the church history of Britain, was most extraordinary: all the minute and illustrative facts connected with the liturgies, forms, doctrines, and creeds of the establishment, were most accurately known to him. As he idolized the memories of those who had fallen martyrs in the cause of political truth, so, in his own words, he "loved to soar in the regions of religious liberty." His religious sentiments were formed on the most mature reflection, the most accurate balance of evidence, the most extensive, bold, and impartial results. There were no doubts he dared not investigate, no difficulties he did not grapple with. But although there was no polemical question which he did not analyze, yet he entertained the most profound contempt for established bigotry, and sectarian dogmatism. Above all, he early discovered the limitation of the human understanding; the folly of diving after hidden knowledge. To use his own quotation from Johnson, "by the solicitous examination of objections, and judicious comparisons of opposite arguments, he attained what inquiry never gives but to industry, and perspicuity, — a firm and unshaken settlement of conviction; but his firmness was with-

out asperity, for knowing with how much difficulty truth was sometimes found, he did not wonder that many missed it."

Dr. Parr was extensively read in history and legislation, and was well acquainted with what are called the constitutional writers. His character as a politician was most manly and consistent. His own words, in the contrast of the characters of Warburton and Hurd, may be applied to himself; "he never thought it expedient to expiate the artless and animated effusions of his youth by the example of a temporising and obsequious old age; he began not his course, as others have done, with speculative republicanism; nor did he end it, as the same persons are now doing, with practical toryism." It has already appeared, that he was indebted for all his perferment to the affection of private friends; for though he was animated by an ardent but liberal and enlightened attachment to our civil and ecclesiastical constitution, though he was distinguished by unparalleled learning, gigantic strength of intellect, the most unblemished morals, Christian humility, and profound unaffected piety,—he was never patronised by the government of his country. This was a circumstance which many will perhaps consider explained by the passage in his character of Mr. Fox, in which Dr. Parr truly states of himself, that, "from his youth upward, he never deserted a private friend, or violated a public principle; that he was the slave of no patron, and the drudge of no party; that he formed his political opinions without the smallest regard, and acted upon them with an utter disregard to personal emoluments, and professional honours." He adds (what his friends must rejoice to recollect was the truth), "that although for many and the best years of his life he endured very irksome toil, and suffered very galling need, he eventually united a competent fortune with an independent spirit; and that, looking back to this life and onward to another, he possessed that inward peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away." Nor will this be wondered at by those who know that his long residence at Hatton was spent by him in diligently performing all the duties of a parish priest; in assisting, advising, and befriending the poor; in the exercise of a generous hospitality; in encouraging and patronising merit; in communicating knowledge, whenever required, from his own inexhaustible stores; in contributing, by a most extensive correspondence, to the general illumination of the literary world; in manifesting by his words and deeds, that he cultivated a spirit of unbounded philanthropy, as the practical essence of our holy religion; and in endeavouring to promote from the pulpit and by the press whatever is most conducive to the public and private welfare of mankind,—pp. 164—166.

The memoir of Dr. Abraham Rees is also ably compiled, and will be read with considerable interest. Dr. Rees, besides being one of the most eminent divines of his day, has left a distinguished name in literature and science; and to establish the just title of his reputation, we need only point to the completion of that Herculean labour, his Cyclopædia, and to the prodigious improvement in subsequent works of the kind, to which his example and success so essentially contributed.

The very interesting paper on Mrs. Franklin owes its attraction less to the literary reputation of that lady, than to some affecting

incidents in her life, the romantic colouring of her marriage, and the premature and saddened close of her existence. The article, moreover, which is from the pen of a friend, is interspersed with some pleasing anecdotes. Mrs. Franklin is best known to our readers, probably, by her maiden name of Porden, and as the talented daughter of the late respectable architect of Eaton Hall, the splendid seat of Earl Grosvenor. Mr. Porden himself was a man of some literary taste, and an amusing little account is here given of a private periodical paper, established at Eaton upon a festive occasion some forty years since. To this sportive journal Mr. Porden was a contributor; and, under its auspices, Mr. Gifford fledged his critical talent as its editor; — a whimsical anticipation of a graver office! The paper made its appearance every morning at the breakfast-table, under the name of the Salt-Box; so called from the circumstance of a salt-box being used as the most convenient receptacle for the effusions of the various members of the party.

Miss Porden showed very early precocity of talent: she began to acquire a respectable knowledge of Greek at eleven years of age, and, while yet a mere girl, became a good mineralogist, geologist, and theoretical chemist. But it was by her poetical taste that she was particularly distinguished. At seventeen years of age she wrote her first poem, "The Veils; or, the Triumph of Constancy:" three years afterwards appeared another piece, "The Arctic Expedition;" and after another interval a third poem, or as her friend calls it, rather too ambitiously, her 'grand work,' "Cœur de Lion; or, the Third Crusade." The "Arctic Expedition" was prompted by a visit to the discovery-ships, which produced also her first acquaintance with Captain Franklin, the intrepid northern voyager and traveller, and eventually her marriage to him. But fatal symptoms of decay in her constitution had already manifested themselves before this interesting union; and she sank under consumption just after her gallant husband's last departure for the perilous enterprise on which he is still engaged. The narrative of her end is too touching to be omitted.

A circumstance which occurred just before their union places the character of the amiable subject of this memoir in so elevated a point of view, and affords so admirable an example to her sex, that we cannot pass it unnoticed. Captain Franklin, with the manly and honourable candour which belongs to his profession, was observing to her that his country had an undoubted right to his services while he was capable of rendering them; and, therefore, that she must not be annoyed or mortified at his occasional absence: "I am an Englishwoman!" was the noble and comprehensive answer.

In June, 1824, Mrs. Franklin gave birth to a daughter; and it was for some time hoped that her constitution would rally, and her health be restored; but these flattering expectations were soon destroyed. It has been said that the agitation occasioned by the preparations for the

departure of Captain Franklin on his second expedition accelerated her death; but that was by no means the case. On the contrary, ever eager herself in the pursuit of knowledge, she entered fully into the enterprising spirit of her husband; and, notwithstanding the unprecedentedly severe hardships and dangers to which Captain Franklin had been exposed in his first expedition, she was anxious that he should have an opportunity of repeating the attempt, in the hope that the great object in view might yet be accomplished. The pulmonary complaint, however, from which she had so long suffered, rapidly gained ground; and it became evident that no human power could save her. She was given over by her physicians five days before that fixed for Captain Franklin's departure. After joining with him and with her family in receiving the sacrament, and after taking an afflicting farewell of all, she awaited in resignation the fiat of her Maker. It was, perhaps, an alleviating circumstance, that as the service on which Captain Franklin was ordered was of a nature that would not admit of delay, her life was spared until after his departure; thereby enabling him to set forward with the hope, however faint, which her still being in existence would allow him to entertain. She, on her part, survived to know that he had sailed from England; and then tranquilly breathed her last, on the night of the 22d of February, 1825. — pp. 350, 351.

The only remaining article, the memoir of Mr. Fuseli, is a very animated piece of biography. It is marked by some variety of interest, for Fuseli's distinction was not confined even to first-rate excellence in his art alone. By his father, who was a Swiss artist, he was early destined for the church; and though the natural bent of young Fuseli's inclination totally frustrated the design, and made him a painter, he derived the benefit, all his life, of a learned education. But, in truth, nature had given him an universal genius. He was so perfect a Greek scholar, that he used to amuse himself by making verses in that language extemporaneously, and then pretend he could not recollect the author. "Whose are those, Porson?" repeating four or five sonorous lines. "I really do not know," answered the learned Professor, after a short pause; no doubt surprised to find that any Greek existed in the world with which he was unacquainted. "How the deuce should you," was the chuckling reply, "when I wrote them myself?"

His facility in acquiring languages was wonderful; and it was his habitual saying that six weeks were sufficient to enable a man to grasp the elements of any tongue. He wrote French with great ease, and Italian in its purest dialect: German was his native language; and that he was perfect master of English, beyond the mere power of fluent conversation, is evident from the fact that into no man was the spirit of Shakspeare and Milton ever more thoroughly transfused. He was a nervous English writer, and a sound and experienced literary critic; and Cowper was glad to avail himself of his learning for the revision of his translation of the *Iliad*.

Fuseli was born about the year 1735, and came to England in 1762: his genius soon grew to the soil. We have here the well-known story of Sir Joshua Reynolds's prophetic estimate of his professional greatness, even while he was balancing between the church, literature, and art. It was on seeing some of his drawings that the President, in admiration of the conception and power displayed in these efforts, could not refrain from exclaiming, with all the enthusiasm of his art, "Young man, were I the author of those drawings, and offered 10,000*l.* a-year not to practise as an artist, I would reject the proposal with contempt." This flattering opinion, from so great an authority, decided the destiny of Fuseli; and he had no cause for subsequent regret that it did so. How splendid was his professional success needs not be told; and in advanced years it was his grateful boast that his life had been one of happiness, as well as success.

In his art, the peculiar quality of his genius was shown by the idolatry with which, as it were, he worshipped the sublimity of Michael Angelo; and the best specimens of his own mind may be found in his compositions for the Shakspeare and Milton Galleries. Above all, among them, the ghost-scene in Hamlet and the Lazar House were his master-pieces. Relative to the former picture, we have here a curious anecdote: "There never, perhaps, was a greater testimony given to the effect of any picture, than was involuntarily paid to this performance by a celebrated metaphysician still living. As a matter of favour, this gentleman was admitted to an inspection of the Gallery some time before it was opened to the public. He began his scrutiny with the pictures on the side of the room opposite to that where Mr. Fuseli's Hamlet hung; but on suddenly turning his head in that direction, he caught a sight of the phantom, and exclaimed, in an accent of terror, "Lord have mercy upon me!"

Perhaps we might complain, as the defect of the biographical piece before us, that the very peculiar features of Fuseli's mind and style are not struck off in it with sufficient strength and precision. Much of what is said of him might apply to almost any other master. His genius was unquestionably of the very highest order; and its character was essentially grandeur and sublimity of conception. That these master-qualities sometimes wandered into extravagance was their natural erratic course. But in the design and composition, the grouping and situation of his pieces, and, above all, in his mode of telling the story of a picture, as it is cantly phrased, he was truly great. His drawing was astonishing: bold, broad, and free, yet minutely and anatomically correct, he fearlessly threw the human figure before us into positions and attitudes, which almost any other painter would have shrunk in terror from attempting. But of the whole art of colouring he was either absolutely and altogether ignorant, or, if he knew any thing

of it, he entirely overlooked its importance, and systematically despised its details.

Now if these points of Fuseli's character as an artist had been plainly and directly set before the reader in the memoir in a few words, it would have saved whole pages of aimless and indecisive dissertation. When the biographer proceeds to render to Fuseli's literary compositions, and to his lectures at the Academy especially, the praise of characteristic vigour of thought and energy of style, we perfectly agree with him: but, in candour, he should not have omitted to add, that there were some peculiarities in temper which made the professor, with all his excellences, not the fittest instructor in the world for the youthful pupils of the Academy. His conversation to them was habitually coarse, and too often obscene; and every mark of inaptitude was sure to provoke a burst of invective, interlarded with vulgar and shocking oaths, or rounded, not more excusably, with some indecent pleasantries. A strange debasement of habit for so gifted a spirit, and so estimable a nature! Of the eccentric manner in which his impetuosity would glance off into a jest, we have a laughable little instance in this memoir:

'When Mr. Fuseli resided in Berner's Street, two of the Royal Academicians, men more remarkable for their abilities than for their attention to "the outward man," of which they were sadly negligent, called on him to talk over some business connected with the Academy. The host and his visitors disagreed on the subject, and on their departure, the discussion which had commenced above stairs continued as they descended, and was prolonged as they all three stood on the step of the street door. At length, Mr. Fuseli, adverting to his friends' shabby habiliments, put an end to the conversation by saying to them in a humorous tone, "Come, go away! go away! I don't wish my neighbours to think I have bon-bailiffs about me!"' — p. 254.

But we must have done: after having noticed the regular memoirs which occupy the text of the volume, we shall only add, that in the sort of biographical index which follows, of persons who have died in 1824-5, we have perceived more than one name which we could have wished transplanted with a suitable memoir into the body of the work. But we are sorry to find from the editor's preface that, in some cases in which he had desired to insert full biographical notices, his applications for materials to the near connections of the parties were met only by refusals. We cannot but deem this, as the editor justly calls it, a strange degree of apathy in those connections, — and we shall add, too, a very impolitic insensibility to that reflective honour on themselves, which the careful record of a good or great man's deeds must always in some measure cast upon his family and descendants. It is with reason also that the editor, in referring to the obstacles which he has thus experienced, laments, 'that, at a time when the public mind is unceasingly vitiated by narratives of the profligate

adventures of strumpets and swindlers, every opportunity is not anxiously embraced of counteracting the pernicious tendency of those infamous details, by describing the honourable and successful career of persons distinguished for their moral and intellectual qualities.

The whole of the present work is composed so much in the spirit of this commendable object that we are loath to find any occasion for censure; but before we close our remarks, we cannot forbear to notice the unkind tone in which one article in the index is written. It is that on the late Mr. Maturin, and its levity is the more remarkable, because it is so different from any thing else in the volume. It is no excuse that the notice appears to have been transplanted verbatim from the Gentleman's Magazine. If the editor cannot obtain worthy materials, it is neither necessary nor just that he should substitute a heartless caricature for an authentic resemblance. Whatever were his foibles, poor Maturin was, in the truest sense of the word, a man of fine and original genius. His very last romance, the *Albigenses*, for splendid and striking situations and admirable delineations of character, may stand to unfavourable comparison with some of the master-pieces of the Great Unknown; and, if nothing else, the melancholy affection of mind which darkened the premature close of existence upon this unhappy child of imagination, should in itself, at least, have protected his memory from insult. His fate should have shamed into silence the wanton and unfeeling jester, who has depreciated his powers and thrown his weaknesses into prominent relief, merely for the miserable gratification of aggravating the ridicule.

ART. III. *An Introduction to Entomology; or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects.* With Plates. By William Kirby and William Spence, &c. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 2l. 2s. London. Longman and Co. 1826.

At length we have the long-expected termination of this work. Our readers have probably not forgotten the amusement, as well as instruction, which they received from the two first volumes; the nature of which was also such as to render the reviewer's task no less easy than delightful. Neither the reader nor the reviewer must expect the same entertainment here; for these two volumes comprise those analogies and anatomical details which belong to the scientific, not the popular history of this most interesting department of creation.

In our limited space, we can give but a very slender sketch of the immense quantity of matter contained in these dense volumes. Like the two former, those now before us are wordy and diffuse; and, worse than the former, that superfluity of writing is here a serious evil, as it perpetually interrupts the atten-

tion, besides enormously increasing the bulk of the work. Indeed, it is often nearly impossible to keep up in our minds the trains of reasoning and analogies, so essential to a clear view of the subject. We have rarely seen a scientific treatise written in so injudicious and teasing a manner.

When we say that 51 pages (Letter xxviii. vol. iii.) are spent on 'The Definition of the Term Insect,' and that the two volumes contain 1300 pages, our readers will see that we cannot, in our space, avoid entirely passing over very much of what they embrace. We cannot, indeed, from these 51 pages, even extract the definition in question; since the only thing that looks like one is much too long for our purpose.

Letter xxix. is on the Egg State of Insects, also occupying 50 pages. All insects are oviparous; even those which appear to be viviparous, producing eggs which are hatched within the body. But this last, here called the ovo-viviparous state, has two subdivisions, called larviparous and pupiparous; the insects being produced from the mother's body, in one case, in the state of a maggot, in the other, in that of a pupa. Eggs are deposited by means of a peculiar instrument, called Ovipositor, generally singly, but they are often extruded with great rapidity, and sometimes even to a great distance, and with considerable force. A few expose them in a mass. By some they are committed to the water, imbedded in a mass of jelly. The *Blattæ* and the genus *Mantis* lay them with a case containing the whole mass. Many kinds surround them, after exclusion, with bags or coverings of various kinds, resembling silk, or wool, and sometimes, after this, they carry them about their persons, or attach them to different bodies.

Those in particular, whose eggs are condemned to pass the winter, have various contrivances for their protection. Thus they form covers for them, of varnishes, or of hair or cottony matters of their own fabrication, or of fragments of leaves, or other substances, cemented together; or they imbed them in fissures of trees, or in leaves which they derange by their punctures, or glue them upon twigs, protecting the whole mass also by a glue or a varnish. The egg itself is a simple membrane, apparently containing a fluid. In this, the embryo is gradually developed.

As the fertility of insects is one of the most striking subjects in their economy, we shall extract some instances from this part of the work. The variety itself is singular. The *Musca meridiana* lays two eggs; a Flea 12; the Silk-worm 500; the Goat-moth 1000; various *Cocci* from 2000 to 4000; the Wasp 30,000; the Bee 40,000 or 50,000; the *Aleyrodes protetella* 200,000; while the *Termes fatale* is computed to lay 211,449,600 in a year. The sizes of some eggs seem as large as that of the parent; some are almost invisible to the naked eye, some exceed the tenth of an inch. The

eggs of Ants, with many more, grow after they are laid. Their shapes are endless and singular, not only in point of mere form, but as to sculpture, or apparent ornament, and appendages, and their colours are not less various. They are hatched sometimes by the heat of the insect itself, at others by that of the atmosphere: some are hatched in a few days, others pass over the winter.

The larva state of insects occupies the 30th letter. There are two great divisions; the one resembling the perfect insect, the other being totally unlike it. In the first are found Spiders, Centipedes, Millepedes, and others; though, among them, many differ in the numbers as well as the proportions of their parts. In the second, are the Coleoptera, Lepidoptera, and others, whose larvæ are popularly called Caterpillars and Maggots. The structures of these are extremely varied, but always most wonderfully adapted to their specific wants. We cannot of course go into details, but we can assure our readers that this is one of the chapters in which they will find amusement as well as instruction.

The larva becomes a pupa; or, having protected itself in various ways, falls asleep, or becomes torpid, to revive in its new and ultimate form. These also resemble their larvæ, or not, forming two divisions; and within the dormant animal, the shape of the future one is found, more or less distinctly marked or developed. And here also the details of forms and colours are so numerous and minute, that we must refer to the original. As to the duration of this state, it varies from two or three days to months, and even years; but is very much regulated by temperature, so that we even have it in our power to vary and prolong the life of an insect. Though, in general, pupæ are dormant or motionless, there are many which can move, particularly in water, and with great rapidity. When the time for exclusion is arrived, the included insect extricates itself by its own powers; often by dividing, in a peculiar manner, the case previously prepared. This is also a subject full of curious details well worth consulting; and let us say, once for all, lest we should have been misapprehended, that the quantity of matter collected in this useful work is very great, and that it is really one with which no entomologist can dispense, containing, as it does, what must otherwise be sought in endless volumes. We would gladly have extracted some of the most curious particulars, but they are all so *very long* that we really cannot afford it.

The insect excluded from its pupa case or state is now perfect and final. This is the Imago of entomologists. At first, however, it is feeble and moist, and often pale and unlike what it will soon be. Shortly, however, it expands; and sometimes, as if by magic, appears to grow suddenly to a much larger size, this happeni in some cases, even within a few minutes. It has been ascertained

that this apparent growth occasionally arises from the expansion of included air.

In insects, the female is generally larger than the male; the obvious cause being the space required for the production of the eggs. And though generally alike, yet there are some singular exceptions in this respect, both as to colour and form. The details of these differences occupy a great number of pages; so that we cannot pretend to do more than barely mention the fact.

With respect to the ages of the perfect insects, there is much less diversity than in the pupæ. Some live only a few hours, like the ephemeræ; some live days or weeks; while fifteen or sixteen months is the largest period generally known, though one or two exceptions are named of a life extending to two or three years. One singularity is worth noticing; which is, that the existence of the insect depends very much on the fact of propagation; so that as it is terminated shortly after that occurrence, the one can, correspondently, be protracted by delaying the other. Some fall down dead immediately after laying their eggs.

We must pass on to the External Anatomy of Insects, though despairing to give any view whatever of it in our own pages, as, without plates, it is in reality impossible. And let us remark here, that the plates in this work are numerous, and executed with great care and beauty; with that beauty which is every thing on such a subject, — precision and truth. Most wisely, instead of overloading the work with shadow and pretence, they are chiefly mere outlines, exactly what such drawings ought to be, and which we should gladly see multiplied in every work on natural history. It is utterly vain to hope to describe forms by words alone; and it is for that reason that nine tenths of the writings of naturalists are literally of no use whatever. One of these copper-plate pages is worth a whole volume of talk.

The integument, which is in a manner the external skeleton of insects, is membranous, and more or less tough or hard, so as to become gradually a shell, or a bone, if it may so be called. Many, besides this, are clothed with down or hairs. The head is generally harder than the other parts, and its figure is infinitely varied. But it consists of a single piece, without suture, having apertures for its appendages, and is commonly smaller than the trunk or abdomen. It is articulated in different ways to the thorax or middle segment, and its motions vary accordingly, being predetermined by the wants of the animal. Of the organs, those of manducation and eating are very various, and have even been made the groundwork of an arrangement. But there are two great divisions in insects as to this point, namely, masticators and suckers: the former having an upper and an under lip, upper and under jaws, labial and maxillary palpi, and a tongue; and the other having but a tube, of various construction, intended for

piercing and sucking. Of the former, some are also provided with teeth, and others not. The details of all these facts are given with great care and minuteness. The term nose is applied to a part of the head above the mouth, and reaching near to the antennæ; including a piece supposed to contain the organ of smell; and there is also another portion called the post-nasus, or nose, which, together with the frons, can only be understood by consulting the plates. Thus must we also refer to them for the other divisions of the head, that we may pass to the eyes, as of more general interest. Of these there are three kinds, simple, conglomerate, and compound. The simple eyes vary from two to sixteen. The flea, and others, have but two; spiders, six, eight, or sixteen; and when there are many, they are apt to vary in magnitude, as well as in shape. The conglomerate eyes are collected into a mass, well known to common observers, and are found in *Lepisma*, the *Julidae*, and several of the *Scolopendridæ*. The lenses, though approximated, are circular, and arranged in different figures. But it is the compound eye which is most familiar, from its great conspicuity in our common insects. In these, under the microscope, the lenses appear hexagonal. The number varies exceedingly; in a horse-fly having been found 7000, and in a dragon-fly 12,000; while in a butterfly 17,000 have been counted, being even still more numerous in the beetles of the genus *Dynastes*. There are some insects, however, in which they do not exceed fifty. Every single lens appears rather a crystalline humour than a cornea, being thickest in the middle, and perfectly transparent; and beneath this is a varnish, to which they are indebted for their brilliant colours. And still, beneath this varnish, there is a short hexagonal prism entering the concavity of the lens; the whole of these, which appear like so many threads, being attached to a common membrane as a base. This is very thin and black, sending forth threads which pass between the prisms; and beyond all, is a thin expansion of the optic nerve. Such is this mysterious organ; bearing no resemblance to the eyes of quadrupeds or the other races of animals.

The stemmata of insects are generally pellucid spots upon the vortex, commonly arranged in the form of a triangle. They are supposed to be auxiliary eyes, and it is also thought that they are intended for viewing near objects, while the compound ones are meant for distant sight. Swammerdam thought that the compound eyes were intended for horizontal sight, and the stemmata for vertical. The stemmata are not universal in insects; and three is the most common number.

The antennæ of insects are among the most interesting of their organs, while they are nearly peculiar to this department of creation. The limited number is two; though in the crustaceous animals they amount to four. There is a cavity in which they are inserted,

called torulus; and their substance varies in hardness, while the extremity is often softer than the rest. They are almost always placed before or beneath the eyes, so as to be under their command; but as to length and proportions, their variety is endless. They consist in general of a number of tubular joints, so as to possess motion in any direction, these varying also very much in form and number. Their terminations, in particular, are much diversified, and often very beautiful; and they are sometimes covered with down or hairs.

To pass over some minute circumstances, as to this part of insects, the trunk, though resolvable into three segments, consists in general of only two primary ones. The prothorax varies much in size, appearance, and appendages; and, in some cases, it forms one piece with the antepectus. The sternum consists generally of three pieces, and each of these gives insertion to a pair of legs: but here also we must pass over the description of minute parts, that we may say a word respecting the legs and the wings.

The general number of the wings is four, but there are some insects that have only two. The elytra generally partakes in its substance of the covering of the animal, varying exceedingly in shape and appendages, as well as in ornament, or sculpture as it is called, and in clothing as well as colour, the latter of which, in May, is well known to be extremely brilliant. In some tribes, the term tegmina is used for these upper organs of flight, and, in others, hemilytra. The wing itself is generally membraneous, strengthened by tendons, or nervures, and contrived to fold up, in many cases, under the covers. In the hymenoptera and others, it is either slightly folded, or merely lies back on the animal when not in use. The shapes, clothing, and colours present endless details. As to the legs, the insects, properly so called, have only six; though many, popularly known by this name, have many more, amounting, in the *Julus maximus*, to 268. Their substance resembles that of the body generally, whatever this may be; and they commonly consist of five pieces, but vary exceedingly in length, as well as in the respective proportions, forms, and ornaments of the parts.

Besides the parasitic insects to which these, like the larger animals, are subject, they suffer from various diseases, which may be called surgical and medical. Among the former are tumours, besides such accidents as fractures and so forth. Occasional monstrosities are also found among them. An internal disease of some kind, producing vertigo, is also common, particularly among ants and bees; and, in the latter, it has been supposed to arise from sucking poisonous flowers. In the silk-worm it is said that there exist various disorders, which have naturally attracted the attention of the cultivators. The bee is also subject to a species of dysentery, which is often very destructive to the hives. But the most

extraordinary, perhaps, of all, are the invasions which the larvæ undergo from the ichneumon tribe, in consequence of which they produce ichneumons instead of their own flies; a fact which had excited the wonder of the ancient naturalists.

The senses of insects have been subjects of much discussion. It had been thought by some of the older naturalists that they did not possess the sense of hearing; but this power has been clearly proved in so many, that there is no reason to doubt its universality. Of the four other senses, there has been no doubt; but it has been much disputed respecting some of the organs themselves. The chief disputes have related to the antennæ and the palpi. That the former are exploring instruments of touch, in some cases, is certain; but they have, in others, been supposed to serve for hearing, by forming an intermedium of communication to the proper auditory organ. The experiments of the authors themselves seem to justify this opinion. It had been also thought that they were olfactory organs; but Lehman has disproved this supposition. These authors also think, that it is by means of the antennæ that insects learn to foresee those changes of the weather, to which, it is well known, they are so acutely sensible, long before those changes actually occur. And they also conjecture, what does not really seem improbable, that the antennæ are, in this respect, electrical organs; and that it is by their sensibility to the atmospheric electricity, the animals discover these impending vicissitudes.

It is here concluded that the palpi are not organs, either of taste or of smell, as had been imagined by some naturalists, but merely of touch. With respect to the sense of smell, it has been supposed to be attached to the organs of respiration; but the authors before us seem convinced that it lies in the head, in that part called the nose, or between it and the upper lip. And this opinion is confirmed by the experiments of Hüber, at least in the case of bees; while the very organ itself, in the case of the common burying beetle, seems to be assignable, and to consist in two pulpy cushions, covered by a striated membrane; as it is also found, under some variety, in the water-beetle and in other insects. As insects possess a tongue, it is naturally concluded that this is the seat of the organ of taste.

About a hundred pages are occupied on the definitions of terms, in which, for the most part, the Latin terms are anglicised by means of an English termination; and a letter not much shorter is expended on what may be called classification, philosophical classification we should say. This is a subject with respect to which, notwithstanding all the labour bestowed on it, there remain numerous difficulties still to be overcome.

The History of Entomology forms another necessary, and to naturalists, of course, interesting letter; and this, which is fol-

lowed by the 49th letter, relating to the geography, places, and seasons of insects, nearly completes what may be called the philosophical part of this work. The remainder consists chiefly of practical matters relating to the best mode of collecting and preserving insects; together with a physiological chapter, which is very properly given in Latin, and a valuable list of entomological writers.

We cannot terminate our brief review without noticing the references which the authors take frequent opportunities of making to the design and beneficence of the Deity, so conspicuously displayed in this most singular and interesting division of creation. We are, ourselves, convinced, that were there even no other object, were there neither utility nor pleasure, in the study of natural history, it would, for this sole end, form an inestimable branch, even of general education, wherever it is possible that it should be pursued. We know not how he can ever deviate far or long from right, who, surrounded with objects in which he daily sees displayed the Almighty hand, must feel that he resides in the perpetual presence of the Omnipotent.

ART. IV. *Gertrude de Wart*; or, Fidelity until Death. Translated from the Original German of Appenzeller. 8vo. pp. 167. 6s. Longman and Co. 1826.

THIS little volume is a translation of a German tale of the better order. The circumstances of the narrative are full of deep and pathetic interest; the opinions inculcated are those of domestic virtue and practical piety; and the book is tolerably free from that overwrought affectation of sentiment, and that supernatural extravagance of horror and mysticism, which, in the modern imaginative literature of Germany, have become the besetting sin and reproach of the national taste.

Indeed the present composition is invested with a character much more grave and simple than usually belongs to works of fancy, even in our own language. It is a severe, unadorned, rational picture of the intensity of human agony and human endurance. It offers little or nothing of the stirring excitation, the busy plot, or the complex adventure of the ordinary romance. But the saddened tone of the story steals over the mind like the pale silent gleam of a winter's evening, exercising a still and melancholy, yet a pleasing influence; and we perfectly agree with the translator in believing, that an hour cannot be mis-spent, though it be over a fictitious tale, in contemplating a high born and noble minded woman struggling with unmerited misfortunes, and exhibiting a rare example of fortitude, heroic devotion, and conjugal fidelity.

The story of Gertrude de Wart, however, is in the main not a fiction; or it is, at least, founded on an historical incident of the fourteenth century, which we shall repeat in the words of our translator.

In the spring of the year 1308, the Emperor Albert made a progress to visit his paternal dominions in Switzerland; and passing through Argovy, he came to Baden, by way of Winterthur. He was accompanied by his nephew, John Duke of Swabia. This young Prince was exceedingly irritated, because, though he had attained his majority, he could not prevail on his uncle to put him in possession of his paternal inheritance, which comprehended all the territories and noble fiefs of the house of Hapsburg. The well-known avaricious character of Albert convinced the Duke that there was no prospect of his ever becoming master of his own property during the life of his uncle. Among those who attended on the Duke of Swabia, in this progress, were four young barons — Walter de Eschenback, Rodolph de Balm, Conrad de Tagersfeld, and Rodolph de Wart. All the four were exceedingly attached to their young master; and all had, besides, personal reasons for being discontented with the Emperor. It was in the bosom of these devoted friends that the young Prince daily poured out his griefs, and in their zeal and sympathy that he found consolation. Instigated by those who, like him, suffered from the tyranny of Albert, and indignant at seeing his cousin, the Archduke Leopold, who was nearly of the same age with himself, loaded with dignities, and invested with large domains, the enraged and infatuated Duke, with his four friends, resolved on the death of the Emperor.

It was in the vicinity of Brugh that they executed their fatal purpose. All contemporary authors agree in affirming that Rodolph de Wart took no active part in the murder; but being present with the conspirators, he was doomed to share the same fate, and involved in their proscription. The victim of the basest treachery, he alone was destined to appease the vengeance of Albert's family by a most cruel death; and the courage and fidelity with which his unhappy wife adhered to him in his last agony are still celebrated in the cantons of Zurich and Argovy. — Her sufferings and the fortitude with which she supported them would appear incredible, if they had not been well attested by contemporary writers. Jean de Vitoduran was present at the destruction of the castles of Wart and Multberg. Roo and Warthaus are very particular respecting the sufferings of Rodolph de Wart in their account of the conspiracy against the Emperor Albert. — Muller, also, in his History of Switzerland, has given a circumstantial relation of the murder of Albert; and tradition still points out the precise spots where the castle of De Wart stood, and where Rodolph suffered. The ruins of the castles of Falkenstein and Hapsburg are still visible; but no vestige of Wart remains. — Preface, pp. v—viii.

Such is the authentic historical outline of the story of Gertrude de Wart; and upon this foundation it was that M. Appenzeller, minister of the reformed church at Bienné in Switzerland, constructed the series of fictitious letters before us, which were published in Germany, some years ago. The work, which is divided

into two parts, opens with the separation of Rodolph de Wart from his wife, and his departure from his castle to join his lord, the Duke of Swabia, on the fatal occasion of that young prince's last attendance upon his uncle, the Emperor. The first part of the volume contains the correspondence of Gertrude and her husband during his absence ; and here her anxious and gloomy forebodings that he would be entangled in some desperate action by his zealous attachment to his lord, as well as the course of irresolution through which he was rendered an unwilling accomplice in the Emperor's assassination, are portrayed with much fidelity to nature, and considerable powers of delineation. The letters of Gertrude breathe the very spirit of chastened affection and conjugal tenderness ; and no reader will peruse them without feeling his sympathy painfully awakened by the animated expression of her heart-rending fears, her agonised suspense, and her confirmation of despair. The epistles of Rodolph, on the other hand, open to us with a judicious moral the struggle of weakness and principle, the dangers of a well-meaning but too flexible nature, and the fatal perversion of generous feelings to a detestible purpose :—all the horrors of guilt, remorse, and impending vengeance.

This first part of the volume carries us through the deed of blood, and the subsequent flight, concealment, and adventures of the wretched Rodolph, until it closes with his betrayal into the hands of Queen Agnes of Hungary and the Archduke Leopold of Austria, the children of the murdered Emperor. It relates also the fearful train of suffering which the innocent wife of De Wart meanwhile undergoes. Her husband's castle is stormed and razed ; her faithful vassals are butchered in cold blood by the remorseless children of Albert ; and Gertrude herself is constrained to flee, houseless and a wanderer. Her resignation and constancy in her destitution are here very touchingly made to appear ; and in her deepest distresses her guilty husband is still in every letter the paramount and exclusive object of her devoted anxiety.

In the second part, the scene altogether changes. After the torture and execution of Rodolph, his widow has retired into a convent, from whence she is supposed to address to a friend, in successive letters, the dreadful tale of her husband's final sufferings and of her own agony : for, sadly redeeming the pledge of her bridal ring,—its motto was “ fidelity unto death,”—she has witnessed and alleviated his last excruciating pangs on the wheel. We shall give one passage from this tale of horror :

‘ The rising moon begun to tip with silver the dark pines and the turrets of the castle of Kybourg. I discovered the path I was in search of, and, skirting the great forest which is near Winterthur, I heard more and more distinctly the noise of a mill. This should be the meadow where I was to look for my husband. The mill and a rivulet only separated me from him. I passed the water, and, going

round the mill, I perceived the wheel, and the unhappy victim laid on it. The guard was frightened at my appearance, and ran off, with every mark of terror. I heard the breathing of Rodolph, deep, and at intervals resembling sighs. I saw his broken members, agitated by convulsive movements, like those of a lamb palpitating under the knife of the butcher. Yes, Margareta, all this I was doomed to hear and see.

"It is me," said I, softly. He immediately knew my voice: "Is it thee, Gertrude? Jesu Maria! this is all that was wanting!"

I came near to the post on which the wheel was suspended. I saw there some pieces of wood. I took one of them, which I placed close to the wheel. I got up upon it, and I was enabled to seize, and cover with kisses, one of his hands, which hung down, moistened with a cold sweat.

"Spare me! spare me!" said he, with a tremulous voice, "thy presence adds to my sufferings. I call for death, and thou art come to retard it. Gertrude! where do you come from? — what will you have? My limbs are broken, my joints are dislocated, my heart only still beats: go from me — let me die — this is too much."

I saw him pale and motionless, entangled in the spokes of the wheel. The shivering of a fever pervaded his members — his groans mingled with the murmuring of the rivulet and the clapping of the mill. I fell on my knees, and prayed under the wheel, and exhorted my unhappy husband to resignation: at last, joining together some pieces of wood, I made a sort of scaffolding, by which means I could raise myself up to him, and, leaning over him, free his face from the hairs which the wind blew over it. "I entreat thee! O I entreat thee," repeated he, "to begone, and leave me; if they should find you here, when the day breaks, you know not what may happen. Why will you aggravate my misery? — you cannot tell what additional sufferings you may bring upon me."

"I will die with thee," said I to him, "and it is for this purpose that I am come! — no power shall force me from thee." I threw myself on him with extended arms, and I begged of God both his death and my own. The day appeared — I saw human figures moving at a distance. I was obliged to descend, and take away the pieces of wood which had enabled me to get up on the wheel. The guard which had fled at the sight of me, again made his appearance. No doubt, this man had mentioned at Winterthur what he had seen; for, as soon as it was day, there was a great mob of men, women, and children coming from all quarters. I recognized the gaoler whom Landenberg had persuaded the evening before to let me free. He did not appear surprised at seeing me with my husband: he approached me, shaking his head, and said, "It was not for this purpose, Madam, that the Landenbergs took you, yesterday, out of prison. The people drawing nearer and nearer, I saw several women of my acquaintance, and, among the rest, the wife of the President of the Court of Justice at Winterthur. I called to her, and entreated her to intercede with her husband, that he would order the executioner to abridge the sufferings of Rodolph."

"He dares not do it," said Wart, groaning. "When the Queen has spoken, the President of Justice must be silent; and, if it had not been for that, I may say that I had some right to expect this good office from him." Some persons brought me refreshments, of which I

could take nothing. But I was refreshed, if I may so say, by the compassion which was visibly impressed on their countenances, and by the tears which were shed by them.

When the fog of the morning was dispersed, the crowd increased. I saw there the bailiff Steiner, of Pfungen, with his two sons — our tenant at Datlikon, and some women from Neftenback : they all made the sign of the cross, and appeared as if they were praying for us.

The executioner then came, followed by the confessor Lampracht. The former seemed to be the least cruel of the two : he said, sighing, " May God have mercy on the poor young Lord, and receive his soul into Paradise." The confessor again urged him to avow his guilt ; but Wart, making a great effort, repeated, before all the people, the same words which he had already said to the Queen and the Court of Justice. The priest was silent. All at once, I heard voices crying out " Place ! place ! " Men, armed with halberds, made way through the crowd. Helmets, surmounted with plumes, glittered near the mill. Soon were seen prancing horses and their riders, with shining armour and their visors down.

The executioner dropt down on his knee — the confessor laid his hand on his breast — the horsemen halted. The women lifted up the children in their arms, that they might have a better view. Guards, armed with lances, obliged the people to form a circle.

A knight, of a high stature, raising himself upon his horse, said to the executioner, in a sneering tone of voice, " Where are the ravens that they have not yet torn his eyes out ? " It was the Archduke Leopold.

My blood stopt in my veins, when I heard one of the horsemen, who was near him, say, " Let him scratch himself as long as the itching continues, but drive off these people. All this weeping and lamentation make me mad. There must be no pity here ; and who is this woman who causes all this crying ? Let them take her away."

" I knew the voice of the Queen : it was Agnes, disguised as a knight. " It is the wife of Wart," said a third voice : " yesterday evening, during the execution, we took her with us to Kybourg : but she ran away from us, and we thought that despair had instigated her to throw herself into the ditch of the castle. God ! what a woman ! what conjugal fidelity ! leave her alone — it is impossible to force her away." I here recognized the good young Landenberg. I could have thrown myself at his feet. Agnes made a sign to one of her equerries to take me up, and remove me from the wheel. As he approached me, I passed my two arms round the post, and implored the coup de grace, both for Wart and myself. Two men attempted to carry me away by force. I cried to God, and he heard me. — pp. 151—157.

To this second part of the tale, however, we have two objections to offer. It may be historically true that Gertrude de Wart displayed all the enduring devotion to her husband which M. Appenzeller's vivid picture has shown us ; but it is very unnatural to suppose, that life should present to her, after the terrific catastrophe, any motive sufficiently strong to induce her to recall, and to commit to paper the frightful and maddening details of Rodolph's execution.

The minuteness with which the author has dwelt upon the revolting particulars of that scene is the only mark of a vitiated German taste which he has betrayed. The task of adequately depicting such extremity of suffering is one under which language and imagination must equally sink; and here, perhaps, good judgment and good feeling should alike instruct us to shrink from the attempt. But if any doubt may exist on this point, of the impropriety of introducing such a narrative at all, there can assuredly be none that the story should not have proceeded from the pen of Gertrude. It is curious that so obvious an expedient as that of ascribing the relation to a third person — a witness of the scene — seems never to have occurred to the author.

Our second objection is against the imperfect confession of the hero's guilt, which is offered in the tale. His chamberlain is made to utter a dying asseveration of his master's innocence, though Rodolph was present and consenting to the deed of murder; and in his last moments De Wart himself not only denies his guilt, but justifies the assassination of the Emperor. Some attempt, also, is made to establish a distinction between his crime in concerting and abetting the murder of Albert, (for he separated a faithful servant from the person of the Emperor, see p. 26.) and that of the conspirators who actually struck the blow: — a distinction as false in religion and morals, as it would be untenable before any human tribunal of judgment.

But in censuring these blemishes in the original work, we are bound to acknowledge that the translator has, in his English version, more than atoned for their partial influence, by his evident anxiety to apply the circumstances of the tale to a salutary conclusion. Nor can we close our notice of his pleasing labour without doing him the justice to add, that the ease and unaffected simplicity of his language have considerably heightened the pathetic interest of the original narrative.

ART. V. *Greece and her Claims.* By Edward Blaquiere, Esq. 8vo. pp. 23. 1s. 6d. London, Whittaker. 1826.

WE own that we are not disposed to rely very implicitly on the authority of Mr. Blaquiere in matters of a political nature. Endowed with an ardent mind, and actuated, we are disposed to believe, by the most pure and honourable motives, it has been his fortune to look only at the favourable side of every question in which he has interested himself, and to exaggerate its merits beyond every limit of sober reason. Thus he extolled the constitution of Spain under the Cortes, and painted the enthusiastic determination of the people to support it, in such terms, that persons who had read his work were utterly amazed at the issue of the counter-revolution in the

Peninsula. Thus, also, we were told in his "Origin of the Greek Revolution," published two years ago, that the epoch of the emancipation of that suffering people was at hand; — an anticipation which time has already falsified.

How far the interposition of Mr. Blaquiere himself, and of the *statesmen* with whom he co-operated in the affairs of Greece, has tended to reduce them to the lamentable condition in which they are now involved, we would scarcely wish to ascertain. The objects of the gentlemen who composed the London Greek Committee, as well as of the agents whom they employed, were, beyond all doubt, of the most unimpeachable, nay, of the most praiseworthy, character; but they ought, we think, to have seen from the beginning, that neither at home nor abroad did they possess that degree of personal influence, which was so necessary to give full effect to their operations. Nor was any one of those, who were most active in the committee, distinguished for experience, for sagacity, moderation, forecast, or, in a word, for a single qualification of the many that are necessary to those, who would regulate and impel from a distance the councils of a people struggling for their freedom. In their plans there was no sort of combination or prudence; in their administration of the loans which were entrusted to their direction they betrayed the most unaccountable folly: indeed, every measure which they have carried into execution, has been signally conducive to the disasters by which the Greeks are now encompassed.

It is not to be denied that the Greeks themselves have also contributed, by their petty jealousies and their provincial divisions, to accelerate the approach of their present misfortunes. At the same time, let us take care not to dwell too much on the errors of any party. We should not forget that the freedom for which the Greeks have waged a war so protracted, so various, and so sanguinary, is yet to be won; and if we look attentively and with grief to the past, let it only be as a lesson for the future. Let the rocks be marked on the chart, but let us hope that the most perilous parts of the voyage have been left behind, and that the vessel may still reach the haven under the flag of victory.

It is certainly an auspicious circumstance, as Mr. Blaquiere remarks in the little pamphlet before us, that 'not a single Greek has yet submitted to, or offered to treat with, Ibrahim Pacha,' notwithstanding that he has traversed the Peloponnesus from one extremity of it to the other. We admit, also, the force of Mr. Blaquiere's reasoning in the following animated appeal:

'The Mahometans are in possession of Patrass, Navarino, Modon, Coron, and Tripolitza, and have, perhaps, twenty thousand men, Turks and Egyptians, in the Morea. I am convinced the number does not far exceed this estimate. The whole of their supplies must come from without, and it is totally impossible for them to undertake any operations in the open country before the end of March. It is scarcely necessary

to add, that they are surrounded on every side by difficulties and dangers of the most appalling description.

‘To oppose the above force, even supposing it to double what I have stated, there is a Greek population of a million of souls, of whom seventy thousand are in arms, and fighting for their existence, as well as that of their wives and children. Besides the occupation of their inaccessible mountains, whence no force that the Porte or Mehemet Ali could muster can dislodge them, the Greeks are in possession of Athens, Corinth, Napoli di Romania, Malvasia, and Missolonghi, any one of which places may be easily defended by a handful of men against the whole forces of the enemy, if they could even be united against it. After all that has been said on the subject, and the experience of five years, it is needless to dwell on the advantages which the Greeks possess, not only for attacking their enemies, but avoiding them if too closely pursued. Their early successes, and the heroic fortitude with which fatigues and privations of every kind were sustained, afford an ample guarantee of what they are capable of suffering, rather than risk the inevitable destruction which would attend their submission.

‘While such are the motives of resistance and means of defence in Continental Greece, those which the islands present are not less worthy of attention. In the first place, of the Greek population in these gems of the ocean, so dear to the admirers of that early science and civilization, for which we are indebted to ancient Greece, there is but one sentiment — that of the same hatred to the Turks, and desire to be free, which prevails throughout the Continent.

‘The number of seamen are estimated at thirty thousand, and of armed ships two hundred. Their achievements are already known. But the grand point of interest among the Greek islands is Candia. This terrestrial paradise, rich in all the productions of nature, must share in the triumph of the Morea, Attica, and Western Greece. Since nothing but the impossibility of supporting the frequent and often successful efforts of the Christian population has prevented them from retaining advantages gained under apparently insurmountable difficulties. When I state, that out of the two hundred thousand Greeks who inhabit this island, there are about thirty thousand with arms in their hands, some notion may be formed of their hopes of success, whenever another favourable occasion presents itself. It should be observed, that the fortress of Gabrusa is still in the hands of the Candiot, and that the Turkish garrisons have never attempted to penetrate into the interior.

‘When the spirit by which the whole Greek people are animated, and the certain consequences that would follow their subjugation or submission, are coupled with the recent providential event, which has placed the early and sworn friend of Greece on the Russian throne, surely there is every reason to anticipate still more propitious results for the cause. The occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia would of itself turn the balance, and should this act of justice to the oppressed and unhappy people of these two provinces be followed up by the humane and truly politic measures, which His Majesty’s ministers are said to have long since decided on with regard to Greece, there is little doubt but that the European family and Christian world will yet avert the heavy responsibility and irrevocable disgrace of allowing a whole Christian people to perish, when the voice of God and nature so loudly proclaims the justice of their cause!’ — pp. 11—13.

The latter paragraph was written, we presume, under the impression that Constantine had ascended the throne of Russia. Of course, any hopes that depended on that supposition, if they ever had any just foundation, have vanished since the accession of Nicholas. But if the Russian troops which are stationed in the south shall occupy (as would seem to be intended) the two provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, the next event which we may expect as the consequence of it, will be the union of the Greeks with their brethren of the Ionian isles under the protection of England. We by no means despair of seeing a consummation so devoutly to be desired as this take place.

We are rather surprised that Mr. Blaquiere should have afforded so much credit to the French committees in favour of the Greeks, as he has given them in this pamphlet. Does he not know that their object is to fix a Bourbon on the throne of Greece, or, at all events, to counteract the influence of England in that quarter? If he does not know this, he has visited the Morea to little purpose: if he did know it, no false delicacy should have prevented him from declaring it to the country.

We very much apprehend that Mr. Blaquiere's call for further pecuniary assistance to the Greeks will be made in vain. Two loans already squandered, the last loan fallen to a discount of 18 per cent., the prevailing commercial distresses, the gloom that lowers over our domestic as well as our more distant horizon, are circumstances fatal, we fear, to any hope of fresh contributions at present. The emancipation of the Greeks must now depend in a great measure upon themselves, and upon the counsels which our cabinet shall follow.

ART. VI. *Mémoires inédits de Madame la Comtesse de Genlis, pour servir à l'Histoire des Dix-huitième et Dix-neuvième Siècles.* Tomes Septième et Huitième. 16s. English; 14s. French. A Paris et Londres chez Colburn. 1826.

MADAME DE GENLIS will not, we hope, be displeased with us, if we most unfeignedly congratulate her, upon having at length reached the termination of these Memoirs. The first six volumes, which were noticed in the former series of this Journal, were, it must be owned, tedious enough. There was, however, a redeeming spirit about them in the vivacity which they occasionally displayed, and in the anecdotes which they contained of the author's early life and of the distinguished circles in which she shone. Few writers of our age possessed so many materials as Madame de Genlis for illustrating the manners of the latter portion of the last century, and the commencement of that which is now advancing. The use, indeed, which she has made of those materials, has by no means corresponded to the degree of interest and importance which seemed to

have belonged to them; and from the careless manner in which she has mixed her recollections together, as well as the inaccuracies, inconsistencies, and repetitions by which they are blemished, we apprehend that, however amusing they may be, they will possess very little value for the future historian.

Madame de Genlis seems in many points an exact contrast of Madame de Stael. The former gives to the most common occurrences which she relates so many traits of levity and invention, that one can hardly depend upon their authenticity even when the writer is most dispassionate. The latter infused into romance the fervour of philosophy, and sometimes the sternness as well as the dignity of history. Madame de Genlis takes half a dozen pages to describe a sentiment which Madame de Stael would condense in a line. The one is an enthusiast in religion; the other was a worshipper of nature. Of the two, we think Madame de Genlis the more amiable, for she possesses a heart perfectly feminine—that is to say, a heart ever anxious to promote the happiness of others, and prepared, if necessary, to sacrifice even without a thought her own interests, provided she might thus secure the welfare of those who were dear to her. Madame de Stael wore beneath a female form the heart of a man, which, though capable of strong affections, was rather of an exclusive character, and centered chiefly in herself.

It is true that the very generosity and frankness which constitute the leading traits in the character of Madame de Genlis, seem to have been carried almost to the extreme of a fault. Her attachments are often as sudden and as undeserved as her antipathies. An insinuating grace of manner, a tolerable stanza, or a nicely penned note of compliment, particularly from a young person, will put her judgment aside, and the writer is instantly set down in her journal as one of the most learned, accomplished, and fascinating of human beings. In the succeeding paragraph, the chance is that she solicits our admiration for a new friend still more attractive than the former; and thus she goes on from day to day, never satisfied without making new acquaintances, and just as rapidly forgetting them.

It is a remarkable feature in her life, that though from her earliest entrance into the world, she has never lost an opportunity of performing offices of kindness, and often of kindness of the most essential description, for those of her own family and friends in whose felicity she was interested, she has been left in the long and dreary evening of her days to live on the produce of her literary exertions, and to spin out the thread of her existence in solitude, and often in sickness. The habits of a mind accustomed to much composition, and deriving its principal delight from those labours to which the presence of others is rather an interruption than an auxiliary, have indeed rendered her independent even of the society of her relatives. Perhaps she was desirous of escaping the restraints of

family routine, and of pursuing her intellectual occupations with more intensity than she could have done if she had to consult the convenience of others. There are many phases in the character of a person devoted to literary employment, which to common observers have the appearance of whim or eccentricity, and which nevertheless are in themselves but the natural indications of the state of the mind, as it is clouded or brightened, perplexed or satisfied, with its own mystic operations. Madame de Genlis has not told us why she has lived, since her last return to France, so much apart from her nearest relatives; at the same time, we see nothing in her mode of life to justify any surmises injurious to her character, as in her situation, and with her resources, it is not at all improbable, from the reasons we have suggested, that she preferred the solitude which she at present enjoys, to any domicile which her friends could offer her. We cannot, however, but feel for her situation when we find her changing about from lodging to lodging, in some of the most obscure and unwholesome streets of Paris, at an age when she stands in need of all the consolation which she could derive from the support and sympathy of kindred.

Of the two volumes of her *Memoirs* now before us we are disposed to speak with indulgence. Indeed they are calculated to bespeak our most lenient criticism, although they consist for the most part of insignificant details, and of that sort of gossiping chit-chat, which may be supposed sufficiently interesting for ladies who have long since passed the summer of their lives. A considerable portion of these volumes is also taken up with the author's opinions of French works which she has recently read — those opinions being at the same time very loosely put together, and those works having in most instances nothing in the world to recommend them to the attention of the writer, except that they had been presented to her by the authors, probably not without a view to the very use which she has made of them. These reviews we shall take the liberty to pass over, and we feel the less scrupulous in doing so, as her canons of criticism seem to us deserving of very little authority. For instance, she thus pronounces her judgment *ex-cathedra* on two of our most eminent modern authors.

‘The modern works,’ she observes, ‘which for the last two or three years have attained the most distinguished success in England are the romances of Scott and the poems of Lord Byron. As to the former, I find in them no imagination, no real interest, no morceaux of eloquence. It is said they are a correct representation of the old manners of Scotland. On this subject I am no judge, but I believe that one cannot paint with exactness the manners of any age save those of his own. As for the rest, I confess that these romances appear to me tiresome.’

There is no disputing tastes. But we are free to avow, that we would not give a single volume of *Waverley* for all the romances which Madame de Genlis has ever written. With respect to the

want of 'eloquence' of which she complains, it must be conceded that there are none of those flaming passages in the Scottish novels which some are apt to term *galimatias*, but which Madame de Genlis has frequently mingled with her stories, describing in four or five pages some vague sentiment which nobody can ever feel or understand. But in all the attributes of true eloquence, particularly in that department of it which is employed in the pathetic, the Scottish novels are allowed by every body but Madame de Genlis to be unrivalled. The truth is, that they have a great deal more popularity in France than the productions of the Canoness herself, a fact that not only shows the universality of the interest which the Scottish novels inspire, but betrays the secret of her hostility to them.

With respect to Lord Byron, she observes, 'On y trouve certainement de belles tirades poétiques, mais ils manquent de plan, et les fictions en sont plus bizarres qu'ingénieuses. On y sent toujours que l'auteur raisonne sans principes, et qu'il parle d'amour et de l'amitié sans aucune sensibilité réelle; il est presque toujours faux, puisqu'il n'est jamais religieux, moral, sensible, et même humain.' We can hardly have any hope of a critic who has found in the works of Lord Byron only some 'tirades poétiques.' It must, perhaps, be admitted that His Lordship's contempt for religion and morals was injurious to his fame even in a poetical point of view, because it closed against him many of the purest and the most exquisite sources of emotion which are to be found in the bosom of man. But to say that his sentiments were always false, because his mind was not religious, is to confound morals with poetry, and to condemn, by one stroke of the pen, all the pagan writers whose works still live in our admiration. The power which Childe Harold exercises over the mind is attested by every reader, not devoid of understanding and sensibility. It is possible that our French critic may have read it before she gave her opinion, but it is impossible that she could have understood it, or if so, that she could have been in a mood favourable to the noble impressions which each succeeding stanza of that poem leaves on the mind. They are the steps of a superior intelligence, marking out the utmost boundary of human imagination.

It is, we own, a most unnecessary labour to defend the highest ornaments of our literature from such criticism as that of Madame de Genlis. The probability is that, in her next work, she will praise the Waverley novels and Lord Byron's poetry as extravagantly as she has here condemned them. Thus in one of her former works she lacerated severely the "*Méditations Poétiques*" of M. de Lamartine. She now makes him the *amende honorable*, assuring him that she entertains the highest opinion of his talents, though she thinks him rather spoiled by too much praise. There is some truth in this remark. The gentleman is not without poetic genius, but it is marred by an immeasurable portion of conceit. The

principle of Madame de Genlis's criticism, however, was drawn less from her judgment than from that spirit of literary jealousy which has strong possession of her vanity, and prevents her from allowing distinguished reputation to any modern writer except herself.

It is this weakness that seems to have determined Madame de Genlis never to forgive Madame de Stael for the celebrity which she obtained during her life. Nay, our author refuses her even posthumous fame, the least disagreeable concession of all others, we would imagine, which one woman could make to another. She declares that the works of Madame de Stael please nobody, — rather a sweeping assertion, when it is remembered that those works have been read in almost all the languages of Europe. At the same time it would be somewhat adventurous to deny that, since her death, Madame de Stael's fame has materially declined, — indeed, so much so, that a doubt may be entertained whether it will descend with any lustre upon it to posterity. Nevertheless, Madame de Genlis is hardly to be excused for the ungenerous strictures which she pronounces on the reputation of one whom she affects, for what reason we know not, to consider in the light of a rival. Speaking of that Lady's "*Ten Years of Exile*," she observes :

It is both frivolous and pedantic at the same time ; it has been said of the author, that when she wrote she changed her sex, but in this case, it seems to me that there was no change, that she merely caricatured the character. In her political writings she displays an excess of petty vanity, which a man of talent would never have shown. I cannot possibly conceive the great importance she attaches to the visits she received, the praises that were given her, or the parties she collected at her house ; and an exile that merely restrained her from residing in Paris, she calls an *unparalleled and barbarous persecution* ; she betrays the utmost violence of despair, because she was prevented from receiving freely foreigners and unknown individuals ; she considers herself the most unfortunate of women, because she is forced to settle in her own country, to reside there at a fine country-seat along with her children, with a husband of her own choice (M. Rocca), and two or three intimate friends, in short, in the enjoyment of a large fortune, which gave her the means of doing so much good upon her estate ! It is not easy for those who have been proscribed, fugitives, plundered of every thing, and who have passed in this situation ten or twelve years in foreign countries, to feel much pity in perusing Madame de Stael's *Ten Years' Exile*. She complains in one of her works of being *condemned to celebrity*, and in the present one she is in despair, because she cannot enjoy her *celebrity*. She constantly speaks of her *talent*, of her successes ; she quotes a number of *repartees*, often very witty ones, which she made on various occasions ; she shows in this work, in short, a degree of vanity which a very little reflection would doubtless have induced her to conceal. The work is not well written, for it is full of phrases, in very vulgar taste, for ~~humour was~~ not her talent.

As Madame de Stael attached so much importance to flattery and celebrity, she was right in sincerely regretting the visits she received from foreigners, the power of giving them fine dinners, and of assembling in her house literary characters, and the journalists of her own party. If she had lived more secluded, she would have written better works; but she would have been praised infinitely less. — Vol. vii. pp. 131 — 133.

Madame de Genlis would be little pleased if she had been spoken of with similar severity in any of Madame de Stael's works. Much as she accuses that lady of vanity, it is not to be denied that she carries on her own back a very considerable burthen of that commodity, which, as usual, all the world perceives but herself. But enough of Madame de Genlis as a critic. She is a much more agreeable sort of person when she confines herself to the relation of an anecdote, or to the description of those traits which mark the manners of her time. Since the days of Homer it has been the uniform custom of elderly personages to complain of the degeneracy of later times as compared with the period of their youth. The decline is often in ourselves rather than in the world around us: yet, without being actuated by any 'Gothic regret' for the past, it may well be allowed to Madame de Genlis to complain of modern politeness, if she have encountered in France many such instances of it as the following:

“ Whilst I still remained at the house of M. de Valance, towards the end of June [1821], I dined with thirteen persons, amongst whom were four peers, four marshals of France, and three generals; amongst the peers there were two dukes. Before dinner I remained three quarters of an hour in the drawing-room with the whole of this party, who were in their own way very polite to me, while I received their attentions with very great good-will. I was seated betwixt two peers at dinner; I had no trouble in taking my share in the conversation, for they spoke of nothing but politics, and addressed their conversation to their friends at the other end of the table. We returned to the drawing-room after dinner, and at the moment I was sitting down, I saw with surprise, that all the dukes and peers had escaped from me; each of them took hold of an arm-chair, dragged it after him, approached his neighbour, and thus formed a circle in the middle of the room; I was thus left quite alone with a semicircle of backs turned towards me — to be sure I saw the faces of the other half of the party. I thought at first they had seated themselves so as to play at those little games that require such an arrangement, and found it very natural and proper; but it was no such thing — it was solely for the purpose of discussing the most difficult questions of state policy; every one became a noisy orator, bawled out his opinions, interrupted his neighbour, quarrelled and talked till he got hoarse; they must all have been in a precious state of perspiration. It was a correct picture of the Chamber of Deputies; in fact it was a great deal worse, for there was no president. I had a great mind to play the part of one, and to call them to order, but I had no bell, and my feeble voice could not have been heard. This clamour and confusion lasted for more

than an hour and a half, when I left the drawing-room, delighted with having received the first lesson of the new customs of society, and the new code of French gallantry, of that politeness which has rendered us so celebrated throughout Europe.'—Vol. vii. pp. 1—3.

So far for a particular instance of modern French politesse. We quite agree with Madame de Genlis that those persons are much mistaken who suppose that in the common intercourse of society rudeness of manner is of no sort of importance. Kindness and affability are qualities from the exercise of which none can be exempted who are admitted within the pale of civilized life. Madame de Genlis, however, besides exaggerating the fault of which she complains, makes no allowance for the great changes which have taken place in society since the French Revolution. Through every class of the community an insatiable spirit of enquiry has been diffused, chiefly, perhaps, by the vast political events which have taken place within the last thirty years. Men are now very generally interested in questions of government which before were exclusively confined to the court; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, still less, perhaps; is it to be regretted, that they have become impatient of those more amusing but less important topics, which excited the gaiety of their progenitors. That urbanity of the old school which, in England as well as in France, was carried to such an extreme that hypocrisy and frivolity were counted among the social virtues, has given way to a certain simplicity, perhaps even to a certain *brusquerie* of manners, which at least is more allied to sincerity and candour than the powdered peruke, and sinpering bow, and ready-made compliment, which are the great objects of Madame de Genlis's adoration. It is amusing to observe the earnestness with which she sighs over the pleasures of her early days.

Ah! the happy time when company assembled in a drawing-room, and thought of nothing but pleasing and amusing each other!—when they could not, without being excessively pedantic, have the pretension of displaying a *profound knowledge of government affairs*—where the company possessed gaiety and graceful manners, and all that portion of frivolity that renders one pleasing, which reposes in the evening from the occupations of the day, and from the fatigue of business! At the present day, men are not more serious in their habits, more faithful in their friendships, or more prudent in their conduct; but they think themselves profound because they are heavy, sensible because they are grave; and when they are uniformly tiresome, how they esteem each other, and reckon themselves the models of prudence and wisdom! What is that crowded drawing-room surrounded by tumultuous candidates for admission, where every one presses on his neighbour, and is forced to stand upright, where even the ladies cannot find a seat? . . . The talents of the lady of the house are praised, but of what use are they to her? She can neither speak nor hear—one cannot come near her. A wax figure placed in an arm-chair would do the honours of such a party as well as herself. She is condemned to remain there till

three o'clock in the morning, and will go to bed without having it in her power to see half of the company she has received. . . . *This is an assembly à l'Anglaise!*—Vol. vii. pp. 8, 9.

Our English routes we will not defend. They are truly so absurd in the manner in which they are conducted, they are the causes of so much unnecessary extravagance, and they are so directly calculated to banish from society every feeling of friendship and cordiality, that we freely surrender them to all the castigation which they can receive from Madame de Genlis, or any other philosopher, male or female, foreign or domestic. Even in this respect it is ridiculous enough to remark the efforts which our neighbours have made to outstrip us. Our author relates that Madame d'Osmont, not long since, gave a route, to which she invited a great many more persons than her hotel could contain. What was to be done? She issued numerous printed notes, requesting many of those, the honour of whose company she had desired, "*not to come!*" Such a thing, Madame de Genlis exclaims, was never before heard of since the deluge!

We are not of course disposed to lay much stress on any political opinions advanced by Madame de Genlis. She has shown herself such a perfect weathercock in every change which has taken place in France, that it would be useless to try her by any ordinary rule of consistency. In one point of view her principles, however, are uniform—she always conforms with eagerness to the feeling which she supposes to be fashionable at court, no matter who the head of that court may be. Thus in 1821, she conceived that it was very just that each nation should have the power of publicly defending its natural rights, and of complaining of oppression, but, she observes, 'I thought that this object might be obtained by a form of government less turbulent than our own.' She then proceeds to develop her opinions on this subject—opinions which seem to have been instilled into her by her great political guide, M. Fievée, though it will be seen that she claims them as her own.

The debates of the Chambers, the dangerous privilege of talking and making daily speeches, the ridiculous right given to so many individuals of expressing their thoughts of the moment, that is, thoughts without reflection, will always produce among us pernicious sophistry, that will throw into confusion every principle of morals and politics, that will render us as mad as we are inconsiderate and thoughtless, and will give continual rise to factions, troubles, distrust, and quarrels without end. M. Fievée very judiciously remarked, that each peer and deputy cared for nothing but the chamber in which he had a seat, for the opinions of his own party, for the effect of his own speeches; in short, that he saw nothing *but the Chamber*, and totally forgot the rest of France, or rather, reckoned of no consequence whatever *was not within the Chamber*. There is much truth in this idea, and the fact it indicates is well worthy of ridicule.

It seemed to me further, that nothing could go on well in a state when every one has the right of publicly blaming and abusing the

government and ministry every morning. Every thing great, that is, every thing that has a powerful influence over the happiness of mankind, requires some portion of mystery. The Creator has placed mystery in all the most sublime things he has formed and revealed : creation and religious doctrines are full of impenetrable mystery ; the whole universe is full of it ; and the most learned man is he who knows best how many incomprehensible things there are in nature and science.

‘ Mystery is childish and ridiculous in those things that are of no importance, but it is majestic and necessary in all that is grand ; it resembles not the darkness with which vice and crime seek to shroud themselves, for it conceals great things, without denying their existence ; it is a sacred veil drawn solemnly by a skilful hand in the sight of the universe.

‘ Kings and ministers may despise the charges of factious and unimportant characters ; but to give public authority and a legal sanction to their declamatory complaints is an act of madness that cannot fail to sap the foundation of thrones, and to overthrow them at last. These are my politics ; and I have never had any other.’ — Vol. vii. pp. 19—21.

That similar opinions were at one time prevalent in the court of Louis XVIII. we entertain no sort of doubt. But it is as little to be doubted that the advance of public opinion, together with the increased maturity of institutions which at first were not unattended with inconveniences in France, have extinguished every hope that the ultra-royalists might have entertained, of restoring the principle of absolute government in that country. The improvement which has generally taken place in the minds of all thinking persons on this subject, is incidentally, but decidedly marked out by Madame de Genlis, who states in a note to the passage just quoted, that at the time the present work was revised by her (1824), ‘ she might soften the above observations, as being too unconditional.’ ‘ It must be admitted,’ she adds, ‘ that the representative mode of government has many advantages, and that its abuses might be very easily restrained and destroyed.’ This concession overturns the whole of the political system which she avows in the text. We notice it, however, not for its value in this respect, but because we look upon it as an unquestionable evidence of the progress of sound political notions in France, and a signal instance of the power of public opinion.

Madame de Genlis has amused her imagination a good deal of late years with a favourite project which she seems still to entertain, of re-writing the *Encyclopédie*. Her plan is to purify it of all the impiety which has been interwoven through the whole mass of its contents by the infidel compilers of that work. If she lives to execute her intentions, and if she merely purges the *Encyclopédie* of its blasphemy, she will have rendered good service to the rising generations of her country. But she, or rather a body of able assistants, might do a great deal more, by adding to each article

which is susceptible of it a digest of all the improvements that have recently taken place in almost every branch of science, literature, and art. We hope at least that her idea will not be lost sight of in a country which has so much literary industry at its disposal as France has at the present moment.

As we have already shown, Madame de Genlis omits no opportunity of inveighing against the social degeneracy of the present age. The following summary of the items which compose the 'false magnificence' of the day is ingenious, and not unamusing considering the serious air with which she pursues the subject.

' Besides plated silver, (which, after all, is but the renewal of an old fashion, for it was known to the ancients, as may be seen by the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii,) imitation Cashmere shawls, fictitious mineral waters, false jewels, pearls, lace, and silks; besides these, paintings have been taken by a process that imitates them so perfectly, that all the good copyists of paintings must necessarily be ruined; factitious engravings (lithographic prints, now brought to such perfection), false hair made of silk, which has this advantage, that it may be a preservative against electric fire, and is more agreeable to wear than the hair of a villain executed at the Place de Grève; false wine, (made with *prime-verts*), false fruit, false bread (made with potatoes and chesnuts); false perfumery, which is easily manufactured, for instance, burn some coffee and lavender water on a shovel, and you will obtain the perfume of the *hawthorn*, false transparent agates, lapis lazuli, red and Siberian jaspers, herbals, and intnumerable other imitations of the works of nature. We have also factitious marble (stucco), factitious colours, false teeth and veins, factitious free-stone, false china gilt with false gold, imitation mahogany, mosaics, skeletons, shells, windows, madrepores, and, in short, all the subjects of natural history and many other branches of knowledge. All this effort is vain and fruitless; for how perfect soever these imitations may be, they will never equal the productions of nature. I do not speak of false torquises, because they are rather a theft made from nature than a real imitation. Lastly, to such perfection has the art of imitating pearls, crystals, and precious stones been brought, that nobody now wears real diamonds or pure gold, except to *quiet their conscience*; so that what was formerly regarded as the most wretched taste, is now not even noticed. The effects of this will be, that no one will henceforth be able to distinguish himself by magnificence or the luxury of dress, and this is certainly no great evil; but it is also to be noticed that people will leave to their children no furniture or jewels but what are fictitious; — this change of fashion was introduced because a party wished to destroy the distinctions of birth and rank. Vanity (which all the *decrees* in the world will never annihilate) has betaken itself to the hope of dazzling by all the external signs of wealth; but as commercial industry snatches this resource from it, it will soon have nothing left but the *pure love of money*. — Vol. vii. pp. 287—289.

The personal anecdotes which Madame de Genlis has given in this portion of her Memoirs are so very insignificant, that we shall pass them over without any further notice. The reader would receive little pleasure or information from knowing how frequently

the author was obliged to change her lodgings, and what were the particular attractions or disadvantages of the different apartments which she occupied. Equally slight would be the benefit he might derive from the catalogue of undistinguished persons who were among the author's visitors, for each of whom she has a high-flown compliment, in return doubtless for some elegant tribute of flattery which they paid at her shrine. She adds to her *Memoirs* a critical dialogue upon them, comprising a conversation which she asserts was really held between herself and the Countess de Choiseul. — We know not why it was ushered in with so much parade, as it contains nothing of the slightest consequence beyond an admission that there are one or two errors in the *Memoirs* — an admission for which Madame de Genlis fully repays herself by inserting at full length many compliments which the friendly critic bestows upon her work. This dialogue is followed by twenty-three chapters in which Madame de Genlis informs us that she 'says something of her literary opinions.' She 'says' a great deal, but we confess that when we arrived at the concluding chapter we were as little able to comprehend the nature of her 'literary opinions' as we were at the commencement. A severe judge would be inclined to suspect, that these chapters were appended to the *Memoirs* for the purpose of completing the last volume.

ART. VII. *Disquisitions upon the Painted Greek Vases, and their probable Connection with the Shows of the Eleusinian and other Mysteries.* By James Christie, a Member of the Society of Dilettanti. 4to. pp. 146. 2l. 2s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1825.

THE subject of the Eleusinian and other mysteries of antiquity, concerning which no full and detailed account has been transmitted to us by the ancients, has, more or less, ever since the restoration of letters, engaged the attention of the curious and speculative, of the philosopher and the divine. For a long time enquiry had no sources of information but the scattered passages which occur in the classics, and in the Fathers of the Church; but, of late years, a new and strong light has been thrown upon these obscure and interesting subjects by the discoveries that have been made by antiquaries in Magna Græcia and Egypt, and by the remarkable similarity which has been traced out between the language and religion of India and those of Greece and Rome by Jones and other learned men, who, to an intimate acquaintance with classical antiquity, have united a knowledge of the languages, manners, and religious dogmas and ceremonies of the east.

The origin and cause of this similarity of religion and language, it is difficult, we might almost say impossible, to trace. The most probable hypothesis, as it appears to us, is that so well supported by Heeren and other learned writers, that a highly civilized race once inhabited the regions to the north of India, who spread themselves

in different directions, carrying with them religion and civilization. According to Klaproth, in his *Asia Polyglotta*, this people, whom he denominates Indo-Germans, formed a white race, mingled themselves in different countries with the aborigines, and acquired the supremacy over them. They descended from two lofty mountain-ranges, the Himalaya and Caucasus, at two very distant points. The first branch spread itself over India, and mingled with the dark-coloured original inhabitants, communicating to them their language, and gradually acquiring their hue; the other peopled Persia, and spread itself still farther to the west; whilst a division of the first took its direction to the north and north-west towards the northern parts of Europe, and then formed the great nation of the Goths. This opinion receives a strong confirmation from the circumstance of the marked difference in colour and countenance between the Pariahs of India and the three superior castes, — a difference, as Heeren observes, as great and striking as that between the Spanish Creoles and the native Peruvians.

This hypothesis would go a great way to account for the surprising affinity between the Sanscrit and Persian, and the Germanic and Greek and Latin languages, as also the affinities between their respective religious systems. But on the latter subject a more direct and later communication may we think be traced. Italy, we know, derived her religion in a great measure from Greece, and all the writers of the latter country concur in declaring that Greece is mainly indebted to Egypt for her theological system. Egypt had originally been like the neighbouring Arabian Gulph, an inlet of the sea, but it had gradually filled up, and become firm land by the depositions of the Nile, as the Yellow Sea is visibly doing at the present hour. The rude tribe which first inhabited it owed their religion and civilization to the Æthiopians, who dwelt farther to the south; and the resemblance between the religious and political institutions of Egypt and India is so great, that it leads to the necessary inference of some close connection between the two countries. The supposition of a colony from India having arrived in Ethiopia, will present itself to almost every mind as the most simple method of accounting for it. Egypt, it is well known, sent several colonies into Greece, and thus the religious dogmas of India may have made their way to that country.

A distinguishing feature in all these religious systems is the enveloping the leading dogmas in the veil of mystery, and only displaying them by symbol and allegory to those who had not, after a course of previous examination of their fitness, been judged worthy of having the true sense unfolded to them. Our readers will easily perceive, that we here speak of those celebrated institutions termed Mysteries, and solemnized in so many parts of Greece and Italy, but especially at Eleusis in Attica, in honour of Ceres and Bacchus, under so many various names.

What the secrets of the mysteries were it is not very easy to say. Some have conceived that they were merely a refutation of the vulgar theology, by showing that the gods were nothing but mortals who had been deified for their services to mankind, and that the happiness, which initiation was said to bestow, was the consciousness of this truth, and the incitement which it held out to virtuous exertion. Others, however, have taken a profounder and a juster view; and they think themselves authorized to assert, that in all these mysteries the great Oriental doctrine of *emanation*, or of all proceeding from the Deity and returning to him again, the consequent immortality of the soul, the rewards of virtue and the punishments of vice, in a future stage of existence, were the communications made, by means of sacred hymns and allegorical shows, to the partakers of them, and which justified Isocrates and others in placing them among the greatest blessings bestowed upon men.

A great assistance towards acquiring a knowledge of the shows employed in the mysteries has, as we have already hinted, been obtained of late years by the discovery of numerous painted earthen vessels in the tombs of Southern Italy. As these vessels have been found only in some tombs, not in all, antiquaries have been led to the hypothesis, that those persons with whom they were laid had been during life initiated in the mysteries. In this opinion they are, we believe, now all agreed. A farther supposition is, that the paintings on them represent the shows that were exhibited during initiation, an opinion ingeniously advocated in the work before us, and sanctioned by many great names on the Continent.

These vessels are generally found placed around the corpse, or suspended from bronze nails on the walls of the tomb. Mr. Christie describes, from a plate in the second volume of D'Hancarville's great work in illustration of the first collection of vases by Sir W. Hamilton, the manner in which they were disposed in tombs:

'The body of the deceased,' says he, 'was deposited in the centre of the vault, or upon an embankment raised against a side-wall of the structure. It was surrounded by these painted earthen vessels, some of which had particular positions assigned to them, one being placed upon the chest of the corpse, and another between the legs, and (occasionally at least) a lamp near the crown of the head.'

Why the vase was selected in preference to any other vehicle of these mystic paintings, is a question into which Mr. Christie does not fully enter. He supposes, indeed, with Lanzi and Visconti, relying on a passage in the tenth Nemean ode of Pindar, that these vessels were awarded as prizes to winners in the several contests of the Panathenæan festival.

In this ode, Pindar says of Thîæus, that twice (or a second time after some intermission) he was the subject of Athenian hymns in *ταλάραις* in their perfunctory rites, and that the produce of the olive was borne by him to Argos, *ἢ ἀγγέων ἱερῶν παμποικίλων*, "enclosed in vessels very variously ornamented." Now although *παμποικίλων* may admit a

different significations, yet as the painted portico at Athens was named *ποιυλή* from the paintings it contained, the word must here also be accepted in the same sense. It is observable that Pindar attributes to the Panathenæa a mystic sense, by terming them *τελευταί*, and Theodoret also designates them by the same word. I therefore willingly subscribe to the conjecture of Lanzi and Visconti, if it should be further supposed, that the winners at these contests were bound to preserve the vases won by them until their dying day, to be then buried with them: for, that the vases found in tombs were painted expressly for the dead, is declared by Aristophanes'.—p. 4, 5.

Now this reasoning appears to us extremely weak and unfounded: *τελευταί* is evidently used in this place, as in the tenth Olympian ode, for a festival; and in the following line of the *Batrachomyomachia*, *τελετή πολέμου μονόημερος ἐξετελέσθη*, it has certainly nothing of a religious signification in it. Neither are we informed whether initiation was a necessary preliminary to contending in the Panathenæan games, or why the prizes should have been vases. To us it appears, on considering the passage of Pindar, that the prize was in reality the sacred oil, and not the vessel which contained it:

A consideration, which we should never let slip from our minds, when reasoning on the rites and ceremonies of antiquity, is this; that the ancient world was above measure addicted to the use and study of symbols and emblems, that nothing was to them without meaning. To this we may add, that a deep philosophy lay at the bottom of all their religious institutions. Water, it is known, was in the ancient philosophy regarded as the origin of all things, and it, and consequently the vessel which contained it, esteemed the type of happiness; and, in Egypt, Hermes Psychopompus was represented with an urn, and the prayer of the pious Egyptian for the soul of the dead was, "*May Osiris bestow on thee the cooling water!*" whence, probably, came the Greek idea of the souls drinking of the waters of Lethe, by which they lost all remembrance of their earthly life and all its evils. At the weddings, also, of the Athenians and Romans, the water for the purification was fetched in a pitcher by a youth who was nearly related to the bridegroom; and by this water, moisture, the first element, the source of fecundity, was represented. Hence the pitcher became the type of marriage and of connubial bliss, and pitchers were placed on the tombs of those who died single, to denote that circumstance, as in modern times we suspend garlands for the same purpose. A vase, moreover, represented the sign Aquarius, and, from the mystical meaning attached to this constellation, it became, to the Greeks, an emblem of the soul which longed to return to its former state of happiness. But the vase had still another meaning: As in the system of emanation, the soul was regarded as descending from the Deity to take up its abode in a mortal body, the vase very naturally represented that body the prison of the soul, and also the tomb which confined the body; for, in the language of the mysteries, the vessel is termed *the holder of the soul*, and Nature (or Proserpine) is re-ve-

sented as preparing vessels, and inclosing the souls in them as in prisons.

Thus the youth of Magna Græcia, (for it is there these vases are chiefly found,) on their being initiated in the mysteries of Bacchus or Liber, a ceremony which usually took place on their attaining the age of entering among the Ephebi and assuming the mantle, or Pallium Græcanicum, received presents of these vases, on which were painted different scenes of the Bacchic mysteries which they had witnessed. As the blessings were great which the mysteries promised them both here and hereafter, these vases, the pledges of those blessings, were preserved by them with the greatest care during their lives, and at their deaths deposited with them in their tombs. Women also, it would appear, were in Magna Græcia admitted to partake of the Bacchic mysteries, and that, probably, at the time of their marriage, when they consecrated themselves to Liber and Libera, whose mystic union was a prototype of their own. It is also likely that, on this occasion, the brides were presented with vases, which they took with them to their graves, and this may also account for weddings so often appearing upon these vases.

The reader will observe, that we consider the mysteries communicated by the paintings of the vases of Magna Græcia to have been the Bacchic, or those of Liber and Libera. Mr. Christie seems to regard them as having been those of Eleusis; but why so many of the inhabitants of Italy should have gone to Attica for initiation, when they had mysteries of their own at home, we confess we cannot see, and the paintings on the vases belong most decidedly to the Bacchic, for, it may be observed, the same doctrines were shadowed forth under different symbols in the different mysteries.

Chapter iv. of Mr. Christie's work is occupied by what he terms an *Exposure of the Mysteries by Clemens Alexandrinus*. This *exposure* is nothing but a mere piece of ranting declamation, such as might be expected from a missionary like Mr. Ward, when expatiating on the religion and worship of the Hindoos, of which he is most profoundly ignorant. Men of this character, however pious and well-meaning they may be, know nothing beyond the surface of things; the secret sense of them, and the deep wisdom of the original founders are unknown to them, and they therefore stigmatize as systems of impiety and atheism, institutions whose objects was the promotion of piety and virtue. It must, however, be confessed that, in the time of Clemens, all the mysteries had grossly degenerated, the Eleusinian excepted, which retained their high character until they were suppressed by the Emperor Theodosius. We were sorry to find our author coinciding with the declamation of the Father as to what he terms the offensive and disgusting picture of the mysteries; for every thing is relative, and the symbols, such as the Phallus or Lingem, which may excite impure

ideas in the mind of a person unacquainted with the mystic sense attached to them, may produce very different feelings in those to whom that sense has been revealed.

The Eleusinian mysteries occupy the fifth and sixth chapters of Mr. Christie's work. The account given of them is extremely meagre, but it did not probably enter into his plan to be fuller on this part of his subject. His supposition of the shows having been represented by transparencies, like the *Ombres Chinoises*, or the Eidouranian of Mr. Walker, is extremely probable.

— 'We may hence, I think, collect the real nature of these shows. They probably were transparencies of which the subjects are faithfully preserved upon what have been termed Etruscan vases. These scenes may be readily supposed to have consisted either of a dark superficies in which transparent figures were placed, and hence these vases with red figures upon a black ground, or of opaque figures moved behind a transparent canvas, and hence those earlier vases with black figures upon a red ground.'

To illustrate this, several passages are brought forward showing the use of illuminations and transparencies in the East. These passages appear to us, however, quite irrelevant, for no mysterious sense appears attached to them; and as the mysteries from their very nature must have been performed in the night, there was no mode of presenting shows to the spectators but by means of illumination.

It is a great question what the real distinction was between the *greater* and the *lesser* mysteries. Mr. Christie is of opinion, that the latter were devised from a political reason to prevent the necessity of admitting foreigners to the whole of the ceremonies, or of offending them by a total exclusion: probably also to relieve the initiators from a part of their preparatory labours, thus leaving them more time to receive the multitudes who thronged to witness the exhibition in the Eleusinium. But we nowhere find that the Athenians grudged initiation to any stranger who was a Greek, and fulfilled the necessary conditions; and the latter reason seems very insufficient. The truth is, the information left us by the ancients upon this point is very scanty, and we can only conjecture that, as almost all the Athenians, even children, were in the habit of being initiated, it could have been only in the lesser mysteries celebrated at Agra, and that the degree of knowledge there communicated must have been very inferior to that imparted at Eleusis.

This brings us to the consideration of what the knowledge revealed in the mysteries was, a point on which our author gives us very little light. Euhemerus and his followers maintained that the knowledge communicated was, that of the beings whom they worshipped having been mere mortals, and the Count de Gebelin held, that the origin of agriculture was the great secret. Both these opinions are true to a certain extent, but they are very far from containing the whole truth. Much more elevated ideas occupied

the minds of the sages who instituted the mysteries. The sacred shows we have abundant reason to suppose presented to the eyes of the Epoptæ the great cosmic powers in their work of creation, the Demiurgæ with the sun and moon, and Hermes the personified word of wisdom; then Ceres as she comes and goes in her state of humiliation, when she was perfecting the purification of Demophoon; and then the wanderings and purifying of the soul in the lower world with Pluto and Proserpine. Next were seen Triptolomus, Jasion, Theseus, and all the great kings and agriculturists of Attica, who either introduced from other lands seedcorn and doctrine, or going from their native country disseminated them among other nations. From these images and scenery instruction was deduced in the greater mysteries for the more perfect; and the truths concerning one eternal God, the world and the destination of mankind, were impressed upon the minds of the Epoptæ. Agriculture and the mysteries are called by Isocrates the great blessings of Attica, and many passages in the sacred hymns convince us that in the Attic mysteries the doctrine of the Palingenesis, and of the immortality of the soul, was chiefly represented by images taken from the changes which the seedcorn undergoes, an analogy so consonant to nature and truth, that it is to be found in almost all religions, in the Gospel for example, and in the Zendavesta, which latter has in many points a wonderful accordance with the rites of Ceres.

If we rightly understood Mr. Christie, at page 49., he would appear to consider the descent of Æneas as one of the representations exhibited at Eleusis. This there is no reason for supposing, although there can be little doubt that (notwithstanding what Gibbon alleged to the contrary) Warburton was right in regarding the descent of Æneas as shadowed from the Eleusinian shows. The nature of these spectacles, it must be evident from the paintings of them on vases, — to say nothing of the passage quoted from Cicero, — could never have been very secret; nay, it is more probable that they were studiously displayed to invite aspirations after the hidden sense contained under them, which the initiated declared to afford them such happiness in this life and such comfortable hopes concerning the next. The true secret was probably the meaning of the symbols, and more especially the higher doctrines which we have supposed to be revealed in the greater mysteries.

At page 50. Mr. Christie undertakes the office of Hierophant, to explain the different illumined paintings as they pass before the eye of the reader; and it is not a little remarkable, that though the subject of his work is painted vases, but two out of the eight plates which follow are paintings, the other six being all taken from gems. The first plate, which represents a female figure in the act of tumbling, is conceived to express the revolutions of nature, the order of which is for a moment inverted, but, by an effort of the limbs, the body appears on the point of being returned to its proper

attitude. How far this explication may be just we cannot say: It certainly was a very unphilosophical supposition to conceive the order of nature ever to be inverted in the unnatural way in which the body of a tumbler is distorted, and Mr. Christie apologizes for it by, like the Fathers, throwing the blame of what is perhaps only his own ignorance or fancy upon the institutors of the mysteries. He also conceives, which we cannot, that the following lines of Homer, —

“ ———— δαῖτ' ἀνὰ χυβιστήτῃρ' ἐκείνους
Μολπῆς ἐξαρχόντες ἐδίνεον κατὰ μέσσους,”

may be illustrated by it. The ancients, as we have already said, delighted in symbols, but we cannot infer therefore that every thing was with them symbolical, and they might, like ourselves, take pleasure in beholding feats of activity, without having any idea of deriving instruction in physics from them.

We do not consider Mr. Christie to be very happy in his explication of the remaining plates, in which the subject is generally the carrying of a vase. This vase he regards as representing the mythological Bacchus, “the first-born of the unknown father,” as he is styled by Martianus Capella, who was invested with the power of creating and destroying, himself being subject to the same vicissitudes. This mystic vase we should rather esteem a symbol of the soul entering into, or departing from, the present world. In the mysteries Bacchus is held forth to our view as the soul of the world, the creator, and lord of life, and the guide and conductor of souls, and he also appears as the god of the lower world, Dionysos Hades, the dweller of Amenthis who receives all, and, after certain periods, sends up again into the world, with which conception Mr. Christie's notion very ill accords.

In the remaining chapters of the work, various paintings are considered, and, in our opinion, not very satisfactorily explained. Indeed, on no point do we get any thing more than slight and imperfect hints, and it is not easy to ascertain whether the author has any connected system. We have a chapter on fish, and the allegory of angling, where we are told that fish is a symbol of resuscitation, and that the three figures on a vase, in the collection of T. Hope, Esq., are Neptune, Hercules, and Hermes angling, and that they represent the triple power of the Deity drawing the principle of life from the primary abyss. The employment of fish in this sense is supposed to have originated in the great fecundity of their species. But there is a passage of Plutarch alluded to which more probably contains the true reason; viz. that the priests of Neptune at Megara, like the Syrians, abstained from fish, because they were the symbol of humid nature, from which all things were originally created. The opinion of Anaximander is very properly rejected by Mr. Christie. That able philosopher went even farther than Lord Monboddo, for he held, that men;

were not merely of the same nature as fish, but that they had been originally generated in fish, and, being bred up (as was the case with the first man) until they were equal to providing for themselves, they were then cast out, and they caught hold of dry land. We have then a hint at the Deluge, and at the assumption of the fish-form assumed by Vishnoo when he interfered during the destruction of the world by water.

Old age, wine, music, and rhetoric form the subject of a succeeding chapter. Old age, we are told, implies a state of bondage and inaction; and wine refers, emblematically, to resurrection; and hence in vases it is so frequently presented to the aged. Music also represents the same thing, and to rhetoric may be attached a similar meaning.

It was just at this moment that I had promised to myself and the mystas, my readers, admission to the very *adyta* of Eleusis, for I had found a key — not, indeed, that golden one which Sophocles tells us was hung upon the tongue of the Eleusinian priests; — it was of baser metal. With the hope of obtaining useful information, I applied it; but what a nauseous spectacle did it disclose! This begins the thirteenth chapter, of which the subject is the *dotted chaplet, girdle, and scarf*; and a nauseous spectacle to us is such sickly stuff, in a work treating principally of the lofty mysteries of antiquity. We are no dilettanti, and if blue stockings look into such works, let them take their chance. We would, therefore, have a writer go on fearlessly wherever his subject leads him. But, in fact, our dilettante seems to have had his mind most thoroughly imbued with the follies of the Fathers upon this subject, and he cannot even look upon any part of the mysteries which Isocrates and Cicero, who certainly knew them better than Clemens Alexandrinus, declare to have been one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon mankind. After all, notwithstanding Mr. Christie's maidenish horror of any explanation of the dotted symbols, they appear in our eyes very innocent and very chaste, and we cannot help regarding them as representing nothing more in the mysteries of Liber and Libera, and consequently in paintings of scenes from these mysteries, than this variegated world of the senses, into which Liber, the president of nature, introduces the soul from its pre-existing state. This idea, which may be found developed at full length in Crenzer, is certainly more elevated than the sense which calls such blushes on the cheek of Mr. Christie.

On viewing the plate in the present chapter, which, by the way, evidently represents Liber and Libera, and seems to adumbrate their mystic marriage, we perceive a symbol, with the explanation of which given by Mr. Christie we cannot agree: we mean the speculum, or looking-glass, in the hand of the female figure. This mirror is an important object in the mysteries. It is the looking-glass of Dionysos, which, by its portraiture of this variegated world, apparently, "so good, so fair," entices the soul to quit its former abode, and enter it.

In a painting on a vase in the collection of the Count D'Erbach appears a youth, seated on a rock, and looking earnestly on a mirror which he holds at a distance. This youth represents the soul (which is sometimes portrayed in the form of a youth with wings, at other times, as here, without wings). He is sunk in thought, and contemplating the looking-glass of Dionysos. Round his loins is the spotted robe, and the rock that he is seated on indicates the rocky way which, according to Plutarch, leads to the cavern of Bacchic pleasure, and thus shows how near he is come to the world of the senses. He is, in fact, arrived at the verge of the world of the senses, and at the place of forgetfulness, where he will forget his origin. This is a soul in which the recollection of the divine life in the supernal regions begins to fade. She takes the looking-glass of Dionysos, and, as she gazes, she is enticed by the play of colours of the material creation to descend into the grotto of the world of the senses. This soul can no longer escape the lot of mortality. On the other side of the grotto, in the variegated realm of Dionysos, appears one of his priestesses, clad in a dotted robe. She reaches to the youth the holy fillet, and thus adopts him into the number of the chosen. She offers him the pledge of purification and of his future return to the higher divine region. The first step thereto is initiation in the lesser mysteries, of which the variegated fillet is probably the token. This is therefore the representation of the initiation of a neophyte.

From an unpublished vase in the collection of the late Arthur Champernowne, Esq., Mr. Christie has given a painting descriptive of the flight of Æneas under peculiar circumstances, which he conceives to have been thus employed by the initiators in Lower Italy, and regards as a specimen of the manner in which historical facts were made the vehicles of theological opinions. In this painting,

Æneas, bearing Anchises on his back, is represented wading ankle deep through shoal water, and conducted by Mercury to a fawn, as the generative or reproductive power. Anchises carries, instead of the Penates, a cornucopia, the symbol of fertility. Behind is seated a female, her head and arms gracefully turned, and designed with uncommon taste. From her retrospective attitude, and the affectionate concern expressed in her countenance, she doubtless personates Creusa, who was left behind when the Trojan hero quitted his ruined country. She represents the inert state in *Inferis*, as can be satisfactorily shown by comparing this with another vase in the British Museum. The fishes in the lower part of the painting are equally symbols of water and of generation.

In his last chapter Mr. Christie again expresses his horror of the odious and disgusting rites of the mysteries, of which he says we must be satisfied from the exposition of them by Clemens Alexandrinus, and adds, 'The sublimest doctrines delivered to minds polluted by participating in such obscenities, must have been listened to with indifference or disgust.' It is needless that we should repeat our dissent from conclusions of this nature. Surely a very slight

knowledge of the principle of association would suffice to convince us that sublime ideas, connected with any external sign, would remove any feelings of indecency, which, under other circumstances, it might tend to excite. Did Mr. Christie never hear the anecdote of the pious maiden lady, who made a formal complaint to the bishop of the minister who officiated in the church she was in the habit of attending, for his having taken the liberty to modify in the morning service 1 Kings, xxi. 21.? Most assuredly, the good lady on this occasion, whatever she might do at other times, attached no indelicate ideas to the word we allude to: it was hallowed to her imagination by its forming a part of the Word of God. Why, then, should we not suppose the same to have been the case with the partakers of the mysteries?

From a consideration of the vignette prefixed to the last chapter, and taken from one of the Townley terra cottas in the British Museum, Mr. Christie thinks that a consistent and rational explanation of the opinion of the soul having existed in a previous state may be deduced. This monument represents a figure with the body and limbs of an infant and the head of an old man, standing on a lotus, and leaning for support upon two of its upright tendrils. On either side is a composite figure in a state of rest. The first figure, we are told, expresses, in a most evident manner, the notion of a previous state and of regeneration from water; the latter denotes the renovation of the animal and vegetable creation. The whole is conceived to refer to the Noachic deluge; and the origin of the doctrine just mentioned is ascribed to an imperfect tradition of the patriarchs having lived in the old world, and having been, as it were, born again into the new one, and a supposition thence arising that such had been the case with each individual.

This solution of the problem will, we apprehend, satisfy very few close thinkers. We will venture to propose what we consider a much more simple and philosophical one. If there is any maxim fully established in metaphysics, it is this, that the soul cannot conceive the beginning, the end, or the suspension of its own existence. It is in fact self-evident, for it would be nothing else than conceiving itself to *be*, and *not to be*, at the same time. Such being the case, a mind reflecting on its own nature and condition, fully impressed with a sense of the justice and goodness of the Creator, and feeling itself placed in a world where pain strove for the mastery with pleasure, and mostly came off victor, may easily, nay, almost necessarily, have been led to regard the present as a state of punishment, to which it had been condemned for offences committed in a previous period of its existence; and, moreover, impressed with a consciousness of its native powers, and feeling itself clogged and fettered by the body, it might regard the latter as its prison, and hold that it was only by freeing itself from this sluggish vehicle, by renouncing the enjoyments of which it was the instrument, it could hope to attain to its former state of exaltation; for imagination would ever

pourtray the previous state as far surpassing in bliss the present scene of degradation. This speculation, we conceive, contains the simple and easy resolution of many a long disputed question : such, for example, as that of the universal belief of a future state, a belief which (strange as the assertion may appear) we think we could show to have been as firmly rooted in the minds of Gibbon and Hume as in those of their clerical opponents.

Though differing with the author in our ideas of the Cabiri, we cannot refrain from quoting the following beautiful lines given by Mr. Christie from an unpublished poem, and expressing our wish that the writer would give it to the public :

‘ To Shinaar from the East

Japhet, Shem, Ham — the three Curetes came,
Whom loud-tongued priests in planetary dance,
As Earth, and Sun, and the eclipsed Moon,
Long through the ages honoured.’

In an appendix we are given a *classification of the Greek fictilia*, distributed according to the mode of Linnæus. The CLASSES are four, arranged according to colour, viz. 1. the Purple-figured; 2. the Black-figured; 3. the Illumined; 4. the Plain. The first class contains but one ORDER, the second four, the third six, and the fourth four. The GENERA, in number four, Mr. Christie derives from the forms of the capsules of certain plants of the water-lily kind. They are, 1. the Nelumbioides, from the Nelumbium of Egypt, and approaching to a conical form; 2. the Lotoides, from the Nymphaea Lotus of Egypt, of oblong, spheroidal shape; 3. the Nymphaeoides, of the Nymphaea alba of Greece, oblate spheroidal; and 4. the Nupharoides, of the Nuphar lutea of Greece, of which the capsule is urceolate. These genera are again subdivided into SPECIES, according to varieties in their form. In the second section of the appendix, an attempt is made to trace several particulars in the various styles of architecture to imitations of the water-lilies of Egypt, and much mystic meaning ascribed to them; in which there is a good deal of ingenuity, and, we may add, of fancy displayed.

In conclusion, we must again express our conviction that the author of the work at present under consideration has been led by his too great deference for the authority of Clemens Alexandrinus, and from a want of philosophy, to think and speak too disparagingly of the mysteries of antiquity. They were most assuredly, if we give any credit to the assertions of the wisest and most virtuous of the ancients, not those mysteries of iniquity which the zealous Father depicts. Sages were their institutors; and if they adopted a secrecy, and employed symbols, which accord not with our notions of what is right, we should give them at least the credit of having erred from no bad design; and farther, perhaps, concede that they were the best judges of what would accord with the spirit and manners of their times. We yield not to Mr. Christie, or to any one, in veneration for the religion of the Gospel, which we hold to be by

far the purest and most rational system ever proposed to man; but we at the same time regard it as no compliment to Christianity, and as little less than an insult to the Author and Ruler of the universe, to represent every other system as vicious, sensual, disgusting, and impious. Let not us, who enjoy the full radiance of the sun, refuse to acknowledge that to others might have been dispensed, by the same gracious Being, the feebler beams of the moon and stars.

ART. VIII. 1. *The Subaltern Officer: a Narrative.* By Captain George Wood, of the Line. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 235. 7s. 6d. Longman and Co. 1826.

2. *The Adventures of a Young Rifleman, in the French and English Armies, during the War in Spain and Portugal, from 1806 to 1816.* Written by Himself. 8vo. pp. 414. 9s. 6d. Colburn. 1826.

WE have chosen to notice these volumes under one head as belonging to the same agreeable and attractive class of personal narrative. They are the productions of two individuals who mingled, and fought, and bled in the animating and adventurous scenes of the gigantic European contest of our times. The very opposition of their station serves to introduce the enquirer into the interior of hostile camps, and their stories may assist in familiarizing him with the habits, feelings, and martial practices of conflicting armies.

Such works, if composed only with simplicity, truth, and common intelligence, have an irresistible charm, for they blend all the excitement of romance with the important realities of history. They enchain eager attention to the tale of privation and toil, danger and suffering; they exhibit all the vicissitudes of a soldier's wandering life, and they claim respect and sympathy for his chequered fortunes, in proportion as the troubled stream of his destiny has separated him from the monotonous flow and even tenor of domestic life. There is appropriate truth in the quaint dictum of Washington Irving, which one of the writers before us has assumed for his motto: 'A prosperous life passed at home has little incident for narrative; it is only poor devils who are tossed about the world that are true heroes of story.'

The difficulty usually felt by unmilitary readers in determining the measure of credit due to any relation of the kind, is the only circumstance to detract from that interest which must mainly depend upon the assurance of authenticity: but the professional observer will not easily err in deciding on this question, and is entitled to deliver his opinion *ex cathedra*, without the apprehension of misleading. In introducing both the volumes before us to the notice of our readers, we confidently praise the perfect fidelity of the pictures which they offer, and the general accuracy of the narration in which these are intermingled. Captain Wood's book, indeed, has no pretensions to vie with some other little works of the same class

on the adventures of the peninsular war. He has neither the natural animation of manner, the correctness and elegance of style, nor the real poetical turn of feeling which distinguish "The Subaltern," whose narrative, under a title so much like his own, we lately reviewed. Still less can he claim competition with the enthusiastic author of that delightful work, the "Recollections of the Peninsula," which every one has read; a work that we once heard a great authority declare had recalled to memory the most romantic feelings and the brightest moments of his profession, and which, for the high-minded sentiments and generous spirit that breathe through its pages, might be made the text-book of honourable principle for every young soldier.

In placing Captain Wood's volume in a secondary rank to these works, we mean no disrespect to a sensible and, we doubt not, a meritorious individual, who has passed through some of the most interesting and memorable scenes of the late war, and related his share in several distinguished actions with modesty, intelligence, and evident accuracy. In one respect only has he left an occasional obscurity about his narrative, by the omission of dates, for which he offers two rather whimsical and amusing reasons; first, that there is 'a kind of fashion in omitting such particulars;' and, secondly, that 'being a widower, not yet sunk into the vale of years, not insensible to the bewitching smile of beauty, nor altogether hopeless of finding favour in her eyes, he, like many others, tries to steal a few years from Father Time, which he should not be so well able to do, did he confine himself strictly to dates.' We fear, however, that in order to give the reader a precise idea of the period to which the narrator's adventures refer, we shall be reduced to the necessity of dispelling some part of this obscurity, at the hazard of revealing the dreaded secret — that some twenty years must have flown since he first wrote himself a soldier. He appears to have entered the army about the year 1805 or 1806; and we collect from him, notwithstanding the needless ambiguity in which he has clothed his career, that his service was passed, without intermission, in the 82d regiment of foot.

The first few pages of his volume have little interest, being occupied only with a picture of his introduction to military life, when he 'used to drink at the mess as long as he could sit, and enjoy every amusement.' This is a somewhat coarse, though certainly a correct, representation of the practice of those days, when the manners, like the tactics, of our army were yet in the infancy of that improvement which has raised it to its present state of unrivalled excellence. The reader needs scarcely be told that the degrading habit of intoxication is now as totally unknown in our military circles as in any other coteries of polished society.

Our author was reluctantly prevented from accompanying his regiment to the bombardment of Copenhagen, the first service which occurred after his appointment, by its having fallen to his tour of

duty to be left in England in charge of the heavy baggage. To avoid this mortifying exclusion from the honours of the impending expedition, had been a point in dispute between himself and a brother officer, in whose favour it was decided. He was afterwards tolerably reconciled to this heavy disappointment, when his comrade, who had enjoyed the triumph of priority, and in whose identical place he would otherwise have stood, bearing the colours of the regiment, received his death-wound at Copenhagen. Such are the chances of war ! The young soldier was not fated, however, to sigh long for the active scenes of his profession. His corps had scarcely returned from Copenhagen, when it was ordered to Portsmouth on a secret expedition under General Spencer. The original object of the assembled armament had been the attack of Ceuta ; but the fleet had scarcely cleared the channel, when it was dispersed by a tremendous gale. Our author had here a hopeful experience of the joys of a transport ; and his first visit to the Bay of Biscay was marked by the rude welcome, for which most of our military adventurers have small reason to remember with pleasure that ungentle nook of old ocean. His vessel, however, instead of being driven back to the Channel, like the greater number of the convoy, weathered the gale, and reached Gibraltar ; from whence, in the exigency of the moment, the portion of troops that had arrived were suddenly ordered on to Sicily, which was then threatened with invasion by the French. In that island our author passed three months very agreeably, until his detachment was recalled to Cadiz, where General Spencer's force now re-united.

The noble resistance of the Spanish nation to the iniquitous aggression of Buonaparte had already commenced ; and our author was shortly thrown into the midst of the activity and excitement of the peninsular war. With General Spencer's division he proceeded to join the main army of Portugal on its debarkation in Mondego Bay ; and he shared in the glorious days of Roleia and Vimiero. His account of his sensations on going into action for the first time in his life is manly, unaffected, and natural, and will be recognized for its fidelity by every soldier's experience.

Being now entirely equipped for the ensuing campaign — having provided bill-hooks, camp-kettles, and mules for carrying them, with baggage-horses and every other convenience, we broke up camp to prosecute our active duties, and continued marching till we came up with the enemy, who had taken an amazingly strong position on the heights of Roleia, from which, after marching four leagues that day, we had to attack and dislodge them. Measures being accordingly taken, by executing such manœuvres as would bring us in contact with the foe — having previously fixed bayonets, primed and loaded, &c. we drew nearer and nearer to the scene of action. It was now that I could have dispensed with the honours of a military life ; and had it been as honourable to have gone to the rear as to the front, I should certainly have preferred the former, and that in double quick time ; for whatever herbes may say, yet to me I must confess it caused a little imperceptible

treason, notwithstanding the brave and manly admonitions of our gallant commanding officer. I was, however, fully convinced of the truth of his assertions; therefore, stifling this sensation, I soon found that spirit which I imbibed from my ancestors to take possession of my heart, and which, thank God! never forsook me in the hour of danger.

We now began to advance over those who had fallen: among them was my brother Sub, who had been out skirmishing; and we came under what I then thought a pretty hot fire, both of field-pieces and musketry, not having witnessed the like before: but this I found was a mere joke to what I was hereafter to experience. However, it gave me a seasoning — as I was soon after knocked down, by a musket-ball striking me on the left groin; and I only attribute escaping a severe wound to having some papers in the pocket of my pantaloons, which prevented its penetrating into the flesh; but it caused a great contusion: I was, however, in a few minutes able to proceed with the regiment, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the French flying before us. We followed them till the lateness of the evening compelled us to halt, when, this being the first field of glory I had the honour of sharing in, I could not help noticing immediately at my feet a fine youth who was shot through some vital part. This poor soldier, when I first observed him, was lying on his back, his head supported by his knapsack: his visage appeared serene and calm, with a very healthy, ruddy colour in his manly cheeks: but every time I looked at him, I perceived his countenance gradually becoming paler, and his fine blue eyes losing their lustre, which I observed soon became fixed in death, without his uttering a groan or a struggle.

We pass over the account of subsequent operations, — of the splendid victory of Vimiero, the convention of Cintra, the evacuation of Portugal by the French, and the advance of the British army into Spain under Sir John Moore. On that march our author was seized with so violent a fit of illness as to endanger his life; and being compelled to remain in the rear of the army, he was not present with his regiment on the retreat to Corunna. Being thus left in Portugal, he remained in that kingdom serving in one of the provisional battalions, formed of detachments which had been cut off by the enemy's advance from rejoining their regiments. By this means, when a new army had been assembled at Lisbon under our Great Captain, he had the honour to share in the brilliant campaign of 1809. He was present at the passage of the Douro and the recapture of Oporto, in the pursuit of Soult's army, and on the rapid march of our troops to face a fresh enemy in the south. After this, his account of the remainder of the campaign, including the hard-fought field of Talavera, is spirited, entertaining, and substantially correct; but we cannot linger with him over its details. At the first subsequent pause in active operations, the battalions of detachments were ordered home to be broken up and re-united to their respective corps in England; and our author was once more restored to his home and regiment. But he was not long idle; for those were stirring days of rapid adventure and perpetual excitement, to which, perchance, many a soldier may still in fancy, amidst these languid

hours of peace, revert with some measure of regret, until he remember that the cause of humanity at least has gained by the change; and if he lack better employment, he may be contented, with this reflection, to betake himself to mine uncle Toby's occupation, of carrying on the siege of Dendermonde in his own garden.

Our journalist, now familiar with and inured to service, had scarcely been in England six weeks, when he was once more at sea with his regiment, which was dispatched to Gibraltar. In that fortress, a quarter as monotonous, and at times as unhealthy, as a great prison hulk, he remained for some considerable period, with less affliction of *ennui* than a residence there usually engenders; for the garrison duty was diversified by an occasional change of quarters to Ceuta, and by the contrast — not an agreeable one — of the unlucky landing at Malaga under Lord Blayney. In 1812 his regiment was again ordered to join the grand army in Portugal; and from this period Captain Wood had the good fortune to witness and to share in almost all the memorable operations of the three next campaigns, until they triumphantly closed on the banks of the Garonne.

Through this well-remembered career of glory it is not our intention to follow him; but we shall just take at random our author's account of the struggle and plunder of the field of Vittoria.

"We pursued our way, with good roads, good weather, good provisions, and plenty of dust, till we arrived in the environs of Vittoria, in the front of which town the enemy were posted most advantageously, and in great numbers: they certainly made a most imposing appearance as they formed their line of battle, towards which we advanced with a confident step; peals of artillery echoing through the lofty hills, as we descended their trembling slopes to gain the glorious field. We advanced through the tumultuous scene with a battery in our front, dealing out dire destruction; and halting here, as if to defy its greatest efforts, we waited the signal of attack: men and officers fell in every direction; and their wounds were most dreadful, being all inflicted with cannon-balls or shells, except that of our Colonel, who received a musket-shot in his stomach. Our front was exposed to the full range of this redoubt, and had to contend with a French regiment on the right of the battery; but after politely receiving us with a few sharp volleys, which we as politely returned, they retreated firing, and bent their course into a thicket. Towards this we advanced firing, and drove them furiously before us, till they were completely routed; and we had the satisfaction of passing over numbers whom we had laid prostrate. It was now that the hurry, bustle, and confusion of a great battle were experienced: such smoke, such noise, such helter-skelter! the cries of the wounded — the groans of the dying — the shouts of the victors — the dragoons and artillery flying — dust in clouds — caps, muskets, and knapsacks, strewing the ground — baggage, carriages, waggons, and carts, broken down. Such a spectacle might indeed cause the conquering army to exclaim, "Oh! what a glorious thing is battle!" But what must be the situation and feelings of the vanquished?

This scene continued, till night put an end to the bloody fray and equally bloody pursuit; when we halted, leaving Vittoria some miles in

our rear. We had not had a morsel to eat the whole of this day, as we moved off our ground before the supplies had arrived: bread, indeed, we had not received for two days previously; we therefore appeased our hunger by plucking the corn from the ears, as we trampled over the fields of it, with which this fine country abounds, and which was at this moment fit for the sickle. This expedient satisfied our craving wants till the action commenced, when our attention was attracted by other objects. One of my men picked up a French haversack out of which he got a large biscuit, which he began eating most greedily without offering his comrade any part: at this instant a shell burst very near him, a splinter of which broke his leg; he hopped screaming away, and let fall the bread, which his comrade snatched up and ate, observing, that it served the other right for his greediness.

At this time we were halted; and were in some measure compensated for the loss of bread, by the plentiful supply we got of water, which, indeed, was a great advantage, after the heat and fatigue of the day.

We had now taken up our ground and piled our arms, when some of the men went to the rear under various pretences, but soon returned: some with bread, brandy, fowls, and all kinds of eatables; others with dollars, doubloons, plate, and every article that could be procured from the French baggage, which we had passed, but dared not fall out of our ranks to take possession of at the time, having a more serious duty to perform than attending to plunder—that of first beating the enemy away from it. I certainly must confess I regarded these waggons loaded and broken down with specie, over which we were obliged to drive the foe, with a wishful eye; but honour being with a soldier preferable to riches, I relinquished the latter for the former. We were, however, amply supplied with every thing that was good, by those who had the good fortune to share in the spoil. Indeed, for my own part, I could not complain, having contrived to get a very fine young horse, belonging to the Polish Lancers, which came running in my way without a rider, completely accoutred; and a handsome quilt, which I found very useful at night. Such plenty now prevailed, that I do not suppose there was a man in the field who had not a good meal that night from the stores of the enemy, which were copiously supplied with every comfort, and now came to us so very seasonably; for, although every man had not an opportunity of partaking in the plunder, yet there was so great an abundance of every necessary brought into camp, that they were enabled to share the provision with each other. We also got a most reasonable supply of those valuable articles—good shoes, taken from the French magazines. Our men had been constantly on the tramp for many weeks together, without having time or opportunity to get their old ones mended; indeed several of them had marched for the last few days barefooted. Not getting quite enough to supply all my men (having the charge of a company), I sent the remainder to exchange theirs with the dead men, many of whom were found scattered about the field with much better shoes than their living comrades had on; so that all got completely suited in this respect. We likewise obtained a good supply of salt, an article of great luxury in this part of the country, where it is very dear and scarce; and also tobacco, which could not be obtained previous to this day's victory—a victory that crowned us with almost every desirable gift that honour and good fortune could confer.

‘To paint the scene that now ensued after the battle, among the troops, would be far beyond my power. Some were carousing over their spoils, others swearing at their ill-luck at not obtaining more; some dancing mad with *eau-de-vie*, others sharing doubloons, dollars, watches, gold trinkets, and other valuable articles.’—pp. 174—178.

Many of our private men certainly gained a very large booty from the plunder of the French military chest, and the ill-acquired hoards of the French leaders, on that occasion. This booty was in general squandered as recklessly as it had been unexpectedly won, with all the true thoughtless dissipation of the soldier: but one instance, at least we know, in which a private had the good luck to secure some five hundred doubloons in gold, and, though an Hibernian, the prudence to commit his spoil to the charge of his commanding officer. Two years afterwards a small part of it was expended in purchasing his discharge, and the residue doubtless served to render him the owner of some mud cabin and potato-garden, and the wealthiest wight of an Irish village.

In the battle of the Pyrennees, which lasted several days, until it terminated victoriously for our arms before Pampeluna, Captain Wood was severely wounded; and he has here afforded an account of the alternate retreat and struggle, which is really very graphic and spirited. But, beyond this period, his narrative will not bear perusal after the journal of the “Subaltern;” and we shall now, therefore, dismiss the remainder of his volume, to turn to the second work before us, the ‘Adventures of a Young Rifleman.’

This book, from the station, the habits, and the character of the writer, forms an amusing contrast to the journal of the British officer. The volume is the production of a German, who having served both in the French and the English army, appears to have finally settled in his native town of Weimar. The original, of which we have here a very passable fluent translation, was prepared for the press, as we understand, by Goethe; but although we have looked with rather a suspicious eye through its pages, we have not been able to discover the traces of any master-hand, nor is there reason to believe that the celebrated editor has disguised the rude simplicity of a soldier’s tale under any of the embellishments of his sentimental and poetical mind. The relator himself is an intelligent, lively fellow, who tells us his adventures with an air of amusing *naïveté* and apparent truth; and the whole story bears a stamp of authenticity which it is impossible to mistake. In fact, it is full of those peculiarities and minutiae belonging to military low life, with which no one but a private soldier could by possibility have become sufficiently familiarized to sustain the character. It is evidently what it professes to be, and no more.

The narrative is ushered in by a preface and introduction from the pen of Goethe, written, perhaps, in a manner too pompous for the occasion; but sketching off the character of the hero very happily in a few passing touches. The preface is in itself a fair

review of the adventurer and his book. Our young soldier, as it justly remarks, appears, in his narrative, 'obedient, brave, hardy, good-tempered, and honest, — with the exception of a slight propensity to plundering, which, however, he always manages to palliate under the plea of pressing necessity;' and we may add that, saving in this *slight propensity*, he seldom shows the want of a moral sense, and never fails to exhibit a natural horror of the atrocities which he witnessed. But the narrative is interesting, less from the character and personal fortunes of the writer, than from the really curious picture which it offers of the interior of the French camp, of the habits and spirit of the French soldiery under the military despotism of Napoleon, and of the composition and discipline of the legions which once, with conquest, terror, and rapine in their track, overran the great continent of Europe.

The rifleman was the orphan son of a poor but upright country clergyman, and was brought up at Weimar to the trade of a barber-surgeon. His dislike to this vocation induced him to abscond from his place, at the period when the French armies occupied Prussia after the battle of Jena; and he was soon inveigled, when scarcely fifteen years of age, to enlist in a German regiment, in the service of Napoleon. The commencement of his military career gives us some insight into the mixture of art and violence by which the ranks of the French armies were swelled with men of all the continental nations. The regiment to which he belonged had been originally formed out of the wreck of the Prussian army; and it was no sooner complete in numbers, than it was removed within the northern frontier of France. Next, under pretence of being selected to form the Westphalian guard of Jerome Buonaparte, it was drawn into the interior of France, as if to receive its colours at Paris; and then, desertion into Germany having become no longer practicable, it was at once hurried off to its real destination, — Spain.

Our adventurer thus crossed the Pyrenees in the beginning of the year 1808, and was in the first French army which entered Madrid under Murat. Here he describes well and naturally the growth of the just exasperation in the Spanish mind, which produced the tremendous explosion of popular fury in that capital on the 2d of May, 1808. In the contest and massacre of that memorable day, he was an actor; and he had his share in the subsequent plunder of the city. We find him soon after engaged in the division under Marshal Moncey, which was dispatched from the capital to disperse the Spanish troops and peasantry, now in arms in all quarters. He gives us a very animated description of the successful advance of the invaders to Valencia, of their sanguinary defeat by the heroism of the undisciplined Spaniards in the assault of that city, and of their precipitate and disastrous retreat to Madrid. In the narrative of this expedition, we have, as might be expected, some revolting pictures of the wanton rapine of the

invaders, and the fearful retaliation of the natives. He asserts, indeed, that the ferocious spirit in which the hostilities were conducted originated with the Spaniards, who mangled and tortured their prisoners; and that 'Frenchmen were found with their hands and feet not merely chopped off, but separated at the joints with knives, — others with their tongues cut out, — others who had been hanging up to trees by the feet, and roasted to death, — and others, again, mutilated in a manner too horrible to describe.' He says that 'these spectacles inflamed the rage of the French soldiery, who, thinking themselves justified, and even bound, to retaliate, atrocities increased on both sides.' He adds, however, that forbearance on the part of the invaders might have tended to humanize their opponents; and he has the candour to admit that it was the oppression of the French which originally provoked these shocking scenes.

At first it appears that the French commanders did really endeavour to check the excesses of their troops by severe examples; and we hear from our adventurer frequently of marauders being shot by their orders, without even the formality of a trial. Upon one occasion, when the palace of the Inquisition had been wantonly burnt down by our soldier's company, — the lightest, perhaps, of their crimes, — the whole body were disarmed, and compelled, by the old military usage of decimation, to draw lots for their lives. But both leaders and soldiery had been bred in too licentious and blood-thirsty a school for these examples to produce due effect: pillage and atrocity were habitual in that service; and before the end of the first campaign the French Generals abandoned the politic severity, if, indeed, they still retained the power, of restraining their ferocious followers. A thousand scenes, in Portugal especially, which must be fresh in the recollection of every man who served in the country, will remain as decisive evidence of the abominable guilt of the invading army.

Our adventurer, of course, shared in the retreat of the main French army from Madrid in August, 1808; and he declares that in their disorderly march they now resembled a band of robbers rather than disciplined troops. We here learn from him a single circumstance, which speaks volumes on the loss of the invaders in this short campaign. His regiment had crossed the Pyrenees 1100 strong: when they now retired behind the Ebro, they could muster only 300 men! But continual supplies of recruits from France fed the consumption of human life; and the entrance of Napoleon himself into Spain, at the head of a numerous army, again turned the balance of the sanguinary contest.

After the second occupation of Madrid, and almost all Spain, by the invaders, our adventurer continued to serve for three years in various parts of the Peninsula. His busy story is filled with many interesting circumstances; but as we cannot pretend to accompany him regularly through them, we shall use his narrative

only, for the sake of a few comments which it suggests. His picture of the general indiscipline, the wanton pillage, the insubordination, and the cruelties of his comrades, pervades the whole period without relief or intermission. One story may illustrate the terms of degrading familiarity, as totally unknown as it would speedily be repelled in our service, on which the French officer, ~~like~~ with his soldiery. A man of the rifleman's company had taken into the cellar of a Spaniard and stolen his wine, but lost the pompon or ornament of his cap in the place. Fearing detection, he induced several of his comrades to throw away their pompoms also, that his individual loss might not convict him. The owner of the cellar brought the pompon with a complaint to the captain of the company: but the artifice of the marauder had baffled discovery.

On the fourth day we went on again. During the march, the captain, who had no dislike to wine, called to his servant to bring him some. The man brought it, telling him, at the same time, that his whole store consisted in that single glass. The captain regretted this, and blamed the servant for his want of attention. Upon this, Thiele, who was very near, presented himself before the captain, and offered him a glass of his wine.

"Let us see, my lad, is it good?"

"Taste it, and convince yourself, captain."

After he had drank, he asked him where he had got the wine.

"At Villa Alba," was the answer.

"I was not able to get such a good glass of wine there. Did you buy it?"

"Yes," said Thiele, "and I was very near paying a high price for it."

"Well, give me another glass; I will recompense you for it."

"A bargain," said Thiele; "you can do this immediately, if you will."

"How so?" said the captain.

"Oh, give me my pompon back again; that will be a sufficient recompense."

"Rascal!" said the captain, "I thought, at the time, that you, and no one else, was the wine stealer. Here it is," added he, taking it out of his hostler; "but had I known this in Villa Alba, you should have paid for it, by fifteen days' arrest upon bread and water."

"I took good care of that," said Thiele."—pp. 170—171.

This amusing dialogue is perfectly characteristic of the license of the French Imperial service; in which it is notorious that no line of separation between the officer and soldier was ever drawn by the nice distinction of gentleman-like feeling. The relation between the English officer and his men is one of protection and obedience only: in the French armies, connivance and familiarity were the substitutes for these principles of discipline.

Our adventurer's account of the Guerillas will be read with interest; and we give the following extract, not only for its evidence of the cold blooded cruelty of the French, but as communicating

a fact not generally known, that these bands were composed in a great measure of French deserters as well as Spaniards.

During our stay in Valladolid, several Guerilla prisoners were brought in, and executed. These undisciplined bands had originated in various ways. After the insurrection in Madrid, and our advance upon Valencia, all the scum of the country had turned out against us. These did little service to the nation, as the leaders were usually rogues, who only sought to enrich themselves; they levied contributions every where, drove off the cattle, and robbed the poor peasants of every thing the French had left them; on which account they were in many places as much dreaded as the French themselves. Afterwards, several bands were formed under Mina, El Empecinado, Jayme, and others, which did us much mischief; they rendered the roads so unsafe, that no conveyance could pass without a strong escort. They threw themselves headlong upon the strongest detachments, and not unfrequently gained material advantages and considerable booty. These Guerillas consisted chiefly of French deserters, and but few natives were to be found among them. There were, at least, thirty men belonging to our regiment, in the band of El Empecinado, who carried on their operations in the neighbourhood of Villa Delpando, Benevente, and Toro. These troops were mostly composed of badly mounted cavalry, who had equipped themselves in a most singular manner, with the clothing taken from the French; many a trooper wore gaiters, had a long cuirassier's sabre, a blanket in the place of a cloak, a cora, or cloth cap on the head, and a long musket hung behind, on his lean, worn-out steed. Whenever a French horseman pursued one of these knights of the rueful countenance, he usually looked round, placed his hand upon a part of his body which shall be nameless, put his horse into a gallop, and disappeared in an instant. The infantry were just as ridiculously equipped: it often afforded us much amusement to see them strolling about in large boots, a dragoon's helmet upon their heads, and a long sword by their sides.

They were once surprised by the 10th and 11th regiments of dragoons, and a number of prisoners made, who were all shot, strangled, or hanged by the French as brigands. At an execution of this kind, there were once eighty men strangled; the whole garrison was present, and our battalion kept guard. In the centre of the square a large scaffold was erected, upon which were several upright posts to which boards were fixed as seats for the criminals. As soon as they were seated, the executioner placed an iron collar round their necks, which had a screw behind; this being screwed up, broke the neck and choked the wind-pipe at the same time.—pp. 135—137.

The total absence of all humanity which characterized the French service was not evinced only towards the Spaniards. We are not told merely in this volume of the shooting of wounded prisoners, and of the strangling and the drowning of those not disabled; their own sick and wounded soldiery fared not much better from the hands of their hospital attendants. We hear repeatedly of the fear which the author and his comrades entertained of betraying in the general hospitals that they possessed any money, lest the inheritance of their little property should prove an inducement to these

hardened wretches to put them out of their misery. One passage is too remarkable to be omitted.

‘ We were four days on the road, without our wounds being dressed. On our arrival at Salamanca, we found, owing to this want of care, that maggots had generated in the wounds; and occasioned a stench which was almost intolerable. We were taken to the hospital of Real, which was already so full of sick and wounded that we could scarcely find any accommodation.

‘ While I was lying here, sick and wounded were constantly being brought in from the army, and I had an opportunity of observing how many lives were lost through the barbarity of the attendants. A soldier of the 99th regiment of the line, who was brought in very ill, had a bed directly opposite to me, and we often conversed together. He told me that he had got some money about him, and that he would willingly pay the attendants if they would nurse him properly. I dissuaded him from this, and warned him by the relation of several occurrences I had witnessed during my stay; but, in spite of my advice, he trusted to the medical attendants, and allowed his purse of money to be seen. He got every day worse; and one night the medical attendant and his worthy colleagues, who had become impatient that he did not depart in peace, and leave them in possession of his property, filled his mouth with water, and held it close until he was suffocated. The next morning he was found dead, and was carried out to be buried, along with several others, who had either died a natural death or had been murdered in the same way. Although I had witnessed the perpetration of this cruel deed, I remained silent for some days, until I received my certificate of health, and was thus safe from the revenge of these inhuman murderers of the sick. Upon the surgeon-major coming to visit me, I related to him the whole occurrence in the presence of the murderers. They denied it steadily, at first; but my word was taken in preference to their’s, and they were brought before a court-martial. They then confessed their crime, and were shot without mercy. In this manner numbers of soldiers lost their lives. In the breast of these wretches every feeling of humanity was extinct; they were actuated only by a thirst of gain; and without reflecting that they deprived their country of a protector, aged parents of a support, or infant children of a father, they murdered every one whom they knew was possessed of money, and was too weak to oppose them.’—pp. 213—215.

Towards the close of the year 1810, our adventurer was for the first time opposed to the British troops; and he has given a very fair and correct account of the battle of Busaco, in which his regiment formed part of the brigade of General Simon, who was wounded and taken. The rifleman was, therefore, in the main column of attack, and he describes the slaughter as immense. We can believe him: for Busaco was, with our men, one of the few occasions on which their fury endured beyond the moment of the enemy’s flight. Pursuing the routed column down the heights, they made sparing use of the bayonet, even until they reached the foot of the mountain. Some time after this action; our rifleman observes, with whimsical simplicity, that ‘the English had now learned to fight, and looked their hereditary enemies the French steadfastly in

the face ! This is just an example of that belief in the inferiority of our troops which the French commanders studiously instilled into their soldiery, and generally with success, until the first moment of their coming into contact with the reality. If our rifleman had been present at the routs of Roleia and Vimiero, he might have discovered, perchance, by the taste of British steel, that the islanders had learned to fight some two years earlier.

The rifleman continued to serve against the British in Massena's army during the French advance through Portugal, until the stupendous lines of Torres Vedras arrested their march, and famine at last compelled them, notwithstanding their great numerical superiority, to make a precipitate, though, certainly, a masterly retreat. On reaching the frontiers of Portugal again, our author, with part of his regiment, and other corps, was thrown into Almeida ; and that fortress was immediately blockaded by a division of our army. In this place he relates a characteristic little anecdote of the dogged resolution of our men. In a sortie the French took a few of our wounded ; and these poor fellows were immediately hurried into the fortress, and ' strictly interrogated respecting the strength and condition of the blockading force.' *However*, adds the rifleman, *they would confess nothing.*

When the garrison of Almeida were driven by hunger to evacuate the place, they blew up the works, and stole a passage through the blockading corps with a celerity and adroitness that did honour to their soldiery. They were, however, closely pursued, overwhelmed, and in the dispersion which followed, our rifleman was made prisoner. A sturdy Scotchman seized him by the collar, and an hussar flourished his sabre over his head ; but when they perceived that he made no opposition they desisted from hostilities. ' These two gentlemen,' says he, ' without farther ceremony, took possession of my small stock of money, and my knapsack, out of which they selected what they pleased. I was obliged to look patiently on, as, had I made the least opposition, I should only have experienced worse treatment. I was now a prisoner, and, with many others, was driven off like a drove of cattle by the English ; a good pair of shoes which I had on I lost by the way ; an English soldier exchanged them for his, which I could not wear.' This rough and uncereimonious treatment will excite little surprise in the practised campaigner ; for your old soldier of any service is seldom burthened with scruples touching these trifles, and is, to say the truth, but a hardened being. In his rude nature the exasperation and excitement of action do not immediately subside into humanity. Our men were very rarely ferocious ; but many an officer will remember how often his interference has saved the prisoner from the same lot as our friend the rifleman.

To return to his adventures : he was now carried, with other prisoners, under an escort to Lisbon, and placed in the general

depôts; where those of the number, not Frenchmen by birth, were permitted to volunteer into the foreign regiments in the British service. It is singular that, enslaved as their countries had been under the iron yoke of the French, these people should not have seized with alacrity the first occasion of turning their arms against the oppressors of Europe; but if we may believe our adventurer, it was only to escape the evils of imprisonment that some hundreds of them, Germans, Netherlanders, and Poles, reluctantly offered themselves for our service.

Our rifleman was among these *volunteers*, who were immediately shipped off for England, and there enrolled in the King's German Legion. With this change of fortune, the peculiar interest of the narrative before us may be said to terminate. Under his new engagement, our author served in Sicily and on the eastern coast of Spain in 1812 and 1813; and, finally, in the short campaign of 1815, at the landing in Italy, the occupation of Naples, Genoa, &c. Here he is no longer the same agreeable companion as before, for he can no longer usher us unto the midst of French camps. Yet one point, at least, in this last part of his narrative is worthy of notice. It is amusing to find him, notwithstanding the unwillingness with which he embraced the English service, afterwards extolling it as the best in Europe: continually eulogizing the comparative happiness of his new condition, the abundance which he enjoyed, and the easiness of his servitude. After the horrors which he had witnessed and endured in the French army, he appears to have found the contrast a very Elysium. His testimony alone would lead us to judge, if we possessed no better experience, that our own army is the only one in Europe, in which the comfort of the soldier is an established object of solicitude with his superiors. The rifleman and his compatriots experienced the continuance of this liberal system beyond the period when their services were longer required. They were conveyed to the shores of Germany and there disbanded; and when our hero and his comrades closed their military career, they were not dismissed, as he tells us, to their homes before they had received a present of clothing, a sum to cover their travelling expenses, and their arrears of pay to the last farthing: 'every man having five or six louis d'or in his pocket; and not the slightest cause of complaint against the English government.'

ART. IX. *History of the United States, from their First Settlement as Colonies, to the Close of the War with Great Britain, in 1815.* 8vo. pp. 437. 12s. London. Miller. 1826.

As the whole range and experience of history, there is nothing more deeply worthy of earnest attention and study, than the national fortunes and civil institutions of the United States of North America. Their past annals and present condition are full of the

most impressive lessons of political wisdom; and their future destiny teems with materials for intense reflection and anxious speculation. For we have here the spectacle of a confederation of states which, within the memory of the present generation, have risen from the obscure condition of dependent colonies to an equality and rivalry with the great empires of the world: which, in less than fifty years, have succeeded in covering every ocean with their new-born commerce, have spread their cultivation and agriculture over two thousand miles of forest and wilderness, and have augmented their population with tremendous, incredible rapidity, from four to ten millions of people!

It is this confederation, too, which escaping the horrors of intestine convulsions has alone, of all the commonwealths of ancient and modern ages, realised the fond visions of republican equality combined with rational happiness. It has achieved that difficult problem of a government, at once frugal and unostentatious, yet efficient and active—abundantly strong for the rights of property and the administration of law, yet utterly weak and powerless for the infliction of wrong—exactng no onerous burthens in return for its protection—and whose very existence might be forgotten by the people, if they were not hourly reminded of the manifold blessings of its gentle operation. This is indeed the *beau ideal* of a government for a democracy, emanating from the people and operating only for their good; and, that it may further justify the old republican boast of economy, the annual trappings of the poorest monarchy of Europe are more costly than the whole expense of its useful establishments.

The study of the institutions which have produced this unexampled career of prosperity, and of the auspicious circumstances under which it has been pursued, can never be devoid of attraction for the enlightened enquirer. But the philosophical history of the United States yet remains to be written. Their entire annals, from the earliest settlements of North America to the present times, occupy only two centuries; and brief as this period must appear, to embrace the whole course of a nation's infancy, growth, and meridian greatness, by far the most important transactions in the series are compressed within much narrower limits. The nascent struggle and rise of the republic have been the actions of our own age; and the prejudices are not yet worn out, the passions are not yet cooled, which were formed and heated in the convulsion. No one, perhaps, but an American can be competent to pourtray the peculiar features of that country's history; and no American is yet sufficiently removed from the excitement and irritation of the revolutionary scenes, to view them with calm impartiality and judgment, or to paint them without exaggeration and rancour. Moreover, the native writer of this day can scarcely fail to be affected by the national intoxication and conceit, which have been produced by so rapid a course of prosperity, and have

rendered the American people so overweening in their pretensions. It will only be when they have had time to expend their bombast, and are fatigued with admiring their own new blown importance, that they will be endurable either in politics or in political literature.

In the absence of any enlarged and comprehensive view of North American history, the volume before us is by far the most respectable attempt of the subject which has yet fallen under our notice. It is the production of Mr. Hale, member of Congress for New Hampshire; and the London is a reprint of the American edition. Making due allowance for the author's prejudices and our own opposing sensitiveness, we shall do him the justice to say, that his work is composed with moderation and considerable candour; that he seldom indulges in the rancorous spirit of hostility to this country which is cherished by so many of his countrymen; and that though there are various mistatements in his narrative of the last war, which we could ourselves expose in detail if the occasion were worth the trouble, yet he appears to have erred rather from his confidence in the report of others than from any evil obliquity of purpose in himself. His volume is altogether more free from the offensive vanity of the national mind, than most other American productions of the same class.

In one respect, his history is composed on a scale of pretension far more modest than the national pride. It has been in fact with too low an appreciation of the real importance and value of the subject, that he has thought it possible to embrace all the great and interesting circumstances in the annals of his country within some five hundred octavo pages. His narrative of military events, indeed, is sufficiently full, explicit, and minute; for these are the least important, as they are the easiest portion of the historian's task. But these are here often related in laborious detail, at the expense of other parts of his duty, and to the omission or undue compression of higher subjects of interest. All the strictly political portion of his history is accordingly curtailed and told only in generalisation; and his undertaking altogether is thus reduced to the level of common abridgments. Among this class of historical compositions, its convenient brevity and interesting theme will no doubt insure it a high degree of popularity in America; and we may safely recommend it as 'the best, or rather the only respectable abstract,' from which the general English reader may improve his acquaintance with the origin, the annals, and the constitution of the United States.

The literary composition of the work may next demand a few remarks. When we first opened it, we were agreeably surprised, at the simple ease and elegance of the language; and were prepared to congratulate our Trans-atlantic brethren on the acquisition to their native literature of one pure example at least of English historical style. But our applause was sensibly chilled as we pro-

fact in their history; but Mr. Hale has an apology for them. 'This law,' he observes, 'has been too severely censured by those who have lived in more liberal and enlightened times. It contradicted none of the professions of the Puritans; it was in strict accordance with the avowed motives of their emigration; it exhibited less intolerance than was then displayed by every other nation; it violated the rights of no one, for no one could claim a right to come into the territory which they had purchased; and it was doubtless essential (such was then the temper of men's minds) to the repose of their little society.'

It was much the same temper of mind which produced, towards the close of the seventeenth century, some shocking scenes in New England, from the absurd belief in witchcraft, still cherished among these heated enthusiasts, long after the progress of intelligence had extinguished it in the mother country. We shall give one passage from this part of Mr. Hale's work.

The belief in this supposed crime had been so prevalent in England, that parliament had enacted a law punishing it with death. Under this law, multitudes had been tried and executed in that country, and two or three in Massachusetts, some of whom acknowledged they were guilty. Accounts of these trials and confessions, and particularly of some trials before Sir Matthew Hale, a judge revered in the colonies, had been published and distributed throughout the country. They were read, in a time of great distress and gloom, by a people naturally sedate, and accustomed to regard with awe the surprising and unaccountable incidents and appearances which, in this new world, were often presented to their contemplation.

In February, 1692, a daughter and a niece of Mr. Paris, the minister of Salem, were afflicted with disorders affecting their bodies in the most singular manner. The physicians, unable to account for their contortions, pronounced them bewitched; and the children, hearing of this, declared that an Indian woman, who lived in the house, was the cause of their torments. Mr. Paris concurred with the physicians. Several private fasts were kept at his house, and the gloom was increased by a solemn fast throughout the colony.

The Indian woman confessed herself guilty. The children were visited, noticed, and pitied. This encouraged them to persevere, and other children, either from sympathy or the desire of similar attentions, exhibited similar contortions. A distracted old woman, and one who had been a long time confined to her bed, was added to the list of the accused; and, in the progress of the infatuation, women of mature age united with the children in their accusations.

The accused were multiplied in proportion to the accusers. Children accused their parents, and parents their children. A word from those who were supposed to be afflicted, occasioned the arrest of the devoted victim; and so firmly convinced were the magistrates, that the prince of darkness was in the midst of them, using human instruments to accomplish his purposes, that the slightest testimony was deemed sufficient to justify a commitment for trial.

The court, specially instituted for this purpose, held a session in June, and afterwards several others by adjournment. Many were tried,

and received sentence of death. A few pleaded guilty. Several were convicted upon testimony, which, at other times, would not have induced suspicion of an ordinary crime, and some upon testimony retracted after conviction. Nineteen were executed, and many yet remained to be tried.

At this stage of the proceedings, the legislature established, by law, a permanent court, by which the other was superseded, and fixed a distant day for its first session, at Salem. In the mean time, the accusations multiplied, and additional jails were required to hold the accused. The impostors, hardened by impunity and success, ascended from decrepid old women to respectable characters, and at length, in their ravings, named ministers of the gospel, and even the wife of the governor.

The community were thrown into consternation. Each felt alarm for himself, his family, and his friends. The shock roused them to reflection. They considered more closely the character of the accusers; the nature of the alleged crime; the testimony, often contradictory and never explicit; and more than all these, the high standing of some who were implicated; and began to doubt whether they had not been too credulous and precipitate.

At the next term, the grand jury found indictments against fifty; but on trial, all were acquitted except three, and then the governor reprieved. He also directed that all who were in prison should be set at liberty. A belief, however, of the truth of the charges, still lingered among the people, and prevented any prosecution of the impostors. That all were impostors, cannot be believed. Many must have acted under the influence of a disordered imagination, which the attendant circumstances were well calculated to produce. — pp. 62—64.

In another place our author ably deduces the modern character of the people of New England from that of their forefathers. ‘Circumstances and events,’ he observes, ‘had already impressed a character upon them, which, though softened in its worst features by the progress of refinement, still distinguishes their descendants. Persecution made them bigots; piety made them moral; poverty made them frugal; incessant toil made them hardy and robust; dreary solitudes made them gloomy and superstitious; their numerous clergy and well-educated leaders made them venerate literature and the sciences.’

Having brought down the history of each province separately to the opening of the French war of 1756–63, our author, from that epoch, treats the general annals of the colonies collectively and under a single head. The chapter which he then devotes to the military details of the seven years’ war, deserves the praise of animation and lucid arrangement: in other respects, its story has been too often repeated, and its circumstances have been too much hack-nied in relation, to offer any scope for variety or original comment. Yet it is very worthy of remark, that this war, which, under the splendid administration of Chatham, was considered to have terminated with so much advantage and glory to the mother country, may be said to have had no other effect than to hasten the revolt

and the separation of her great colonies. The spirit of republican independence had been the long inheritance of the colonists: this war had taught them how to assert it with effect.

Even as early as the previous hostilities which closed with the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the growing resources of the colonies in men and *matériel* might have given rise to alarming anticipations of their strength and energy. In 1745, Louisburg, in Cape Breton, then regarded as the maritime key of Canada, and a regular fortress, was attacked and captured, after a formal siege, by an army, raised, officered, equipped, and disciplined in the four colonies of New England alone. But in the following war, in which they fought for property and for existence against a merciless enemy, the colonists put forth quadrupled strength and exertion. In a protracted, a sanguinary, and an arduous contest with the French and Indians, the numerous American militia, or provincials, as they were called, had opportunities of growing into good and practised soldiers. Thoroughly experienced in the peculiar warfare — the bush-fighting — of the country, they had often been found most efficient where the regular troops were nearly useless. Upon several occasions, and in Braddock's disastrous rout in particular, when they covered the retreat of the regulars, the superiority which they derived from their local knowledge was very clearly put to demonstration and proof.

In the pride of soldiership and the pedantry of tactics, the commanders and men of the king's troops despised the irregular practice of the provincials, and still persisted in that obstinate and presumptuous contempt for them which was so severely chastised in the revolutionary war. But the Americans themselves knew the force which they had acquired; and it was not without reason that in the first solemn declaration of congress, they gratefully acknowledged, as a signal instance of the divine favour towards them, that his providence would not permit them to be called into this severe controversy until they were grown up to their present strength, had been previously exercised in warlike operations, and possessed the means of defending themselves.

Mr. Hale has not entered at all on the consideration of the question, how far the British conquest and possession of Canada tended to hasten the independence of the colonies. It has often been instanced as an error in policy and foresight, that the government of Great Britain did not, at the peace of Paris, prefer some other acquisition, and restore Canada to the French, for the purpose of securing the dependence of the colonies on the mother country for protection against a cruel enemy. There can be no doubt that the annihilation of the French power on the continent, and the consequent subjugation of the Indian tribes by whom it had been aided, established the peace and security of the colonies against every foreign foe; and the knowledge of this security, by increasing their hopes of success, might animate the provincials in their resistance

of oppression, and hasten the crisis of their independence. There may, or may not, be truth in the opinion, that the British retention of Canada accelerated the revolt of America; but this we know, that the policy which would have surrendered it again to the French, to entail new miseries upon the colonies, would have been detestably wicked.

That any line of conduct, however, on the part of the mother country could permanently have retained the American colonies in subjection, we utterly disbelieve. They had reached that period of their existence, which entitled them to independence. They had attained the power of self-defence, and with it could not fail to assert the right of self-government. They had grown to such a maturity of strength that the parent country could no longer compel their obedience; and we cannot conceive that any forbearance of authority, short of an absolute renunciation of control, could long have satisfied their impatience of sovereignty. By an extraordinary generosity of conduct, by altogether emancipating them as unwilling subjects, the mother country might alone have preserved them for grateful allies. But nations in their relations with their colonies have always been even more tenacious than individuals of the prescriptive laws of parental authority; and if Great Britain had known how to renounce her pretensions, hers would have been a magnanimity without parallel in history.

After the close of his chapter on the French war, our author at once conducts us to the revolutionary struggle which followed. Upon the transactions of a period in our own annals, so inglorious and so disgraceful, we have little inclination to dwell. The spirit which prevailed in our national counsels was unjust and tyrannical, and the withering curse of its iniquity fell upon our arms. Regarded in a political point of view, it is certain that the public voice in this country generally seconded the administration of the day, and supported the arbitrary pretension of the British Parliament to tax a free and kindred people, who were not represented in its body. The war against the insurgent colonies was undoubtedly popular with the majority in England, until it became unsuccessful. But there is, we trust, at this time, when on this side of the Atlantic the passions of that troubled epoch are extinct, no one among us who is longer prepared to defend the oppressive proceeding of the mother country. The folly and infatuation which marked every measure of our rulers were worthy of the cause.

The military conduct of the war was as full of incapacity as the rash and ungenerous policy which provoked it. The individual courage, which is hereditary in our officers and soldiery, was never questionable; but all enterprise and martial skill appeared to have forsaken our generals and our armies. The attempt would be vain to discover any fixed plan or comprehensive object in our operations. If we except the scheme of Burgoyne's expedition, the success of which, by securing the entire command of the Hudson,

would have isolated the provinces of New England and cut off their communication with the southern states, there seems never to have been any *ensemble* or premeditation in the movements of our forces; and even that single effort of combined action was deplorably mismanaged in the execution. Campaign after campaign was fought at random, and consumed in desultory attacks and indecisive encounters. The Americans are entitled by the event to claim all the merit of hard-earned victory. Yet it is not depreciating their constancy to declare, that they were indebted much more for their triumph to British mismanagement, than to any exertions of their own. It is a notorious fact, which Mr. Hale has not been solicitous to place in relief, that at one period in the war the number of provincials in arms in the royal cause, besides the regular troops, was greater than the whole force of the dispirited and routed republicans.

But in observing the imbecility with which the war on our part was conducted, we are far from believing that more skilful operations could have had any other effect than to prolong the bloodshed and horrors of the contest. No desperation of patriotism can save the population of a small country from subjugation to a disciplined and numerous army, ably led and abundantly supplied. But the advantages of such a contest are incalculably changed, in proportion as a country is of wide extent, and full of natural strength. For a resolute population the number of rallying points is endlessly multiplied by distance and difficult approach; the line of the invaders' posts is weakened and easily assailable in the same ratio; and no army in the world could effect the permanent conquest and possession of a thousand miles of intermingled forest, water and mountain, of which the natives were united and desperate in their vow to be free.

The Americans had every natural advantage to command success; and we rejoice that they attained it. We could desire to blot the whole contest from our annals; but since it was to be written on them, we cannot wish, for the interests of freedom and the honour of humanity, that the result had been different. There was truth as well as beauty in the allusion, with which Chatham closed his eloquent reprobation of the contest. "In such a cause success would be deplorable and victory hazardous: America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her."

After devoting nine chapters — nearly a third of his volume — to the events of the revolution, Mr. Hale conducts us very briefly through the adoption of the Federal constitution and Washington's administration. This is by far the least satisfactory part of his work. The period which intervened between the close of the revolutionary war and of Washington's life, was the crisis of

American liberty; it was to determine the quality of the fruits which the colonies were to reap from the struggle. The settlement of the federation is to us beyond all comparison the most interesting part of American history; but Mr. Hale's preference seems reserved only for military details; and he hastens over this intermediate epoch of vital importance to detail the petty occurrences of the last struggle with this country.

At the peace of 1783, the new republic had reached the most anxious moment in its fortunes. The war had burthened the people with public debts; its distractions had multiplied private distress; commerce languished, and agriculture had been interrupted; the regular army were discontented and apprehensive of disbandment without reward or provision; and all the violent and needy spirits who, in time of convulsion, are brought to the surface of society, were ripe for agitation and discord. Finally, that nothing might be wanting to complete the dangerous position of the public liberties, the supreme military command was held by a successful general, who was adored by the soldiery and the nation. The officers of the army had already associated to intimidate the reluctant congress into their demands of provision; and it perhaps only remained for their commander to foment their discontent and proclaim a dictatorship.

But the patriotic and disinterested virtue of ONE MAN were happily sufficient to secure the national fortunes. Washington exerted his influence to check the turbulent spirit of the army, and, at the same time, to obtain a just recompense for their services. He appears then to have desired no greater reward for himself than the power of withdrawing immediately into private life, if he had not been withheld from his honourable retirement to labour for the real good of his country. The United States owe to him the conquest of their liberties, the settlement of their tranquillity, and the establishment of their happy constitution — more than any country ever owed to the best of her sons; and he may safely be pronounced to have left the purest and brightest fame that history has ever awarded to citizen, general, or statesman.

In commemorating the political labours of this truly great, fortunate, and virtuous man, Mr. Hale has altogether sunk under his subject. His account also of the settlement of the American constitution, the dissensions which opposed it, and the rise of the federal and democratic parties in the republic, is altogether meagre and destitute of ability; and after his abrupt dismissal of these attractive subjects, it would afford either our readers or ourselves little pleasure to enter with him into his common-place narrative of the transactions of the last war. We might, as we before said, correct from our own knowledge many of the mistatements of these events, (which he has copied from American journalists and pamphleteers,) if they deserved elaborate refutation. But an expo-

sure of exaggerations and errors, so gratifying to American pride, would effect little impression in that country; and in this, the English reader will easily know how to make allowances for such ebullitions of national vanity.

ART. X. *Brambletye House*; or Cavaliers and Roundheads: a Novel. By One of the Authors of the "Rejected Addresses." 3 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. London, Colburn. 1826.

THIS is a historical novel, one of those adaptations of real names to fictitious acts which have been made so popular in our day. It would be idle to dispute that a style which has given such obvious evidence of public approval has no right to be approved of. Yet we must be allowed to say, that there is a time for popularity as for all other things; that what is well received from the hands of one individual may be under extremely different circumstances when presented by another; and that even of excellence men may grow weary in the course of years.

It is our theory, that the most difficult form in which fiction can come before the eye, for either interest or instruction, is the historical. Among the many paths in which the mind can be pleasantly beguiled, that most demanding peculiar powers is the one in which we cannot take a step without being reminded that we are treading upon fictitious ground. What is the immediate impression on the reader who finds himself in the midst of a novel hearing the names of Cromwell, Charles, Ireton, Blake, and the whole crowd of personages that have figured in actual existence, and whose habits, and characters, and actions are already as distinctly and rigidly before us in recollection as their effigies on their tomb-stones? That some degree of *novel* interest may be wrought out of those strongly shaped and steadily fixed characters is unquestionable. But it must be by fancying them others than they are, by giving them passions which they never possessed or never suffered to engross them, by interpolating their actual transactions with unreal episodes, by throwing round them that sort of haze which partially magnifies or conceals the true figure, and enwraps it with a colour of its own. And what is all this operation, but the very one which gives interest to pure romance? Or what is the attempt to combine this shadowy and susceptible covering with the solid and untractable stature of the true historic personage, but a struggle against nature to be carried through by nothing but distinguished ability? When the imagination is to be the great holder of the mind, why not give it the field open for its enchantment? Why not give it the power of creating the shapes that it is to clothe with splendour and beauty? Why place us where we feel at every step that we are walking between the walls of history, and are roused from some "delicious dream or lofty reverie," by striking against those ob-

studies of registered names and actions which force us to feel at the moment that we are "walking in a vain shadow and disquieting ourselves in vain?"

Fully desiring to see the historical novel sustained in the eminence to which it has been lately raised, we would have no powers forced into the vineyard which are inadequate to its cultivation. The deserved celebrity of the Scotch novels must not be a lure on this occasion. The animation, various knowledge, and picturesque power of those novels are undeniable. But even their success was not unassisted by qualities less observable. The author had adopted the honour of his country for his theme. The clanship, the close connexion of Scottish genealogy, the nationality of the most national fragment of society upon earth were all displayed; and thus naturally enlisted in the service of the national writer, every Campbell, or Macalpine, or Macgregor, the whole host of kinmanship, whom neither north nor south, east nor west, can separate, who, were one at the pole and the line, in Canada and Canton, felt himself honoured by the narrative of his ancestral name, and bound by that not ungenerous tie to the triumph of the narrator. The volumes, buoyant of themselves, were borne down to popularity on a swelling tide of many and inexhaustible recollections.

The various interests, the more immediate and stirring life, and the broken-up recollections of Englishmen forbid this career in our country. The voice of the minstrel by the way side must be lost in the tumult of politics and war, and the rush of commerce with her thousand wheels.

In Ireland, the crush of all the ancient families, the scattered kindreds, divided through the earth, not, like the prosperous Scotch, always looking to an opulent return, but driven out as rebels, and lingering abroad in endless abandonment and exile, extinguished the national sympathy with the brilliant hazards or desperate sacrifices of the ages past. Where are the names of the great Irish chieftains who fought against the overwhelming power of England from the days of the Second Henry down to those of Charles? — a long succession of heroic minds and sinewy strength, exercised in the fiercest and most unremitting warfare perhaps ever recorded; — a conflict perpetual, or lulled for the moment only to burst out like a checked cataract, with more sweeping and magnificent devastation. In whose veins does the blood of the Tirowen, or the Desmond, now run; or what more than the name survives in some diminished and reluctant resident in his disturbed country, or in some courtly and glittering appendage to the pomp of England!

The style of those historic novels was new; for all of their school had been buried and forgotten years before. There is an intrinsic charm in novelty. Men delight to see a fresh vigour roused out of what they have thought an incapable soil. The Scotch writer was the discoverer of a mine; and the first precious frag-

ment, that the discoverer brings up, has a higher value in the eyes of public curiosity, than all the wealth that all his successors shall draw to the surface by their tardy toil. We wish to see the author of the *Waverley* novels long adorning the literature of his nation. But we wish to see no inferior wasting his faculties on a style, in which he must have perpetual obstacles from repulsive fact, or unmanageable and unchangeable opinion.

The novel before us is clever; it has spirit, graceful knowledge, and from time to time vivid conception. But it has the great misfortune of strong resemblance to a model, and that model the one of all others most habitually before the public. In all things imitation is unpopular. It disappoints us in the topic, for it adds nothing to our intellectual riches; it disappoints us in the man, for it at once impeaches his power of producing any thing original, and compels us to regret that, if the task were to be done it was not done by the more accustomed mind. It is an acknowledged sign of weakness, and of that most disastrous weakness in which even the writer himself despairs of his own capability. We should have welcomed with more congratulation the humblest original work that "one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*" could produce, than the most dexterous copy that he could mould on the work of another. We must hope, for the honour of romance, that he has not pledged himself to the evil spirit of imitation for all time to come; that having begun with it, he is not to condemn himself to the same inextricable chain; and that we are not to see the authorship of the "*Rejected Addresses*," at once the letter and the spirit of his performances until the pen drops from his hand.

The story of *Brambletye House* is protracted to the prescribed length of three volumes of unusual dimensions. But it is sufficiently distinct for a brief analysis. The scene lies in England and Flanders, and the time reaches from the latter part of Cromwell's reign through a portion of that of Charles the Second. It opens with the preparations of Sir John Compton, a gallant and opulent cavalier, for a rising in favour of the exiled family. The plot is discovered, and Sir John escapes to Flanders. His boy Jocelyn, the hero of the tale, is taken prisoner, immured in the Gate-House at Westminster, and also escapes to Flanders. They make their way to the court of Charles, where the profligate and pleasant King is seen in full gaiety and beggary. Charles is restored, and Sir John brings with him a Dutch mistress whom he marries, and who squanders his money. Jocelyn had fallen in love with a handsome Dutch girl whom he ceases to love in consequence of meeting Miss Julia Strickland, the mysterious daughter of the Earl of Northampton. They are married, the generous Dutchwoman giving them a fortune. Sir John's lady is discovered to have a previous husband living; he is freed of course, and the old confidante in whom the

family secrets were deposited blows up Brambletye House, and the tragedy ends like a melodrame.

We shall now make a few extracts from this novel, less with reference to its continued story than to the more characteristic portions of its description. The mansion from which it takes its name is thus announced.

‘Brambletye, or as it is termed in Domesday Book, Branbertie House, the point to which the Parliament-troops were directing their march, stands upon the extreme borders of Ashdown Forest, in the county of Sussex. After the Conquest, it became the property of the Earl of Mortain and Cornwall, forming part of the Barony then conferred upon him, and subsequently denominated the Honour of the Eagle. Passing into possession of the Audehams, the Saint Clares, and several others, it came into the occupation of the Comptons towards the beginning of the seventeenth century; and from the arms of that family impaling those of Spencer, still remaining over the principal entrance, with the date 1631 in a lozenge, it is conjectured that the old moated edifice, which had hitherto formed the residence of the proprietors, was abandoned in the reign of James the First, by Sir Henry Compton, who built the extensive and solid baronial mansion, commonly known by the name of Brambletye House. This massive structure, owing to one of those freaks of fortune which will be explained in the following pages, is now a mass of ivy-covered ruins, though two centuries have not elapsed since its first stone was laid; while the venerable moated house in its vicinity remains in probably little worse condition than when it was deserted by Sir Henry.

‘From their undaunted courage and inflexible loyalty to the Stuarts, the Comptons had been heavy sufferers, both in purse and person, during the eventful progress of the Civil Wars. The Earl of Northampton, the head of the family, and nephew to Sir Henry, the presumed builder of Brambletye, had four sons, officers under him, whereof three charged in the field at the battle of Hopton Heath, and the eldest, Lord Compton, was wounded. The Earl himself, refusing to take quarter from the rascally Roundheads, as he indignantly termed them, even when their swords were at his throat, was put to death in the same battle; and the successor to his title, with one of his brothers, finally accompanied the royal family in their exile, as dame Laurence had truly stated.’—Vol. i. pp. 41—43.

Sir John Compton the present owner had been spared by Cromwell’s Committee of Confiscation, and now lived in more than the usual opulence of the cavaliers of his time. But that extraordinary and absurd attachment to prejudice, which made the free-born gentlemen of England, and of those the most independent, partizans of the vacillating and despotic government of the Stuarts, had embarked this jovial personage in a deep conspiracy against the government. His house was made the place of concealment for arms and the rendezvous of the party. The novel opens with some of those preparations, which are well described. But Cromwell was not a man to sleep while treason was awake, and the conspiracy was like a hundred others detected. Colonel Lilburne was

sent with a troop of horse to arrest Sir John, and take possession of the house. This is accomplished without difficulty in part, for Sir John, who is absent hunting, escapes. The soldiery now sit down to the "feast of fat things," which has been provided for the knight and his fellow sportsmen; and while they are in the midst of their grim festivity the future hero of the tale appears.

'The whole assemblage having simultaneously risen at this notice, he cried out in a loud voice, — "His highness the Lord Protector!" — when the cans were lustily quaffed, and the triple shout that followed was uttered with a stentorian clamour that shook the dust from the rafters of the great hall, and reverberated hollowly from the surrounding chambers of Bramblye.

'Scarcely were the company re-seated, when their attention was suddenly drawn to the music balcony that overhung the hall, by the apparition of a beautiful youth, apparently not more than twelve or fourteen years of age, whose whole face reddened, and his dark eyes flashed with an angry surprise as he gazed down upon the assemblage below him. He was habited in a close green dress, embroidered with black bugles: his cap, of the same hue, was surmounted by a long heron's feather, and being worn on one side, disclosed the black ringlets that hung down to his neck: he had a bow in his hand; and a belt of black leather, studded with brass bosses, supported a small quiver at his back. So sudden and strange was his appearance, that the clatter of the hall was utterly suspended for a few seconds, while the company looked up at him, as if waiting some explanation of his intentions in thus presenting himself to their notice. This silence the youth was the first to break, by exclaiming in a loud voice, and with some arrogance of manner, — "Where is my father, and who are ye that make such an uproar in his hall?"

"And prythee who are you, my pretty page?" replied the colonel, "and who is the father that owns so dapper a Robin Hood?"

"My name is Jocelyn," resumed the youth, with an indignant air; "and I am the only son of Sir John Compton."

"Why then, my damty little bowman," retorted the colonel, "I am sorry to state that you have a malignant and a traitor for your father."

"Thou art a liar and a knave to say it!" exclaimed the boy in a rage, and, quick as thought, fixing an arrow to his bow, he drew it to the head, and launched it with a twang at the colonel, who luckily drew suddenly back, so that the weapon missed its aim, but stuck quivering in the wall close behind him. Every thing was uproar in an instant, and a dozen pistols were levelled at the balcony; but the commanding officer, striking them down with his sabre, exclaimed; "By heavens! I will cut off the first arm that pulls a trigger! for shame, comrades, for shame! shall we, who fear not the bravest of men, make war upon a child? — Beshrew me!" he continued, resuming his usual smile, "the lad is a good marksman, and a true, and his spirit likes me well. A toward young Dreadnought, I warrant me, and a genuine chip of the old block."

"Rather the venomous spawn of the old malignant," cried Cornet Axtell, "who will try his sting again if he escape scot-free from this attempt. The young assassin has slunk away, but let us seek and

seize him, and draw his teeth before his bite becomes more dangerous.”
—Vol. i. pp. 79—82.

From the activity of the conspirators this boy becomes of importance enough to be taken to London as a sort of hostage. Lilburne, who is described as a rough but good-humoured soldier, and high in the Protector's confidence, leads him to Hampton-Court, where Cromwell then kept his state. The *grand levee* of the Protector is well described :

‘ On the day appointed for the reception, Colonel Lilburne joined the train, determined to render in person an account of the manner in which he had executed his commission at Brambletye, and demand instructions as to the disposal of his charge, whom he was induced to take with him in the generous hope that his youth, beauty, and spirited demeanour might influence the Protector to give an order for his liberation. With many cautions to Jocelyn to repress his petulance, and preserve silence and respect before his Highness, they proceeded together in a carriage to Hampton Court, around whose gates were stationed detachments of the Protector's body-guard, and of other favourite regiments, both foot and horse; most of them stern-looking veterans, whose scarred and war-worn countenances offered a striking contrast to the gorgeous freshness of the iron and scarlet in which they were arrayed, for they had been supplied with new uniforms on the occasion. The band consisted only of twelve trumpets, which were sounded from time to time, when any person of sufficient dignity to merit a salute arrived at the gate. In the Court-yard stood the halberdiers, or wardens of the tower, their captain holding a standard exhibiting the Protector's arms, surmounted with banners and bannerols. By their side were the domestic servants of the household; those of Sir Oliver Fleming, the master of the ceremonies; and the guard of Sir Gilbert Pickering, the Lord Chamberlain, armed with halberts, and liveried in grey coats welted with black velvet. Passing through this file of attendants, the company were ushered up stairs as they arrived, and introduced by the proper officers into the presence-chamber, whose walls were hung with such maps, plans, and printed statistical tables as might befit the residence of an enlightened sovereign and politician. Around the room were standing many of those warriors whose names had been rendered illustrious by their exploits in the late wars, most of whom, in compliment to the fashionable alarm of the moment, were equipped in complete or partial armour, as if rather attending a council of officers in a tent, than a peaceful levee in a palace. Some of the junior officers, whose coats of mail covered with buff had not, even in those days, cost less than thirty or forty pounds, and who seemed to think they might assume a little foppery, now that the General himself affected the splendour of a court, had endeavoured to give their military garb a more dressy and drawing-room appearance, by fringing the sleeves and collar of their leathern doublets with expensive point-lace. Others had gold or plated buckles to their shoulder-belts, and gay sword-knots of silk ribbon; but the far greater part, although so scrupulously complete in their martial appointments as to satisfy the most finical martinet, rejected the smallest decoration, and fully justified the averment of the cavalier song —

“ They'll not allow such pride it brings,
 Nor favours in hats, nor no such things,
 They'll convert all ribbons to Bible-strings,
 Which nobody can deny.”

Grave, orderly, and decorous as was their general mien and deportment, they appeared by the rough unpolished hardihood of their aspect, to be rather qualified for the camp than the court, and to merit the character they have received from a contemporary historian, who designates them as — “ Sword grandees, that better became a fray than a feast.” — Vol. i. pp. 200—204.

These scenes, which are sufficiently accurate, derive a new and peculiar interest from their connection with the most illustrious of all epic names since Homer. Milton's muse had grown up among such sights; and the grave pomp of the guard chamber, the stern grandeur and solemn courage of those iron troops of the Protectorate were not lost upon him who was yet to be the bard of the warring angels. Even Cromwell himself, the most repulsive, yet among the noblest figures of sovereignty that ever ruled a nation, may have largely administered to those splendid and saddened contemplations that make the picture of majesty in the *Paradise Lost*. The faded cheek, the clouded brow, the mind loaded with the care of mighty monarchy, the shape not altogether shorn of its original brightness, the daring and settled spirit, yet not insensible to touches of sudden feeling, “ tears such as angels shed,” bring us back powerfully to the great usurper of the English throne. Not that Milton to the last did not feel a republican homage for the vigorous and stately qualities which in Cromwell's early career fixed all eyes upon him as the leading star of freedom; nor that in any period of the poet's life he would have depicted him as bearing any evil similitude to the enemy of man. But the *Paradise Lost* was written at a time Cromwell's sceptre had been trampled under foot, when his glory had vanished like a dream, and all that was left of his character was the troubled life, the inflexible resolve, the blasted ambition, and the magnificent despair.

‘ It had been expected that his Highness would upon this occasion wear the sumptuous robe of purple velvet, and display the Bible, sword, and sceptre, with which he had been invested at his solemn inauguration in Westminster Hall a short time before; but as he had assumed these “ phylacteries and fringes of state,” in conformity with the wishes of others rather than his own, he discarded them the moment they had answered the purposes of their temporary assumption. Few would have judged from his present habiliments that he had so recently refused the title of king, and fewer still that he retained the power of one; for he was attired with an almost fastidious plainness, in a black-cloth cloak, doublet, and hose, with velvet facings and buttons. Not a single article of expense or luxury could be detected about his person, unless we may designate as such a pair of black-silk high stockings, and satin roses of the same hue in his shoes; nor had he any mark of authority,

save that he wore his hat, which was broad-brimmed, with a low conical crown. His eyes were sprightly blood-shot, and in the projecting veins of his sanguine and swollen, yet somewhat melancholy, face, were to be traced the evidences of a fiery and passionate temperament, tamed down by a long course of religious and moral discipline. There was an inclination to rubicundity in his nose, an inexhaustible subject of ridicule for the lampooners and ballad-writers of the opposite party; and a large wart upon his forehead, which had not been forgotten in the warfare of personal scurrility. His partially grizzled hair hung in slight curls to his shoulders, and his collar, turned down and scoloped, at the edges disclosed the upper part of his throat, which was thick and muscular. From the hardships of many years' service, there was a degree of coarseness in his face, but his head was so shaped as to give him a commanding and intellectual air, while his general appearance was such as to stamp a conviction upon the beholder, that he was truly the master-spirit of his age.' — Vol. i. pp. 204—206.

We are now brought into contact with two personages who ought not to have been touched upon, unless the author was inclined to indulge us with them on a larger scale; Milton and Andrew Marvel, like two figures on a mantel-piece, the mere furniture of a shelf.

Following this conductor, they were ushered into a spacious and noble library, whose shelves were closely filled with books. At the upper end, before a desk, on which were several folio volumes, two gentlemen were seated, one of whom was writing from the dictation of his companion. The latter, who was rather below the middle size, wearing his light brown hair parted at the foretop, and hanging down on either side of his singularly comely and majestic countenance, took not the smallest notice of them as they passed, but continued dictating. His amanuensis, a strong-set figure, with a round face, cherry cheeks, hazel eyes, and brown hair, bowed to them with a cheerful smile as they walked through into an inner apartment, but did not speak. These were the immortal Milton, Latin Secretary to the Protector, and who had now been for some time blind; and the scarcely less illustrious Andrew Marvel, recently appointed his Assistant; men worthy to sit enthroned in that costly library, and to be surrounded by the great and kindred intellects of the world: men who have become the certain heirs of never-dying fame, while, with one or two exceptions, the crowd of nobles and grandees that thronged the adjoining saloon, have passed rapidly away into irredeemable oblivion.' — Vol. i. pp. 213, 214.

Jocelyn, after being confined in the Gate-House, is turned out, through the rather improbable device of personating a tragedy queen, whom the jailor, in his drunken horror of all irregularity, drives, whip in hand, beyond his precincts. Serjeant Whittaker, an old dependant of the family, meets this metamorphosed boy in the streets, and after some additional and trifling adventures, they both arrive at Ostend. There Sir John is met, still the jovial cavalier, who leads his son to Bruges, the residence of Charles. In the court of this royal exile, as all the world knows, profligacy and pennury existed in very large portions, and Charles is described,

with but slight diminution of the colours of history, the handsome, lively, witty, and unprincipled personage that England afterwards found him; signally devoted to his own indulgences, and, like men so devoted, signally careless of the interests and honour of others. But with personal licentiousness in this court, there was extensive and continued treachery. Cromwell, who had his agents in every court, could not be expected to neglect that of his rival king; and the principal traitor is at length discovered to be a Captain Manning. Some difficulty arising about the right of execution, causes the traitor to be sent, under a guard of cavaliers, to a castle near Cologne, which the author, by a plusquam-poetic labour of fancy, thinks extremely like a colossal figure of 'Cybele weeping for the loss of Atys in the midst of the laughing plains of Phrygia.' This may possibly be pardoned to a translator of Theocritus, but to him alone.

Sir John and his son remain at the foot of the rock, to investigate the picturesque progress of the escort ascending to the castle on its brow. The catastrophe occurs while they are gazing on this luxuriant Rhenish scene.

'Some of the steep banks, which in this part shelved rapidly down to the river, were planted with vines, others were tufted with variegated flowering shrubs, underwood, and trees; every slope was richly coloured with vegetation, except the causeway beneath the rock; this was strewn with huge naked fragments detached from the cliffs above, some of which had rolled into the river and formed little craggy islands, around whose base the rapid waters were flashing and brawling. Every projecting height of the river's upward course was surmounted by some ancient castle or embowered convent; the walls, towers, and churches of Cologne glittered at a little distance before them; beyond were the fertile plains of Cleves; behind them was the rich champaign of Juliers, and the whole landscape was lighted up and enlivened by a cloudless summer's sun.' — Vol. i. pp. 372, 373.

Here Manning is slain by one of the escort.

'As the carriage was stayed for a few minutes to relieve the horses, the captive was seen to put out his head and look upwards, as if to ascertain the nature of the prison in which he was to be immured; nor could Jocelyn, with all his abhorrence of his offence, suppress a feeling of sympathetic commiseration, as he saw the wretched man again drawn forward towards his solitary dungeon. The road now becoming impracticable for carriages, he was obliged to alight, that he might prosecute the remainder of the way on foot; when two or three cavaliers advanced to a salient crag, and waved their hats to Sir John and his son below, who stood up and returned the salute. Renewing their march, they were now seen to pass beneath the arches of two fortified outworks, and at last the whole party gained the narrow parapet at the summit, which fronted the principal entrance to the castle, and around which the rock had been perpendicularly scarped. The massive gates were thrown open, when just as Sir John and his son expected to see the procession enter, they saw the flash of a pistol, whose report they almost instantly heard, followed by a dismal shriek. At the same

moment the miserable captive, lifting up his manacled hands in the air, was seen to stagger backwards to the edge of the parapet, over whose precipice he fell, and rolling headlong down the shelving projection at its base, was dashed and tossed from crag to crag, until he fell with an appalling splash into the river below. In a few seconds his mangled remains were whirled along before the eyes of Sir John and Jocelyn, the furious waters seeming to be in fierce pursuit of the prey, with whose blood they were already discoloured. A cry of horror burst from Jocelyn at the sight, and even his father, better used to scenes of death, and little disposed to pity the fate of a traitor and a friend to the Roundheads, could not help being affected by such an awful and unexpected catastrophe. — Vol. i. pp. 374—376.

Jocelyn is sent to Paris to complete his education, and there is distinguished for the remarkable beauty of his person and his skill in military exercises. Louis XIV., then in the palmy state of his life and throne, gives a tournament in the Place de Carousel, in which Jocelyn appears as the squire of Sir Guy Narborough, an English knight and famous tilter. The recollections of Ivanhoe are unluckily forced forward here; but the author has given us a showy and spirited scene.

There were now but two combatants left, whose conflict was therefore anticipated with a deeper and more condensed interest. The Bohemian Baron, a man of large stature, and who had shown that he possessed activity commensurate with his strength, wore a dark steel armour, damascened all over with wavy lines of light blue, and enriched with gold bosses; his casque being surrounded with an open-mouthed dragon, but without device or feathers. Sir Guy Narborough was equipped in burnished steel, inlaid with gold; and his glittering helmet, in whose front was emblazoned his family motto, was tipped with a small plume of white feathers. Both had approved themselves proficient in every exercise of chivalry, and opinion seemed equally divided as to the probability of their success; for though the Bohemian had the advantage in personal vigour, his antagonist was considered to have better experience in these rude encounterings.

Attended by their respective squires, both parties had now taken their stations, when, at the sound of the trumpet, which was the signal for the charge, Sir Guy's spirited horse reared and leapt forward with such a sudden spring, that he jerked the lance out of its rest, and accidentally striking it to the earth with his hoof, galloped forwards as he had been accustomed to do in former tiltings. No sooner had Jocelyn perceived the accident, than darting to the spot with a speed scarcely inferior to that of the animal, he snatched up the weapon, and ran rapidly after Sir Guy, who was at the same time checking his almost ungovernable steed, and looking round, with extended hand to receive the lance. Taking an ungenerous advantage of this unguarded and defenceless moment, the Bohemian spurred forward, and tilting at him on the opposite side, just as Sir Guy was leaning over towards the squire, easily unhorsed him, and threw him to the ground with considerable violence. Clamour and confusion instantly pervaded the whole assemblage, some calling out that it was a base blow, and ought not to be allowed; others supporting the Bohemian, and crying, that it was good

and warranted law of battle. Crofts had run up to assist Sir Guy, who seemed to be sorely bruised, while Jocelyn, feeling the lance still in his hand, and wound up to one of his passionate impulses by his indignation at such an unmanly attack, ran after the steed, which was still caracoling wildly round the ring, seized the reins, vaulted into the saddle, placed his lance in the rest, wheeled round, and called out to the Bohemian, in a loud and angry voice, to put himself upon his guard.

‘At this most unexpected renewal of the contest, silence was instantly restored; many, who were standing up, suddenly reseated themselves, and all awaited the issue with a breathless impatience. Although the Baron had already shown that he was by no means a scrupulous antagonist, he would probably have declined the encounter with an opponent only half armed and unprovided with a casque of any sort, but that the impetuosity and hostile demeanour of Jocelyn allowed him no time for parley or compromise. He therefore couched his weapon, and prepared for the onset. Jocelyn urged his horse to its full speed, and lowering his head to the off-side of the animal’s neck as he approached, contrived to avoid the Bohemian’s lance, at the same time directing his own so fortunately, that it fixed itself in the dragon’s mouth of his adversary’s helmet, dragging him backwards from his horse by the violence of the concussion, while the casque, wrenched from its fastenings as he fell to the earth, remained transfixed upon the lance.’ — Vol. ii. pp. 28—32.

On this memorable triumph, Jocelyn becomes the “observed of all observers,” and falls in love. The object of his passion is rather imperfectly described by ‘two large, lustrous, black eyes.’ He, however, urges his ardour no farther than silent admiration, and returns to England, where, by this time, Cromwell has died, Charles is restored, Sir John gone back to hunting, gout, and Brambletye House, with the sore incumbrance of a Dutch skipper’s wife, whom he has elevated into Lady Compton. He returns to London to make interest for some pecuniary relief to the estate, and gains access to the court through the celebrated Rochester, whose mansion is thus sketched:

‘At about two o’clock on the day after his arrival, he presented himself at his lordship’s house, near the Bowling Alley, in Westminster. He was not yet risen, but as his servants expected every moment to hear his bell, he was invited to sit down in the ante-room. In this apartment, he found a considerable company assembled, by whose conversation he discovered, that the major portion consisted of calling-again duns waiting by appointment, and all in high expectation of touching their money, or receiving a payment on account, for which purpose some of them had already been several hours in attendance. Among them, however, were others of a different character; tradesmen, who, considering inordinate profits a compensation for protracted payment, were come to tempt him with specimens of jewellery, plate, sword-handles and belts, rich ornaments, stuffs, hangings, and every description of costly gew-gaw. In an arm-chair a teacher of the guitar had fallen fast asleep, with his instrument in his hand; at his side a French dancing-master was relieving the time by rehearsing the *Bransles*, a Parisian dance, in which he was to give instructions to his

lordship; in one corner stood a thread-bare poet, reading over to himself, with prodigious interest, a copy of encomiastic verses, for which he expected some trifling honorarium; and in another was an artist, who, for the consideration of forty shillings, initiated his pupils in the mystery of folding napkins in eighteen different forms for the dinner-table, an accomplishment with which his lordship had been so much struck, that he had determined to become his scholar in his own person, though it would seem to have been better adapted to some of his numerous servants.' — Vol. ii. pp. 105—107.

Jocelyn gets into a quarrel with one of the officers about the court in vindicating the queen, and finally makes his escape from the king's displeasure to Holland, where he is received by an opulent Rotterdam merchant, whom he discovers to be the father of the lady with the 'large lustrous eyes.' Beverning, the Dutchman, is described with great accuracy, and reminds us of Rubens's potent burgomasters.

'The apartment which he now entered was hung round with cabinet pictures of the Flemish and Dutch schools, and opened by a folding window upon the flat-leaded roofs of the counting-houses. At this aperture, in an arm-chair of embroidered velvet, with a small desk and papers before him, sate the Burgomaster, a portly, not to say a somewhat burly-looking, personage, attired in a green cap edged with lace, a flowered damask morning-gown lined with green silk, a tabbnet waistcoat, trunk-hose, and green velvet slippers. His commanding height, his large and rather corpulent figure, his peaked grizzled beard, a certain appearance of richness in his costume, and the sparkling of a magnificent diamond-ring, which he wore upon the little finger of either hand, imparted a degree of grandeur and superiority to his look, which Jocelyn had little expected to contemplate; and which in his estimation did but ill assort with the pipe in his mouth, (although it was a richly embossed meerschaum,) the silver spitting-dish at his feet, and the burning turf in a little porcelain vase, which was to relume that pipe in case it should be extinguished. Stately, however, as was his appearance, the expression of his countenance was good humoured, and his manner frank, even to familiarity. "Aha! Sir," he exclaimed, speaking to Jocelyn in perfect good English — "this is what I like in a young man — smorgens vroeg, as the Dutch proverb goes, — to rise early is to double life. You see I have not opened your letter of introduction; the hand-writing and seal of my excellent and wealthy friend Alderman Staunton will ever be a sure passport to Adrian Beverning. I was clerk to his father upon London Bridge as early as the year — but what signifies the date? You may see that time has taken me by the beard, a touch that turns everything to grey, to show us that the evening of life is coming on. You would have been welcome, Sir, without the Alderman's autograph, if there be truth in Seneca's averment, that personal comeliness is a letter of recommendation. Even merit is enhanced by it: Petronius Arbiter was right. '*Gratior est pulchro veniens à corpore virtus.*' You see, Sir, I am giving you credit beforehand, for when I look at you I can never believe you will justify the exclamation applied to Ovid's larva — '*O quale caput, at cerebrum non habet.*' " — Vol. ii. p. 241—244.

This portraiture is repeated, and in still more *pictorial* style.

As Jocelyn entered the hall with the Burgomaster, for the purpose of visiting the spice-ship, he found several servants waiting in rich liveries, one of whom threw over his master's shoulders a superb Palatine cloak, which fastened across the chest with a broad golden agraffe enchased with jewels. As he gazed upon his companion's wide-flapped hat, looped up on one side with a button of black bugles, on his peaked and grizzled beard, his old-fashioned basket-hilted sword, whose handle glittered as it now and then escaped from beneath his cloak, and the commanding height and portliness of his figure, he might almost have fancied that he beheld some haughty Spanish grandee of the olden time, had not his ideas been instantly recalled to Holland by the meerschau pipe, from which the worthy Burgomaster seldom parted. When he remembered that this grandeur of appearance was combined with a reputation for immense riches, he was no longer amazed at the reverence, almost amounting to awe, which his presence seemed to inspire; nor at the profound obeisances with which he was every where greeted as he moved along.— Vol. ii. p. 281, 282.

Jocelyn, who is destined to perpetual locomotion, is driven out of Holland by state suspicion, and is sent by the Dutchman's friendship to the castle of Haelbeck, a solitary mansion in a Netherlands marsh, the place of refuge of Strickland, an English exile. This exile has a "daughter fair," who takes sudden possession of Jocelyn's heart, to the exclusion of the lady of the lustrous eyes. Julia Strickland is drawn as the perfect contrast to the pensive and romantic spirit of Constantia: yet, to our apprehension, Miss Strickland a little exceeds the standard of grace in the following development of her gaiety. Let it be observed that she has seen Jocelyn but the evening before. We should call the whole affair downright *courtship*.

"And I shall be, of course, as much too giddy and volatile to please you," cried Julia, "as my friend is too sedate and contemplative. You must have a creature made on purpose for you: one that shall unite the gravity of Melpomene to the playfulness of Thalia; a tragic-comic monster of conflicting excellencies. You will have much more reason to wonder at my sprightliness, perhaps I should say my levity, than at Constantia's staid and grave deportment. I will not assert with the giddy girl in the play, that 'I could as soon be immortal as be serious'; but I am blessed with constitutional high spirits, and you will please to recollect, that I have to enact all the cheerfulness that is to be performed in the dolorous castle of Haelbeck."—Vol. ii. pp. 361, 362.

The general conduct of this novel is sufficiently ingenious, and but for the resemblance of its characters to the well-known ones of the Scotch romances, it would be entitled to considerable praise.

- ART. XI. 1. *Considerations on the State of the Currency.* By Thomas Tooke, F.R.S. pp. 152. 6s. London. Murray. 1826.
2. *Observations on the Proceedings of Country Bankers during the last thirty Years*; and on their Communications with Government: together with a Remedy proposed against the alarming Consequences arising from the Circulation of Promissory Notes; in a Letter addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. By John Milford, Jun. 8vo. pp. 46. London. Longman & Co. 1826.
3. *An Illustration of Mr. Joplin's Views on Currency, and Plan for its Improvement*: together with Observations applicable to the present State of the Money Market; in a Series of Letters. 8vo. pp. 120. London, Baldwin & Co. 1825.

If one hundred traders who had never dipped into political economy were taken indiscriminately from the most busy and intelligent commercial community in the world, and if each were asked what commodity he most frequently bought and sold, we much doubt that any of them would give the true answer. It would probably never enter into his head, that that commodity was *money*. The thing which is employed as the *medium*, by which all other things are exchanged for one another, is itself scarcely ever thought of as being also the *subject of exchange*; and it seems almost a solecism in language, to say, that when I buy a loaf from my baker for a shilling, it must at the same time necessarily happen, that he buys with his loaf a shilling from me.

It is to an inadvertence to this plain truth, namely, that money is as much a marketable commodity as any of those things for which it is given in exchange, that we must ascribe the ignorance that prevails concerning the laws by which its value and its distribution are regulated, and of the consequences which follow when the natural operation of these laws is disturbed. It would be deemed an unpardonable and shameful neglect in a manufacturer or merchant, if he failed to make himself acquainted with all that he could learn respecting those articles of trade which form the subject of his dealings. Yet the far greater part of mankind never think of inquiring into the nature and properties of that one article in which, alone, all classes of all civilized communities deal in common. Unfortunately, too, there is a popular belief, that the subject has in it something of obscurity, almost approaching to mysticism; — a belief, arising in a great degree from the omission of those who have written upon this subject, to explain the elementary principles upon which their speculations were founded. These principles are few and clear; to an ignorance of them must be ascribed, in a very great degree, the shock which has been so lately given to our commercial prosperity; by a clear understanding of them alone can we be saved from a visitation of similar or worse disasters; and we do not think that at the present moment our time can be better employed, than in devoting a few pages to their illustration.

Money, of whatever materials it may be composed, — whether of the skins of animals, as among the American Indians; of cattle, as among the Tartars; or of the gold, silver, or paper of a commercial and civilized people, is employed for two purposes: first, to serve as a medium or instrument of exchange; secondly, to serve as a standard by which to measure the value of the commodities exchanged. When I buy from my baker a loaf of bread for a coin called a shilling, and when with that coin the baker buys two pounds of meat, the shilling serves the baker two purposes: first, to exchange his loaf of bread for a quantity of meat; and secondly, to measure precisely that quantity of meat, which according to the relative values of meat and bread, is worth neither more nor less than the loaf.

But money, to measure the value of other commodities, must have some value itself, as a rule could not measure length unless it had itself extension; and it is easy to see that the value of money in any particular country must depend, in the first instance, upon its quantity. This value is of course relative; and is nothing else than the proportion in which money exchanges for other things; which is as much as to say, that its value, as compared with all the other commodities which exist in the country, is greater or less according as it can purchase a greater or smaller quantity of these commodities. Suppose that in a country having money, there are two other commodities only, cloth and corn; that there are 100,000 yards of cloth, and 100,000 bushels of corn; and that the money consists of 100,000 sovereigns. Suppose that in the course of a week these 100,000 yards of cloth are exchanged once for these 100,000 bushels of corn by means of the money; that is, that the 100,000 yards are once sold for, and the 100,000 bushels of corn are once purchased with, the 100,000 sovereigns. It must of course happen, that each of the sovereigns performs a part in only one exchange (of the cloth for the corn), and that each yard of cloth and each bushel of corn sells for one sovereign.

Such being the state of things, suppose the number of sovereigns doubled, and that all of them are used in exchange, while the number of exchanges, (that is, the number of times in which a yard of cloth is sold and a bushel of corn purchased,) remains the same. It is quite clear, that the value of cloth and corn, with respect to each other, continues unaltered; and it is equally clear, that each must now exchange for double the number of sovereigns which it exchanged for before; that is, cloth will be two sovereigns a yard, and corn two sovereigns a bushel. For since 200,000 sovereigns are now used to sell once 100,000 yards of cloth, and buy once 100,000 bushels of corn, it can only be done by giving two sovereigns for each yard of cloth, and two sovereigns for each bushel of corn.

Suppose the quantity of the cloth and corn which are exchanged is diminished by one half, the result will be the same. 50,000 yards of cloth are now once sold, and 50,000 bushels of corn are now once bought, and 100,000 sovereigns are used as the medium. It is clear,

that each yard of cloth and each bushel of corn must fetch two sovereigns.

The opposite results must happen, if the number of sovereigns be diminished by half, or the quantity of cloth and corn be doubled. In the former case, 50,000 sovereigns being used to buy, first 100,000 yards of cloth, and next 100,000 bushels of corn, two yards of cloth and two bushels of corn must be given for each sovereign; and in the latter case, 100,000 sovereigns being used to buy, first 200,000 yards of cloth, and next 200,000 bushels of corn, each sovereign must here again purchase two yards of cloth, and two bushels of corn.

These are truths which are proved by mere illustration. The statement of the fact is enough to establish the principle. And yet few principles are so apt to be forgotten or contradicted in reasonings upon the subject of money and its laws, as that which has been here stated.

It is necessary to add another doctrine of great importance, or rather another illustration of the doctrine that the quantity of money in the first instance regulates its value.

Suppose that the quantities of cloth, corn, and money remain the same, and that the whole quantities exchanged remain also the same, but that in the course of a week each sovereign performs a part in two exchanges. This can only happen by the selling of each yard of cloth, and each bushel of corn for two sovereigns, and will be precisely tantamount to doubling the number of sovereigns. If 100,000 yards of cloth can be only once sold in a week for 100,000 sovereigns, and 100,000 bushels of corn can be only once bought by the same sovereigns, each sovereign can perform a part in two exchanges in one way only; namely, by the giving of the whole 100,000 sovereigns twice for half the cloth, and twice for half the corn; that is, first for 50,000 yards of cloth, and then for 50,000 bushels of corn, — next, for the remaining 50,000 yards of cloth, and then for the remaining 50,000 bushels of corn. Thus it is that an increase in the rapidity with which money is circulated, has precisely the same effect as a proportionate increase in the quantity of money, or a proportionate diminution in the quantity of commodities. It is almost superfluous to observe, that what is here stated, with respect to money in its relation to two commodities, is true, whatever be the quantity or variety of wealth or business in a community; and it may be laid down, therefore, as a general rule, *that the value of money depends upon its quantity*, taking always into account the rapidity of its circulation, and the quantity of commodities which it is employed to buy and sell.

The great problem to be solved, however, is, *what regulates the quantity of money?*

The money circulating at any given time in a country is called its currency.

Two kinds of money have been used in civilised nations: 1. that which consists wholly of the precious metals; 2. that which consists of written engagements. This last is called paper currency; and it exists in two ways: 1. when it is not convertible into corn or bullion; 2. when it is so convertible.

Let us suppose that the currencies of all countries consist of the precious metals; that the exportation of them from one country to another is perfectly free, and that coining is in every country performed at the expense of the state, and at the request of individuals. Let us consider in this case what must regulate the quantity of money in any one nation.

Gold and silver, like other commodities, are only to be obtained by labour; and their exchangeable value, though it depends at first upon their quantity compared with the demand for them, must ultimately be settled according to the labour bestowed on their production, or in other words, according to the cost of extracting them from the mines. They are distributed among the nations of the earth, like all other commodities, by the giving of equivalents in exchange for them. Suppose England to want gold. She sends to the country which possesses it as much of her manufactures as will purchase what she requires; and the quantity and value of these manufactures will depend upon the cost at which the owners of the gold, (whether they be the original miners, or those to whom the miners sold it,) can bring it to the market. The expenses of carriage and the profits of all parties must be paid; and adding these to the first cost of production, the amount must be the value at which, if circumstances which we shall presently notice do not interfere, gold will circulate in England.

The facility, however, with which the precious metals, owing to their containing great value in little bulk, can be transported from one country to another, (even when their transit is prohibited by law,) causes them to be so nearly of the same value in most nations, that for all practical purposes, where the circumstances just alluded to do not interfere, their value is considered to be in all countries actually the same.

These circumstances are, the wants or desires existing in different communities, which regulate the commerce between them, and occasion, by means of that commerce, an increased or diminished demand for the precious metals.

From what we have already said of the manner in which the value of money is affected by its quantity, by the rapidity of its circulation, and by the quantity of commodities which it is employed to buy and sell, it follows, that if the precious metals were distributed among the nations of the earth, so as to suit their respective wants, and to be of the same value in all, the quantities shared by them would vary, not merely according to the extent or population of the respective nations, but also according to the amount of their wealth and the activity of their trade. A poor nation, that is, a

nation having few commodities to be exchanged one for the other, would require less money; a rich nation, with many commodities, would require more. If of two nations of the same extent and population, one possessed twice as many commodities as the other; the former may have twice as much money as the latter, and the value of money, (if it circulate with the same degree of rapidity,) be still the same in both. In this way, supposing that no commerce takes place between nations, England may have 10 millions of sovereigns, France 15 millions, and Poland 5 millions, while the value of money is precisely the same in all.

If, under these circumstances, commerce takes place between any two of them; if, for example, England sends cloth, hardware, and china to Poland, and Poland sends corn in exchange to England, no alteration may take place in the respective values of their currencies. It may be, that the cloth, hardware, and china exported from England to Poland, are precisely of the same value as the corn exported from Poland to England. In this case, if England does not alter the quantity of her currency, her aggregate commodities, or the rapidity of her commercial business, the currencies of England and Poland will continue of the same value; the exports will balance the imports; that is, exchange will be at par.

But suppose that, for some sudden cause, England imports more corn from Poland than can be paid for by the cloth, hardware, and china exported to Poland, and that England pays the balance in sovereigns exported out of her currency, the result must be, that the quantity of the English currency remaining in England, which is employed in buying or selling any article at home, must be less than what was required before, that is, that each portion of English cloth and corn will fetch fewer sovereigns, or, in other words, that prices must fall. An opposite result, though with an additional process, would take place in Poland. We have supposed, not only that the exportation and importation of the precious metals is perfectly free, but that in both countries the metals are coined at the expense of the state and at the request of individuals. As each state has its own peculiar coin, and as foreign coins only pass as so much bullion, it would probably become necessary to have the sovereigns imported from England converted into Polish coin. As there is always some quantity of the precious metals in the market which is not coined, the addition made by the importation to this bullion would probably, in the case supposed, sink its value below that of the same metal in coin, and make it the interest of the importers to carry the sovereigns imported to the Polish mint, and have them converted into Polish currency. The money of Poland would thus be increased in quantity, and of course diminished in value, relatively to what it was before, and relatively to the money of England; and prices in Poland would rise.

Let us now consider how the rate of exchange between the two countries would be affected. While the process continues of importing into England from Poland corn to a greater amount than can be paid for by commodities exported from England to Poland, and before the sovereigns are sent to settle the difference, there are of course debts due from English to Polish dealers to a larger amount than there are debts due from Polish to English dealers. As far as the latter debts can go in discharge of the former, they may be applied to that purpose by a very simple process. The debtors to Poland have only to procure from the creditors of Poland bills upon the Polish debtors of the latter, and the Polish creditors of the former can be satisfied, to the amount of these bills, by their transmission. If A in Poland owes 100*l.* to X in England, and Y in England owes 100*l.* to B in Poland, X may sell Y a bill upon A, which Y may send to B, and the payment of which by A will settle the transaction between all these parties.

But if the debts due from England to Poland are greater than the debts due from Poland to England, there are persons in England seeking to buy such bills as we have described to a larger pecuniary amount than there are bills to supply their demands. Such bills, therefore, according to the law which regulates the prices of all commodities, rise in price, and a premium must be paid by those who buy them beyond the amount of the sum which they represent. In this way, 102*l.* may be given by Y to X for the bill of 100*l.*, and exchange is then said to be 2 *per cent.* against England, and in favour of Poland. As soon as this premium rises so high as to be equivalent to the expense and trouble of transmitting bullion or sovereigns from England to Poland in discharge of the debt, bullion or sovereigns will be sent, and exchange will rise no higher. No one would give 6 *per cent.* for a bill, if, at an expense of 4 *per cent.*, he could discharge his foreign debt in money.

The rise in the rate of exchange is, then, the consequence of larger imports into England than can be balanced by her exports, and is posterior, in point of time, to the increase of exportation.

The change in the relative quantities of the currencies of the two countries is also the consequence of the change in the proportion of exports and imports, and posterior, in point of time, to the increased importation. The two events, therefore, the rise of the exchange and the alteration of the currencies, have no farther connection than in owing their origin to one common cause. In the case, however, which we have here supposed, the excess of imports over exports begins when the currencies of the two countries are of the same relative value, and when exchange is at par. As the rise in the price of bills is gradual, and proceeds for some time before money is transmitted, the exchanger will, in this case, be affected before the currencies are disturbed. Both are affected by, and after, the altered proportions of exports and imports; but the exchange

indicates the state of the trade before the currency of either country suffers any alteration.

But the results are totally different when the change in the proportions of exports and imports arises, in the manner we are about to describe, *from a variance already produced between the relative values of the currencies of the two countries.*

In the case which we have just supposed, the importation of money into Poland, according to the law respecting the value of money, which has been already explained, has lowered its value, that is, raised the prices of commodities in Poland. On the other hand, the exportation of money from England has raised the value of what remained, that is, lowered the prices of commodities in England. The consequence of course must be, that it becomes profitable to export many articles from England, where they are now cheap, to Poland, where they are now dear, which, before the change in the values of the respective currencies, would not have been profitable objects of commerce between the two countries; and if England has had enough of corn, or can procure it cheaper elsewhere, money will be brought back to England in exchange for those commodities. But, first, the debts previously due will be discharged; exchange will fall to par; before money is imported into England, bills will rise in price; and exchange will become favourable to England, and unfavourable to Poland.

The change in the values of the respective currencies is here the *cause* of the increased exports, as the want of corn was before the cause of the increased imports, of England. The process is simply this: the diminution in quantity of the currency in England, and the corresponding increase of the currency in Poland, increased the value of money and lowered prices in England,—diminished the value of money and raised prices in Poland. This change of prices produced increased exportation from England to Poland, and diminished importation from Poland into England; this change in the proportion of exports and imports first made the exchange, which had been in favour of Poland, sink to par, and then turned it in favour of England. Ultimately, Polish coin, or bullion, leaves Poland for England, where it is converted into English coin; and thus the currencies are righted. It is manifest, therefore, that in cases in which the alteration of the currency of a country is the cause of any change in its foreign trade, the exchanges can never indicate this alteration of the currency until long after it has occurred. The exchanges are affected by means of an altered proportion of exports and imports, which is created by the change of prices produced by the alteration of the currency. Those, therefore, who call the rate of exchange an index of the currency, forget that it is nearly the last part of what is often far from being a rapid process. This is a fact of extreme importance in all discussions upon this subject; and we have been the more anxious to state and illustrate it fully, because it has seldom been sufficiently dwelt on

by writers on the currency. We shall hereafter see how decisively it applies against one of the most ingenious theories ever advanced concerning the fluctuations of paper money, and the means by which they may be prevented or corrected.

It results from the principles which we have endeavoured to illustrate, that the currencies of the different nations of the world (which are mostly metallic) are perpetually changing in relative quantity and value, in consequence of changes in international trade. Still there is a constant tendency in the precious metals towards a uniform value in all nations. Like an agitated fluid, the waves of which perpetually rise and fall, gold and silver, whatever be the undulations of their value, are for ever struggling to find their level. When, in any country, their value is high, compared with their value in surrounding nations, the difference is removed by exportation of commodities and importation of these metals: when the disparity is the other way, equality is attained by importation of commodities and exportation of gold and silver. We mean, of course, that these results are rather approached than reached exactly; when the current sets in, it frequently rushes beyond the mark from which it had retired. But, amidst all these fluctuations, there is no difficulty in telling what is the mean to which, though it is constantly passed and repassed, there is an unceasing attraction; it is the *value of the metal of which the money is composed*. Above or below this value no metallic currency can ever long rest: it is the level to which the precious metals are perpetually rising or sinking.

Thus, then, it appears, that the value of *money* in any country is regulated by its quantity in that country, regard being had to the rapidity or slowness with which it circulates, and to the quantity of commodities which it is employed to buy and sell; and that the quantity of money in every country in which the exportation of the precious metals is free, and in which they are coined by the state at the request of individuals, is regulated by the *value of the precious metal* of which it is composed. When the quantity of money is so great, that its value falls short of a due proportion to the value of the metal, the money is exported; when the quantity of money is so small, that its value exceeds that proportion, that proportion is gained, and the deficient money is supplied, by its importation.

When the money of a country consists wholly of paper, there is sometimes no restriction whatever upon those who issue it; and sometimes a restriction is sought to be imposed by making the paper convertible into coin or bullion, on a demand made upon the issuers by the holder. We shall shortly consider both these cases; and our views upon the subject will perhaps be most advantageously unfolded by confining our remarks, in a great measure, to the paper system which has prevailed in this country.

During the operation of the Bank Restriction Act, there was no other check on those to whom the issuings of paper money was in-

trusted than their own will. That will may have been directed by a fear of public indignation, or by pure and patriotic views, or by habits imbibed under a different system. But that will alone regulated the quantity of paper money. No one now seems disposed to deny, that during the period in which paper in this country was not convertible into gold, the country was often enormously overcharged with a paper currency, and that sometimes that currency, by the failure of banks, and withdrawing or withholding of issues, was ruinously contracted. It seems admitted, upon all sides, that the unlimited power of issuing paper money can never be intrusted to any man, or set of men, without being, whether by design or from accident, abused. We shall content ourselves, therefore, upon this part of the subject with two observations.

The first is, that wherever there is an unrestricted paper currency, most of the coin that previously existed (except that which is required for such smaller payments as are usually made in coins lower than the lowest denomination of the paper money) disappears from circulation. That such is the fact, was proved beyond all question, by the state of our currency during the suspension of cash payments: that such *must be* the fact, is plain from the slightest consideration of that quality of the precious metals, (we should rather say of all commodities,) which causes them to quit the country in which they are relatively cheap, for another, in which they are relatively dear. Paper money, as we have said, when not convertible, has a constant tendency to increase in quantity; and, therefore, to diminish in value; and if bank-notes are issued for sums of the same denomination with the coins, the result is, for some time, precisely the same as if the money remained entirely metallic, and were increased beyond a due proportion to the currency of other nations. Prices rise with the fall in the value of money; and as the metal, in coin, will partake of the depreciation of the paper, it will be either exported, or if the law prohibit the exporting of the precious metals in the shape of coin, it will be melted down, for exportation, into bullion. The process of exporting the precious metals will, in this case, be somewhat, though very slightly, different from that which we have before explained. In the former case, the depreciation of money in one country was accompanied by the rise of its value in the other. In the case now under notice, which was precisely that of England during the suspension of cash payments, the currency of the country whose money is composed of paper is depreciated, while that of its neighbours may remain unchanged. At first, the coin would be as much depreciated as the paper, and would be exported in the manner first stated; but, after a little time, as the holders of the coin might part with it or not as they pleased, they would perceive a demand for coin made by those holders of paper who found it profitable to export the precious metals; they would perceive a rise in the price of the precious metals in bullion beyond the rate at which they passed current in

coin; and the holders of coin would either refuse to sell it except at a premium, or, if there was a law against so selling, would melt it down and vend it as bullion.

This leads to the second observation which we have here to make, namely, that the price of bullion, though not an exact measure, is nearly an exact measure of the depreciation of paper money, *when that money is not convertible into bullion or coin*. We have shown that the precious metals, from the smallness of their bulk in proportion to their value, constitute a commodity peculiarly fitted for exportation. So easily, indeed, are they transported from one nation to another, that they are, perhaps for this reason chiefly, less liable to fluctuation than any other commodity, except a very few articles not much used in commercial transactions. The consequence is, that although bullion is affected necessarily by those fluctuations in the value of metallic money, which we have already described as resulting from the changes in international trade, its value, upon the whole, is pretty steady throughout the world, and especially in Europe. When cash payments were suspended, therefore, the price of bullion was a tolerably correct test of the depreciation of paper; and Mr. Ricardo was perfectly justified in saying, that "if the Bank Directors had kept the amount of their notes within reasonable bounds; if they had acted up to the principle which they have avowed to have been that which regulated their issues when they were obliged to pay their notes in specie, namely, *to limit their notes to that amount which should prevent the excess of the market above the mint price of gold*; we should not have been now exposed to all the evils of a depreciated and perpetually varying currency."*

We have now to consider what it is that regulates the quantity of money when it consists of a paper currency convertible into bullion, or into coin, at the will of the holder. But before this important and delicate question can be clearly and satisfactorily discussed, it will be necessary to state briefly the use, and some of the principles, of the banking system, and of a currency of this description.

The purposes for which banks are established in a commercial nation are two, perfectly distinct and quite separable: first, for the receiving of deposits and the making of loans, which last portion of their business is transacted chiefly by the discounting of bills; secondly, for issuing and maintaining a paper circulation. We are here supposing that the business of banking is legitimately and fairly conducted.

If the currency were wholly metallic, of course the former branch of business alone could be followed; and it would arise from the wants or wishes of two classes of persons: those who, having money at their disposal, are content to lend it at a low rate

* "The high Price of Bullion a Proof of the Depreciation of Bank Notes." 4th ed. pp. 59—60.

of interest, or without interest, to persons who engage to pay it on demand; and those who, wanting money, are content to pay a higher rate of interest to persons who lend it out, not to be recalled until certain moderate intervals of time shall have elapsed. The persons who thus act both as borrowers and lenders are bankers.

When the currency is wholly metallic, it is manifest that the capital, upon which bankers trade, is composed partly of the *bond fide* loans (or deposits as they are usually called) of their creditors, and partly of their own property. Fictitious capital is here out of the question, for there are no means of creating it. When, therefore, a banker fails, his failure (unless he has speculated in matters beyond the sphere of his trade,) must arise either from some sudden and unusually large demands on the part of those who have made deposits in his bank, or from sudden and unusually large defalcations on the part of those whose bills he has discounted, or to whom he has otherwise advanced money. And he can never fail ultimately to discharge all his debts, unless these defalcations exceed the amount of his own capital. It follows therefore necessarily, from the very nature of a banker's business, that he ought never to engage in it without a capital of his own sufficiently large to sustain, not only the ordinary but even very extraordinary chances of trade, since it is chiefly by discounting the bills of traders that his loans are advanced; that a banker ought never to lend but on short credits, since a great part of what he lends has been borrowed from persons whom he is liable to pay on demand; that he ought always to retain on hands considerably more cash than is enough to answer ordinary calls, since the changes and chances of life and business render sudden and large demands always possible; and that he ought to use the utmost caution in ascertaining the characters and dealings of the persons to whom he lends, since upon their solvency depends, in a great measure, his own. This last is perhaps the most important consideration of all. If a banker lends the whole, or even any more than a very inconsiderable part of the capital with which his customers trade, he breaks faith with his creditors, who deposit their money upon the assurance that it will not be put to hazard. The amount of what he lends to each individual ought seldom or never to exceed those sums which constitute the ordinary payments which go out from that individual, and are equivalent to the ordinary receipts which come in to him, in the course of his business. If A has 10,000*l.* engaged in trade, his ordinary returns and ordinary payments may amount, in a given time, to 1000*l.* This sum, or a little more, his banker may securely lend him, because sure dependence may be placed on its speedy repayment; but a banker who lends much more, embarks upon the same bottom with his debtor, and what is worse, forces his own creditors, without their knowledge and contrary to their intentions, to become partakers of his peril.

There is another observation which we have to make upon the business of banking *where the currency is wholly metallic*, and which, very obvious as it is, ought never to be forgotten in these discussions: indeed it is included in that which we have just made. It is, that bankers, whatever be the amount of their discounts or loans, can never surcharge the circulation. Whatever be their wealth, whatever be their dispositions to accommodate their creditors, or however they may be inclined to favour the wildest and most extravagant speculations, their powers of lending are limited by the actual extent of the currency. Their whole business, as far as regards the circulating medium, is to act as the instruments by which money is transferred from one part of the community to another. The increase of the currency depends, as we have shown, upon the relations of foreign trade, and is beyond the control of the bankers; unless, indeed, they choose to export commodities for the mere purpose of procuring a supply of the precious metals, — a course of proceeding which would manifestly be attended with losses, enormously greater than any gains that could attend the increase of their loans. If the natural course of commerce were not such as to cause an influx of the precious metals without such a proceeding, to resort to it would be nothing else than to try to force a trade against adverse prices.

A country, therefore, which enjoys a metallic currency, is as secure as the very nature of commercial communities allows, against the two great evils which are incident to the use of money; fluctuations in prices, resulting from violent alterations in the quantity of the circulating medium, and the insolvency of the money-lenders.

But the condition of a country having a paper currency convertible into coin or bullion is far different. There, the bankers are not only the lenders of money, but the creators of it. They may possess borrowed capital; they may have capital of their own; they may have neither. If their affairs are not conducted with the utmost possible publicity, (which never happens,) no one has any means of judging whether the paper money, which they make and issue, exceeds or falls short of their means of paying it in real value. With a metallic currency, the capital, from whatever source it comes, is palpable and indestructible. The failure of a banker is ruinous only to himself and to those who have lent him what he is unable to repay. But with a paper currency the capital is hidden; the money which is taken on the faith of its existence may have nothing to represent it; and what is worse, it may prove valueless in the hands of those who were no way concerned with its original creation.

Again, where a paper currency prevails, whatever efficacy there may be in apprehensions of a future check, (which we shall presently examine,) there is, in the first instance, (if the issuers can only spread a belief that they are solvent,) no hindrance or limit-

tion whatever to the most extravagant issues. Metallic money, we have seen, can only be increased or diminished in quantity by the gradual and natural operations of foreign trade. But paper money may be poured out with the rapidity of a sudden flood, without warning and without measure.

But it has been said that there is a certain check which stops the progress of paper issues, the apprehension of which will act as a preventive to the increase of these issues to any mischievous extent; and this check is said to be the return of the paper money upon the issuers, to be exchanged for coin or bullion.

In order that the apprehension of a check should operate as a practical restraint, there must be some indication of its approach. And the advocates of a convertible paper currency maintain that this indication is given by the foreign exchanges, and by the price of bullion. After what has been already said, it needs but little argument to show, that both these supposed tests are quite inadequate to the purpose.

Exchanges cannot be relied on for serving as such an index, for this plain reason, that they will not indicate the scantiness or the excess of money until after the mischief shall have begun to work, and until the state of foreign debts and credits shall have been altered in consequence of the change of prices occasioned by the change in the currency. The increased or diminished issues of paper cause that state of things, which is followed by the alteration in the exchanges; and it is absurd to say that the issuers of the money can be warned by a test which, in point of time, must be posterior to the error.

Nearly the same reasoning may be employed to show that the price of bullion is, as such a test, equally inadequate. A great part of the rise or fall in the price of bullion must be occasioned by that state of commerce which causes the alteration in the exchanges, and must generally be subsequent to that alteration. The importation of bullion, produced by the change in foreign trade which the exchanges indicate, will occasion a fall in the price of bullion by enlarging its supply; and its exportation, from a similar cause operating in the opposite direction, but also indicated by the exchanges, will occasion a rise in the price of bullion by creating an increasing demand, while the supply is daily diminished. In as far as these causes operate, therefore, the price of bullion is a still less faithful monitor to the issuers of paper money than the state of the exchanges, for its warnings must almost always be more tardy.

But the truth is that the price of bullion, where paper money is convertible into coin, and where the state is at the expense of coinage and coins at the request of individuals (as in England), can seldom or never rise or fall beyond a very inconsiderable difference from the mint price of the metal of which the currency is composed. As fast as it rises, (that is, as fast as the paper money is depreciated,) notes are exchanged for coin, as a cheaper method of procuring

the metal than buying it in bullion in the market; and as fast as the price falls, (that is, as fast as the paper money rises in value, from its increasing scarcity,) the metal is brought to the mint to be coined; the difference between the mint price and the bullion price constituting a speedy and certain profit.

Since, then, neither the exchanges nor the price of bullion, where there is a convertible paper money, can furnish the test that is required, and since there is confessedly no other, it is surely too plain for argument, that the currency may be in a short time so overcharged, without the knowledge even of those who cause the superfluity, that the rapidity with which the precious metals flow out may be increased to almost any conceivable degree of violence. The rise of prices occasioned by the abundance, or the fall of prices occasioned by the scarcity of money, will be followed by a proportionate excess of imports, or of exports, as the case may be; and the force with which the precious metals flow out, or flow in, must be proportioned to the greatness of that excess. It is important likewise to observe, that the increase in the excess of exports when there is a fall of prices, and of imports when there is a rise of prices, always advances more rapidly than prices rise or fall; because, not only does this rise or fall enable traders to export or import a greater quantity of what they exported or imported before the change of prices, but it enables them also to extend their speculations to a great and increasing variety of commodities, which, but for that change, could not have been made a profitable subject of international trade.

Mere reasoning, therefore, upon the clearest principles, and from the commonest and most obvious occurrences of commerce, must teach us, even if we had not practical proofs of fearful efficacy, that the quantity of a circulating medium, consisting of paper money convertible into bullion or coin, depends, in the first instance, and for a time, as much upon the mere will of those who issue it, as if it were wholly inconvertible. And we cannot help thinking that Mr. Huskisson was justified in the opinion which he is reported to have expressed in one of the late debates *, that had the ingenious theory of Mr. Ricardo been carried into practice, even under his own superintendence, gifted as he was, the Bank of England would before now have probably stopped payment. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers, that his idea of an economical and secure currency was that of paper money convertible into bullion, at the mint price, and at the will of the

* See The Times newspaper of the 11th of February last. We cannot forbear expressing here a hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Huskisson may gratify the wishes of some who did, and of many more who did not, hear their admirable speeches on the occasion alluded to, by giving authentic reports of those speeches to the public.

holder, — the issuers of that paper money being obliged also to purchase bullion, at a fixed price, somewhat lower than the mint valuation. The whole theory was founded upon the notion, that the rate of the foreign exchanges, and the market price of bullion, would be tests of any fault in the circulation, sufficiently early and exact to enable the issuers of paper money to correct the fault before any mischief could arise.

If the principles which we have endeavoured to unfold and illustrate be true, a currency composed of paper money convertible into the precious metals, under any regulations, must be always exposed, in a great and peculiar degree, to those two evils to which, as we have already stated, all kinds of currency are in some measure subject; fluctuations in the quantity and value of money, and insolvency of the money dealers.

Banks which issue paper money are tempted to increase their issues beyond due bounds, by two strong attractions; first, the profits realised from the notes they circulate, and secondly, the increased business arising from the accommodation which the liberal advances of money thus created enables them to give to their customers. In addition to this, it will be remembered, that they have absolutely no means of ascertaining, whether they are adding to a sound or a plethoric circulation, — unless, indeed, it has already been filled to such an excess; that coin or bullion are demanded for exportation; and their notes are actually returned upon them by the holders, in order to procure the gold or silver required. Unfortunately, too, those bankers who both possess real capital, and conduct their business with prudence and caution, are compelled to follow the example of such of their neighbours as seek to force themselves upon customers by the liberality of their advances. The former, to sustain themselves against such competitors, are obliged to be liberal too; and thus the currency, in a season suited to speculation, becomes enlarged in consequence of the proceedings of its rashest and often its most worthless contributors.

How far such a course of conduct may create a spirit of overtrading, some have doubted. That it is calculated to strengthen and to forward that spirit, and to accelerate the crisis to which it leads, few, we believe, are now disposed to question. Mr. Tooke in his late work, the title of which is prefixed to this article, has, we think, satisfactorily shown, that an increase of the currency has a strong tendency, *during the process of increase*, to depress the rate of interest, generally, throughout the country.*

* There is nothing in this doctrine which tends at all to shake the principle, over and over again demonstrated by writers on political economy, that, permanently, and in the long run, the rate of interest, whatever be the quantity or value of the currency, must depend upon the usual profits on capital. Neither Mr. Ricardo nor the other eminent economists to whom Mr. Tooke seems to think he is opposed, have, as far as we have understood their writings, contended for any thing more than this general principle.

Within the limits to which we are necessarily confined, it is impossible for us to enter into that wide and important subject of enquiry. Neither shall we do Mr. Tooke the injustice to introduce extracts which would but imperfectly explain his views. The whole of those parts of his book which treat of the influence of increasing issues of paper money on the rate of interest, and of the inadequacy of the rate of the foreign exchanges to operate as a warning against too great an enlargement of the circulating medium, are well deserving of an attentive perusal. He has traced, briefly, but clearly, much of the existing embarrassments of the country, to the lowering of the rate of interest and the consequent facilities of accommodation, by the operation of a paper currency, rapidly and excessively enlarged by the cupidity, the folly, or the necessities of those who were intrusted with its creation.

It would be inconsistent with our purpose, to dwell upon the influence of a currency, such as we are here examining, in aggravating the evils and impeding the remedies of a scarcity of the necessaries of life, — in disturbing the natural and regular relations of commerce, deceiving alike the foreign and the home trader, — in varying contracts, and working, at times, by the mere operation of altered prices, complete changes of property, raising some to sudden riches and plunging others into ruin against which it is impossible to provide. Neither do we think it necessary, after what we have already said, to engage in a formal proof, that all sudden and large augmentations of a convertible paper currency must endanger, necessarily and imminently, the solvency of those who issue it. Of the manner in which this must happen, the country has lately had ample and instructive illustration. In as much as the quantity of gold, (supposing gold to be, as it is with us, the standard of the currency,) must always in such a currency bear a small proportion to the whole circulating medium, the exportation of a comparatively small quantity, when the currency is so dilated as to turn the course of foreign trade, will produce, at best, a dangerous vacuum. But if the increase and depreciation of the currency be so great as to occasion a violent and sudden influx of foreign commodities and a violent and sudden efflux of gold to pay the balance upon them, what must be the result? The banks are besieged by applicants for gold in exchange for paper; alarmed at the run, they contract their issues; the current however still continues, and gold is unceasingly demanded to supply it; at length the numbers become so great of those who seek to convert paper into gold for profit, that others become alarmed, and apply to the banks for specie through a fear of their insolvency; gold is now hoarded: credit, without which commerce, at home or abroad, cannot exist for a day, is destroyed; and a panic spreads like the blast of a hurricane throughout the country, involving in promiscuous ruin the hollow and the substantial, the innocent and the guilty.

We have but a few words to add, in order to close our analysis of the principles which regulate the value of money. It is of some importance, with reference to the measures which have been lately proposed to parliament, to consider what regulates the quantity of the circulating medium when it is composed partly of the precious metals and partly of paper currency. And here an obvious distinction arises. First, the metallic part of the currency may be of the same denomination with that of a part of the paper currency; for instance, there may be both sovereigns and one pound notes; or secondly, the lowest denomination of notes may be higher than the highest denomination of coin; for instance, notes, for no lower sum than 5*l.* each, may circulate in company with sovereigns. Let it be remembered that we here suppose the paper convertible into coin.

In the former case, it is evident that the coin would soon disappear, for the same reason that we before assigned for its disappearance, when speaking of the exportation of coin where there is an inconvertible paper currency. Upon this subject it is now needless to reason. We have had ample proof, in recent and present experience, that coins and notes of the same denomination with coins cannot circulate together. It may be said of this country, that it has been for some time, as to its currency, divided into two sections; one, comprising the metropolis and Lancashire, enjoying a currency consisting of paper-money of which the lowest denominations are 5*l.* notes, and sovereigns and subsidiary coins for all lower payments. In this section the sovereigns and the notes have existed together with great harmony and much public advantage. But in the other section, comprising all the rest of England, one pound notes enjoy an empire which, notwithstanding repeated irruptions of sovereigns, has been constantly maintained against them. The experiment has been repeatedly and fully tried. Sovereigns and one pound notes have been repeatedly placed together, and the former have been uniformly expelled. It would be easy to show how much it must always be the interest, for a time at least, of the issuers of paper that the paper should displace the coin, and how completely they have it in their power to effect this object. But the fact needs no illustration. And it is almost superfluous to add, that the quantity of the currency is in this case quite as much dependent upon the will of those who issue notes, as in any of the cases we have already examined.

Payments are in every country of two kinds; those which take place between dealers and dealers, as where a grocer buys goods from a merchant, and those which take place between dealers and consumers, as when an individual for the use of his family buys a pound of tea from a grocer. The total amount of goods bought and sold between dealers and dealers, (except what are destined for foreign trade,) must be the same with that bought and sold between dealers and consumers; for one dealer buys from another only in proportion as the consumers, his customers, buy from him.

For the former payments, it is evident, that a much larger amount of currency must be required, than for the latter. The payments of dealers to each other are for large masses of commodities, and are therefore made in large sums. The portion of the currency destined to this purpose, therefore, circulates more slowly. The payments of consumers to dealers are made for a multitude of small portions of commodities, and therefore in small portions of the currency which circulates with great rapidity. A grocer who makes a hundred purchases in a month, probably sells the commodities so purchased, in the same interval of time, in 100,000 small portions. It is evident, then, that the total amount in value of the currency required for main payments must be very much larger than that required for retail payments. And it is also evident, that if, for example, the money usually employed for main payments be notes of 5*l.* and upwards, and the money in use for retail transactions consist of sovereigns, shillings, and pence, since there is great economy in the use of the latter, owing to the rapidity of their circulation, any portion which may be suddenly withdrawn from it will be much less easily spared than a proportionate subtraction from the currency of higher denomination.

A certain quantity, however, of the lower currency is absolutely necessary for the ordinary purposes of society; and if there be no disturbing causes, we have already seen that where the currency is metallic, this quantity will be just so much and no more, as, according to the value of the precious metal, will suit those ordinary purposes of the country. Now, in the case we have supposed, of sovereigns circulating with a paper currency whose highest denomination is 5*l.*, let us assume that, for any cause, the precious metals are exported. There will be a run upon the banks made by the holders of paper money for two purposes; first, for the purpose of exporting the gold received in exchange: and secondly, to obtain sovereigns for supplying, in the usual channels in which the smaller currency runs, the void created by that exportation. Sovereigns, in short, will become scarce, and the banks will be called on to supply them. If therefore the currency, established on such a system, can be so suddenly and violently enlarged as to produce, by a change in foreign trade, a great drain of sovereigns, the danger of the banks will be rather increased than diminished by a prohibition to issue notes of a smaller denomination than 5*l.*

But is there, in such a state of the currency, any security against an excessive enlargement of the circulating medium? *We answer, none, except, as before, the will of those who issue that part of it which consists of paper currency.* Until the change takes place in foreign trade which produces an exportation of the sovereigns, there will be no inducement to exchange the paper for gold, for it will pass current as the representative of gold, and there will be a sufficient number of sovereigns in circulation to answer all the

purposes of retail payments. Until then, therefore, no check will be applied.

This, then, is the practical conclusion to which we are forced to come; that the measure now in agitation, for making sovereigns and bank-notes for 5*l.* and upwards the currency of the country, will work benefit or mischief according as the quantity of the precious metal, circulating in the currency, is or is not sufficient to bear occasional and considerable subtraction. If it be not, and if the principle be adhered to, which we need hardly say we firmly believe to be the only sound one, of maintaining a system of cash payment as the basis of our currency, the time must certainly come, and speedily, when the limits of the lower part of our currency shall be extended, and 10*l.* or 20*l.* notes shall be the lowest denomination of our paper money.

We, therefore, can for the present only regard the proposed measure as a step towards convalescence, not as a restoration of health. Whether the lowest denomination of notes intended to circulate when this measure shall come into full operation be or be not too low, experience must determine. Of all subjects of legislation those which relate to money and public credit require perhaps the largest induction of facts to make legislation, not merely wise, but safe. The point at which the proportions of our paper currency and our coin are to settle, cannot be ruled by theory, but must be settled by experiment. And it is in the mean time consoling to know, that the principles which now guide the deliberations of parliament, accord, not only with the doctrines which theory would lead us to believe true, but with the practice and experience of almost all enlightened and commercial communities.

NOTICES.

ART. XII. *The Last Man.* By the Author of *Frankenstein*.
Post 8vo. 3 Vols. 1*l.* 7*s.*

Mrs. Shelley, true to the genius of her family, has found this breathing world and the operations and scenes which enliven it, so little worthy of her soaring fancy, that she once more ventures to create a world of her own, to people it with beings modelled by her own hand, and to govern it by laws drawn from the visionary theories which she has been so long taught to admire as the perfection of wisdom. She seems herself to belong to a sphere different from that with which we are conversant. Her imagination appears to delight in inventions which have no foundation in ordinary occurrences, and no charm for the common sympathies of mankind.

We praise our most successful authors for the fidelity with which they paint the human character, for the simplicity which marks their representations of the living drama of life, and for the air of probability which they are sedulous to observe, even when they borrow most abundantly from the resources of imagination. If Mrs. Shelley is to be set down amongst our popular writers, she will owe her good fortune to the boldness of her departure from all the acknowledged canons of inventive literature; for the whole course of her ambition has been to portray monsters which could have existed only in her own conceptions, and to involve them in scenes and events which are wholly unparalleled by any thing that the world has yet witnessed.

This idea of 'The Last Man' has already tempted the genius of more than one of our poets, and, in truth, it is a theme which appears to open a magnificent and boundless field to the imagination. But we have only to consider it for a moment, in order to be convinced that the mind of man might as well endeavour to describe the transactions which are taking place in any of the countless planets that are suspended beyond our own, as to anticipate the horrors of the day which shall see the dissolution of our system. The utmost efforts of thought are absolutely childish, when they seek to fathom the abyss of ruin, to number the accumulation of disasters, to paint the dreadful confusion, which await that final scene. Every writer who has hitherto ventured on the theme, has fallen infinitely beneath it. Mrs. Shelley, in following their example, has merely made herself ridiculous.

She generously permits our orb to roll on in its accustomed course until the year 2100, when the 'Last Man' is by her fiat left to perish. He is an Englishman, whom she names Verney, and to whom, of course, she assigns a principal part in the conduct of her story, although he is originally brought up in the humblest of rural occupations. Her story commences about the year 2073, when the last of our kings is supposed to have abdicated 'in compliance with the gentle force of the remonstrances of his subjects, and a republic was instituted.' The view, however, which Mrs. Shelley gives of the practical effects of this system, is by no means an inviting one; the whole of the period which she describes, is remarkable for civil strife, and so difficult did she find it to manage this part of her subject, that she was obliged to change the scene to Greece, in the final liberation of which she employs one of her heroes — for she has a number of them. This event accomplished, (we hope, however, that this part of her tale will be anticipated even in our own times,) her *dramatis personæ* return to England, where pestilence soon destroys the whole population, with the exception of some fourteen or fifteen hundred souls who emigrate to Switzerland. On their way thither they find the continent also desolated, they themselves fall away like blighted ears of corn, till they are

reduced to three individuals, two of whom perish by shipwreck. Verney survives them a few months to write this history, which Mrs. Shelley has obtained by some sort of magical incantation, in the mysteries of which we are not initiated.

There is nothing in the conduct, in the characters, in the incidents, or in the descriptive matter of this work, to which we feel any pleasure in referring. The whole appears to us to be the offspring of a diseased imagination, and of a most polluted taste. We must observe, however, that the powers of composition displayed in this production, are by no means of an ordinary character. They are indeed uncontrolled by any of the rules of good writing; but they certainly bear the impress of genius, though perverted and spoiled by morbid affectation. Mrs. Shelley frequently attempts to give her style a rythmical conciseness, and a poetical colouring; which we take to have been the main causes of the bombast that disfigures almost every chapter of this unamiable romance.

The descriptions of the operations of the pestilence are particularly objectionable for their minuteness. It is not a picture which she gives us, but a lecture in anatomy, in which every part of the human frame is laid bare to the eye, in its most putrid state of corruption. In this part of her subject, as indeed in every other, she amplifies beyond all the bounds of moderation. We are reluctantly obliged to pronounce the work a decided failure.

ART. XIII. *The Omen*. 12mo. pp. 160. 4s. 6d. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London. 1826.

THE Omens' would have been a more appropriate title for this tale than 'The Omen;' for not upon one occasion alone, but almost at every important step in his life, the hero seems to have felt a foreboding of the future, shadowing out to his mind events which were subsequently fulfilled. In Scotland, this mystic sense, we believe, would have been described as a species of "second sight," and if the author be a Caledonian, as we strongly suspect he is, his countrymen will hardly pardon him for seeking to veil the prophetic character of their mountain districts under the Roman appellation which he has given to it in this tale.

We are desired in the postscript, to consider the narrative as founded upon a matter of fact, which happened in a highly respectable family some years ago. The outline is this: an heiress of great beauty and accomplishments bestowed her hand and fortune precipitately upon a gentleman, who had little more than his name and appearance to recommend him to her preference. Their only son, the hero of this tale, was no sooner born, than she transferred her affections to another; from a second, she of course passed to a third lover, whom the death of her husband enabled her to marry.

The only offspring of her second marriage was a beautiful girl, who, in the first bloom of her years, accidentally met our hero and engaged his affections. They are before the altar, about to be united by the clergyman, when the distracted mother, flying into the church, announces that they are brother and sister! The rites are broken off, and all the parties rapidly sink into the grave.

The *ominous* portions of the story consist in a succession of dismal impressions, all connected with this impending evil, which arose from time to time in the hero's mind, long before the disastrous hour arrived, and which were produced by untoward accidents, by visions of the night, and inauspicious appearances in the heavens! The story is somewhat pedantically divided into four epochs. In the two first of these, which relate to the early part of the hero's life, there are some passages descriptive of the dim recollections of the scenes of his infancy, spent in the neighbourhood of a romantic sea-coast, which are not devoid of merit; indeed, one or two of these passages might be studied with advantage by a painter. But we have no hesitation in saying, that the chapters composing the third and fourth epochs are written in the very worst style of the German school. Incidents the most improbable, and scenes of the lowest melo-dramatic character, are introduced without the slightest regard to consistency. They betray a lamentable depravity of taste in the writer, or editor, whoever he may be; which surprises us the more, as the early chapters of the volume led us to expect a story of no ordinary interest. If this be a "maiden" production, we must regret that the 'omen' which it exhibits is not of a more propitious tendency.

ERRATUM.

P. 267. line 15. for "three superior castes," read "four superior castes."

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1826.

ART. I. *Alexander I. Emperor of Russia*; or a Sketch of his Life, and of the most important Events of his Reign. By H. E. Lloyd, Esq. 8vo. pp. 315. 15s. Treuttel and Wurtz, Treuttel Jun. and Richter. 1826.

THE history of a man who governed an immense empire for nearly twenty-five years, during which events of the highest importance have occurred, cannot fail to excite great interest. It cannot be contested, even by his enemies, that Alexander was an excellent sovereign for Russia. Perhaps no despot ever swayed so powerful a sceptre with such gentleness and mercy. He was the patron of arts, sciences, and literature, and if, at times, a degree of severity, or of excess in his measures, became evident, we should be inclined to attribute it rather to the influence of his counsellors than to the dictates of his heart. The solicitude which he manifested for the good of his country, and his humanity, deserve the highest encomiums. We should also suppose that some of the plans of Russia originated elsewhere than with his Imperial Majesty. At the same time it must be allowed, that by some he was accused of considerable illiberality, and as we shall see, not without cause, of unbounded ambition.

As a private character, one of the most serious charges that could be brought against Alexander related to his affairs of gallantry. But when we candidly take into account the extremely corrupt court at which he was educated, — his early marriage to a lovely and amiable princess, but not the object of his choice, — the facilities, nay, the temptations to desert the path of virtue by which the young sovereign was surrounded, — and the extreme jealousy and rigid coldness of the Empress, we must, at least, think his failings to have been less the results of vicious disposition than of the situation in which he was placed.

We have been assured by high authority, that for a number of years before his death, this monarch deeply regretted the folly

and the libertinism of his youth, and showed his compunction by the kindest conduct towards his Imperial spouse, to whose society he devoted much time in the evenings; but unhappily for the Empress he perceived his errors when too late, and after her heart had sunk under a load of affliction and melancholy. In other respects the simplicity and the mode of life of Alexander were very exemplary and praise-worthy. He slept upon a hard mattress, whether in the palace or in the camp; he rose early, lived very moderately, was almost never even merry with wine, employed much time in public affairs, and was indefatigable in his labours.

During the late campaign he was an example to his whole army. His exemplary endurance of privations, cold, hunger, and fatigue, served to animate his troops. His activity and solicitude were equally the theme of praise, while his affability and his conciliatory manners gained him all hearts.

Mr. Lloyd does not pretend in the work before us to give any thing more than a sketch of the principal events of Alexander's reign. From the great expedition with which it has been produced, within a few weeks after the death of the Emperor was announced, the book must necessarily be very imperfect. In many respects Mr. Lloyd appears to be sufficiently correct, but in others his volume partakes of the nature of a panegyric. Could Alexander start from his grave, we are persuaded that the love of impartiality, so characteristic of the Tzar, would lead him to blame his biographer for too great a leaning, — however amiable it may be, — to virtue's side. The inestimable qualities, the numerous virtues, and the excellent deeds of Alexander are, with great justice, brought prominently into view; but we scarcely find any allusions to his cunning, his duplicity, his inconsistencies, and his amorous intrigues. Biography ought to contain a faithful record of the "hero of the tale." A volume of memoirs should not be a mere monument erected to the memory of the illustrious dead, but ought impartially to display all the lights and shades of character, so as to prove of use to the living.

' Alexander I. Pavlovitch, born the 23d of December, 1777, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, succeeded his father, Paul I., on the 24th of March, 1801. His father took no part in his education, which was directed by his grand-mother, the Empress Catherine II. who gave him Colonel La Harpe, a native of Geneva, for his tutor. His mother, Maria, daughter of Duke Eugene of Wurtemberg, has invariably possessed his love and confidence.' —

' His chief tutor, Count Soltikof, received directions from Catherine, according to which the young grand duke was to receive no lessons in poetry or music, because too much time must be spent on them to acquire any proficiency. Professor Kraft instructed the Prince in experimental philosophy, and Professor Pallas, for a short time in botany.

' On the 10th of October, 1793, at the early age of not quite sixteen, Alexander married the Princess Louisa Maria Augusta, of Baden, who, on adopting the Greek religion, as required of foreign princesses

marrying into the Imperial family of Russia, received the name of Elizaveta Alexievna, by whom he has left no issue, [the only two children she had having died in infancy.]

‘The Prince, from his tender years, had manifested all the germs of those virtues and great qualities by which he has been so eminently distinguished. Though he was supposed by many persons not to be gifted with very superior abilities, there can be little doubt that, in the latter part of the life of the Emperor Paul, the people looked forward with hope, and perhaps with impatience to the reign of his successor; and the consciousness of this fact, probably encouraged those who had formed the plan of dethroning Paul, and proclaiming the Grand Duke Alexander. It appears, indeed, that ever since September, 1800, several of the favourites of Catherine, whom Paul, at the beginning of his government, had banished and treated with severity, but who had afterwards, by various means, contrived to gain his favour, had been plotting against him. Of all the difficulties that stood in the way of the execution of this project, the greatest was the aversion of the young Prince to sanction any attempt against his father’s authority. They endeavoured, therefore, to make the Emperor more suspicious and more violent; by artful insinuations they at length induced Paul to look upon his sons as enemies and traitors; and it is nearly certain that it was determined to send the Grand Dukes Alexander and Constantine to some fortress. The conspirators took advantage of this circumstance, painted the greatness of their personal danger, and, at length, an undertaking, founded on the law of self-preservation, appeared to both of them to be necessary. The plan was to arrest the Emperor, and declare him insane, and for Alexander to assume the government, but with the express assurance that he would resign all his rights and powers to his beloved father, as soon as it should please Divine Providence to restore him to health and reason.’—pp. 1—4.

Mr. Lloyd has given two accounts of the assassination of Paul, which do not materially differ from each other. We agree with him that it is highly improbable that the precise truth will ever be known on this subject, and in the absence of strong proof it would be unjust to charge Alexander with a participation in the guilt of the conspirators. At the same time it would be a task of the utmost difficulty, even for his warmest admirers, to convince the world that Alexander was wholly innocent of the blood of his father. We shall take the second account of this tragedy, which Mr. Lloyd gives us, as being the most circumstantial in its details.

‘When Paul peaceably ascended the throne which his mother constantly refused to give up to him, he had at first no other partisans than the very small number of persons discontented with the late government. However, some wise ordinances, reiterated proofs of great regard for justice, reasonable views, a conduct generally deserving of praise, and some traits which seemed to indicate a noble and elevated soul, soon acquired the new Emperor the attachment of the Russians and the esteem of foreign nations. But this Prince, who under the sway of a mother jealous of her authority, had borne the yoke with impatience, as soon as he felt himself at liberty to indulge his own inclinations, which had hitherto been restrained, suffered them

to take a wrong direction. Absolute power was in his hands only the faculty of giving way to the extravagances of his caprices, which he displayed in an affected contempt for all the ordinary usages of society.

‘ All hopes of bringing the Emperor to more reasonable sentiments, had long been given up. Count Pahlen, who shared with him the exercise of unlimited power, had an opportunity to be convinced of the necessity of opposing a barrier to the extravagances of a will which manifested itself by acts of violence.

‘ This nobleman, who was at the head of the foreign department of the police and of the government of St. Petersburg, took at length the resolution of conferring with the Grand Duke Alexander on the means of preventing the fatal consequences, which seemed inevitable. He explained to this Prince all the misfortunes, both at home and abroad, which might ensue from such a state of affairs. He warned him to think of a change, the dangers of which would be completely met by the means that could be commanded.

‘ Count Pahlen being acquainted, in consequence of the offices which he held, with all that was passing, was able to act immediately, and proposed to do so without delay. The Grand Duke is said to have replied to these first overtures, that he could not deny the impropriety of the Emperor's conduct, but that he was his father, and that he, as his son, could never resolve to deprive him of his supreme power, whatever evil might result from his continuing to exercise it.

‘ Some months after this, the disorder in the government constantly increasing, Count Pahlen again spoke to the Grand Duke. It seems that he found the Prince less averse on this occasion than on the preceding, to the ideas which he submitted to his consideration; but still disinclined, out of respect to his father, to every attempt which might affect the power of the sovereign.

‘ However, more than twenty-six persons having disappeared in the beginning of 1801, Count Pahlen repeated his proposals more urgently. The Grand Duke, pressed by these circumstances, at last consented, though with regret, and after having received a formal promise, that the life of the Emperor should be saved, and that they would be satisfied with making him prisoner, obtaining from him an act of abdication, and conveying him under a strong escort, to the citadel of St. Petersburg.—

‘ In spite of the difficulty of giving positive assurances on this subject, Pahlen, however, promised at all events, the life of Paul should not be threatened. The project was to be carried into execution on the 22d of March; but the Grand Duke insisted that it should be deferred till the next day, because, on that day the guard of the palace was to be confided to the battalion of Semonowski, which the Grand Duke Constantine commanded in person, and which was devoted to him. Pahlen yielded to the desire of the Prince.

‘ The palace of Michailow, built by Paul on the site of the old summer palace, is a massy edifice, in a bad style, and surrounded with bastions. It was in vain that the Emperor daily added to the fortifications, to secure himself against the revenge of those whom he had offended. Pahlen, as well as the other leaders of the conspiracy, was acquainted with every part of it. Some hours before the execution of the plot, Count Pahlen augmented the number of the conspirators by adding to them some young men of family, who, on that day, had been

degraded, and beaten in a most cruel manner, for faults which scarcely merited a reprimand. Pahlen himself released them from prison, and took them to supper at General Talizin's, colonel of the Presbaschewskoi regiment of guards, who, as well as General Depreradowitsch, Colonel of the Semonowski regiment, had drawn into the conspiracy almost all the officers; they did not yet venture to confide in the soldiers, but they reckoned upon their obedience.

Plato Subow, the last favourite of Catherine II., and General Benningsen were present at this entertainment. They placed themselves at the head of one part of the conspirators, and Pahlen commanded the other; the two troops together amounted to about sixty persons, most of whom were inflamed with wine. Subow and Benningsen were preceded by the aid-de-camp Arkamakow, who daily made reports to the Emperor. This officer conducted them by a staircase, which led directly to an anti-chamber, where two hussars of the Imperial Guard, and two valets slept. In passing through the gallery to which this door opened they were stopped by a sentinel, who cried, "Who goes there?" Benningsen replied, "Silence! you see where we are going." The soldier understanding what was going forward, knit his brows, crying, "Patrol, pass!" in order that if the Emperor had heard the noise, he might believe that it was made by the patrol. After this, Arkamakow advanced rapidly and knocked softly at the valet de chambre's door; the latter, without opening, demanded his business. — "I come to make my report." — "Are you mad? it is midnight." — "What do you say; it is six o'clock in the morning: open the door quick, or you will make the Emperor very angry with me." The valet at last opened the door, but seeing seven or eight persons enter the chamber sword in hand, he ran to hide himself in a corner. One of the hussars, who had more courage, attempted to resist, but was immediately cut down with a sabre; the other disappeared.

In this manner Benningsen and Subow penetrated to the Emperor's chamber. Subow, not seeing the Prince in his bed, cried, "Good God! he has escaped." Benningsen more composed, having made a careful search, discovered the Emperor behind a screen. Having approached the Prince, he saluted him with his sword, and announced to him that he was a prisoner, by order of the Emperor Alexander; that his life would be respected, but that it was requisite for his safety, that he should make no resistance. Paul made no answer. By the glimmering of a night-lamp, the confusion and terror which were painted at the same time in his countenance, were easily perceived. Benningsen, without loss of time, examined the whole room; one door led to the apartments of the Empress: a second, which was that of the wardrobe, afforded no farther issue: two others belonged to recesses, which contained the colours of the regiments of the garrison, as also a great number of swords belonging to officers, who were put under arrest. While Benningsen was shutting these doors, and putting the keys into his pocket; Subow repeated in Russian to the Emperor, "Sire, you are a prisoner by order of the Emperor Alexander." — "How! a prisoner!" replied the Emperor. A moment afterwards, he added, "What have I done to you?" — "For these four years past you have tortured us," replied one of the conspirators.

The Prince was in his night-cap; he had only thrown over him a flannel jacket, he was standing without shoes or stockings before the conspirators, who had their hats on, and their swords in their hands. —

‘ Meantime Benningsen, who had remained in the Emperor’s chamber, with a small number of the conspirators, was greatly embarrassed ; he would have been more so, if Paul had taken his sword to defend himself ; but this unfortunate Prince did not utter a single word, and remained motionless.

‘ The Emperor was found in this state of stupor by some of the conspirators, who, in their intoxication, had missed their way, and tumultuously entered the chamber.

‘ Prince Tatchwill, major-general of artillery, who had been for some time out of service, first entered at the head of his companions ; he furiously attacked the Emperor, and throwing him on the ground, overturned at the same time the screen and the lamp : the rest of the scene passed in darkness. Benningsen thinking that Paul wished to fly, or defend himself, cried : “ For God’s sake, Sire, do not attempt to escape, your life is at stake ; you will be killed if you make the least resistance.” During this time Prince Tatchwill, Gardanow, adjutant of the horse guards, Sartarinow, colonel of artillery, who had been long discharged from active service ; Prince Wersinski and Seriatin officer of the guards, also out of active service, were contending with the Emperor : he at first succeeded in rising from the ground, but he was thrown down again, and wounded his side and his cheek, by falling against a marble table. General Benningsen was the only one who avoided taking an active part ; he repeatedly urged Paul not to defend himself. He had scarcely had time to leave the chamber a moment to fetch a light, when on his return he perceived Paul lying on the ground, strangled with an officer’s sash. Paul had made but a slight resistance, he had only put his hand between his neck and the sash, and exclaimed in French, “ Gentlemen, for Heaven’s sake, spare me ! leave me time to pray to God.” These were his last words.’ — pp. 7—22.

When intelligence of this catastrophe was conveyed to Alexander, who, during the whole scene, was with his brother Constantine and the two Grand Duchesses, in his own apartments, *immediately under those of his father*, he is represented to have been quite beside himself, exclaiming, “ People will say that I am the assassin of my father ; they promised me not to touch his life. I am the most unfortunate man in the world.” One thing is obvious, that sufficient precautions were not taken by Alexander to preserve the life of a father against whose authority he conspired. It does not appear from either of the accounts which Mr. Lloyd has given of the assassination, that any one of the conspirators who entered Paul’s apartment made the least effort to protect him from violence. No measures seem to have been taken for the removal of his person to a place of confinement ; indeed his death seems to have been the only result contemplated by Benningsen and his companions.

‘ It is a remarkable fact,’ as Mr. Lloyd observes, ‘ that the scenes of horror which had taken place so near the apartments of the Empress had not interrupted her sleep.’ It is more remarkable that, upon learning the whole state of the case, her first care was to assert her own rights, maintaining that, by virtue of her corona-

tion, she was reigning empress. However, she was with some difficulty induced to renounce her pretensions, and to take the oath to the Emperor her son. 'From that moment every thing went on as if Paul had died a natural death.'

"However much we may deprecate assassination," says a late author, "it was for the happiness of Russia that Paul's reign was short, and that his acts had but a transient influence. In him she lost a despotic tyrant, and in his successor she found a mild benevolent monarch, as great a contrast to his father and predecessor as it is possible to imagine. Alexander came to the throne with strong predilections in his favour. Real personal good qualities had gained the affection of all who approached him; and, as the pupil of La Harpe, expectation was raised high as to his capacity for government. The Telemachus of the North was not then inebriated with power, but, instructed in his duties by a Mentor endowed with intelligence and virtue, he exercised the authority of a despotic sovereign to establish philanthropy as the basis of his throne. An enemy to the costly vanities of some of his predecessors, he regulated the expenses of his palaces with economy, and applied his treasures to the foundation of useful establishments, the promotion of useful public works, the equipment of his arsenals, and the augmentation of his army. Temperate, active, and indefatigable, he transacted the business of government through direct correspondence or personal superintendence; and familiar with the statistics, topography, and interests of the various people inhabiting his extensive empire, he cherished the general prosperity by a polity adapted to the wants of each and all."*

Mr. Lloyd gives an account of the wars and public deeds in which Alexander was concerned from his ascent to the throne till his decease; but as those events are familiar to our readers, we shall pass them over. With equal candour and justice, Mr. Lloyd remarks, that—

'Perhaps there is no instance in history, of such a sudden change, not only in the councils, but apparently even in the personal sentiments of a great sovereign, as was manifested in those of Alexander, at the conclusion of the treaty of Tilsit, and in his subsequent conduct. From being the most determined enemy of Napoleon, he became at once his greatest admirer, and his warmest friend: ready, as it afterwards appeared, to second the plans of the French Emperor against his own allies. Indeed, at Tilsit, Alexander appeared desirous of publicly appearing as the friend of Napoleon, of which some remarkable instances have been recorded; though, as they chiefly rest upon French authority, implicit credit ought perhaps not to be given to them. On one occasion he is reported to have addressed Napoleon with the following verse:

' "L'amitié d'un grand homme est un présent des dieux."

* A Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia, by Sir Robert Wilson, p. 18.

'The two sovereigns conversed with the greatest familiarity on the organisation and the administration of their dominions. Alexander explained to Napoleon the nature of the Russian government. He spoke of his senate, and of the resistance which he experienced in his attempts to do good. Napoleon, grasping his hand, immediately replied, "However large an empire may be, it is always too little for two masters." The head and the heart of Napoleon are seen at once in these words, which are impressed with the stamp of despotism:—Machiavel himself could not have said better.'

The subsequent detail also possesses high interest.

'Meantime the congress at Erfurth separated on the 14th of October, after Napoleon had secured, as he thought, peace with Austria, and agreed with Alexander upon certain arrangements, the contents of which have never been made known, though it is supposed that the two Emperors divided the supremacy of Europe between them; Alexander to rule the north, and Napoleon the south, and determined on the partition of Turkey. They engaged rigorously to maintain the system of the continental blockade, in order to compel England to make peace.—pp. 130, 131.

The efforts of Alexander to improve Russia were ceaseless and most extensive, and he has the highest claims to the gratitude of her natives. He introduced, and placed on a solid basis, a system of national education; he improved the internal administration; he encouraged the industry of the nation at home, and raised the foreign commerce of Russia to a degree of prosperity before unknown; he brought the military establishment to a degree of perfection which it had never before attained; he commenced a new system of military colonisation which was first made known to the world by Dr. Lyall in 1823, and which has subsequently attracted the eager attention of the politicians of Europe; he encouraged and spread manufactures and commerce among his people; he caused communications both by land and canals to be made in all directions; he made great efforts to improve the language and the literature of the Russians; he founded or reorganised a number of universities; he established numerous gymnasia and seminaries, and above 2000 popular schools upon the Lancasterian system; he devoted two magnificent houses at Petersburg and Moscow to the service of the Bible Society, where the Scriptures were printed in nearly thirty languages, to be afterwards distributed over his immense realms; he was a liberal encourager of the arts, especially of printing, engraving, painting, and sculpture; he was the protector of agricultural societies; he promoted colonisation; he was the patron of sciences and the friend of men of genius and talents in every department of knowledge; he was the protector of the poor and the needy; he had the most beneficent views towards the serfs of his country, and began their emancipation, a work in which he wisely proceeded with cautious but sure steps: in a word, though he may have been mis-

taken in some of his views, and was at times misled, Alexander assuredly was the friend of the human race. But he was mortal, and had his public as well as his private failings.

‘ Alexander,’ says Lloyd, ‘ governed with moderation, activity, and indefatigable perseverance; and by his unaffected and amiable manners, *he gained the affection* and confidence of his people. His activity embraced with judgment and zeal every thing that concerned the welfare of the empire; he was capable of enlarged views, and the idea of a Christian alliance of sovereigns *proceeded from his bosom*, which was deeply imbued with religious feelings, and from a mind open to every great idea.’

That Alexander was the original author of the Holy Alliance, there can be no doubt; and there seems to be as little doubt, that when he projected it, he comprehended at least some of the consequences to which it was calculated to lead. As we have seen it in its practical effects upon Naples and Spain, we cannot conceive any alliance more unholy in itself, for it has waged, and, until it be dissolved, it will continue to wage, an unrelenting warfare against the freedom of the continent. In all his political schemes, Alexander showed great duplicity and ambition under the garb of mildness, contentment, and humility: he conquered provinces and kingdoms chiefly by artful policy, and he slowly but steadily continued a system of aggrandisement at the expense of his neighbours, on all sides. Under his reign, the following immense acquisitions of territory were made by the Russian empire, either through treaty or by conquest. 1. The province of Bielostock. 2. The Grand Duchy of Finland. 3. Bessarabia. 4. The Persian provinces, to the Araxes and the Koor. 5. The kingdom of Poland.

Alexander persuaded his people, and wished to make the world also believe for a time that Moscow was burned by the French, and afterwards allowed his own aid-de-camp, Boutourlin, to publish that the Russians themselves *were the incendiaries* of their ancient capital. He, with the aid of his clever and cunning mother, Maria, cut off Constantine from the succession to the throne, and then composed documents, in which he alludes to the Grand Duke’s *sublime sentiments, voluntary act*, and renunciation of the Imperial purple.

We were much surprised to find that Mr. Lloyd has not noticed the astonishing change of Alexander’s conduct shortly before his death. Ever since his ascent to the throne, but more especially for some years after the last peace, that monarch had been a most zealous propagator of knowledge of every kind throughout his vast empire, and was the patron of Bible Societies and the protector of liberal sentiments. Through the influence of secret reports, of the wily Metternich’s alarming letters, and of Count Nesselrode’s respondent tone of opinion, in the twinkling of an eye, the Bible societies were neglected, nay, discouraged; freedom of

opinion became dangerous; foreigners were looked upon with suspicion; government regarded the travelled Russians with doubts; all plans for the general advancement, in which there was a spark of freedom, were suspended, and the Emperor no longer appeared to be the Alexander of by-gone days. It is a remarkable fact, that one of the first effects of the illumination of a part of the Russian population was an attempt to bring about the extinction of the dynasty of Romanof, and the overthrow of the Russian empire. Death seized his Majesty Alexander in time to prevent his becoming a witness, if not a sufferer, by the conspiracy of his officers and his nobles.

Nicholas the First should look well to himself; ponder well on his plans, and weigh maturely the motives of his advisers, before he adopts important new measures. He should never forget, that two great parties now exist in Russia — the travelled and polished nobles, and the untravelled and rude nobles; — who again may be divided into the civil nobles and the military nobles; the liberals, and the anti-liberals; the advocates, and the non-advocates of slavery; the abettors and the opposers of the system of military colonisation; the illuminators and the non-illuminators of the peasantry; the propagators and the non-propagators of religion.

It has been remarked by all travellers that the Russian empire, *in toto*, presents a curious and heterogeneous appearance. It consists of innumerable tribes and nations, who speak a great variety of languages. The two-headed eagle of *Russia Proper* has stretched forth her talons to the north and south, to the east and west, — has pounced upon her prey, and has held it fast in the grasp of despotism. For some hundred years, Russia has never been at rest, except for a period suitable to prepare her future means of attack, and await her projected aggrandisement. She has added province to province, principality to principality, and kingdom to kingdom; while she has, by artful policy and overawing armies, more and more consolidated her political power and the influence of her despotic sway.

But a few centuries ago, the Russian territory formed a *fourth part of the present European Russia, and about a seventeenth part of the present Russian empire*. In the reign of Ivan Vassilievitch III. this territory was augmented 10,000 square miles; and in the reign of Vassilii Ivanovitch 14,000 square miles. Ivan Vassilievitch IV. tripled the extent of his dominions, and Phedor I. greatly augmented them. In the reign of Alixei Michailovitch, all the provinces that were taken by the Poles were reconquered, and besides, he added 257,000 square miles to the Russian states. Under the sway of Phedor III., the dreary region of Nova Zembla was acquired. Peter the Great extended his dominions 280,000 square miles. The Empress Ann, treading in the same path of augmentation, left behind her a realm of above 324,000 square miles in extent; and while Catherine the Second held the sceptre of the north, this ter-

ritory was increased to 335,600 square miles. In the reign of Paul, and since the late sovereign, Alexander, ascended the throne, the empire has been enlarged to no less than 345,000 geographic square miles, of which 85,000 belong to Europe, and 260,000 to Asia.*

The rapidly progressive augmentation of Russian territory, by seizure and conquest,—the incredible increase of her native population, the introduction of foreign colonies, the astonishing advance of her people in the arts and sciences, in philosophy and literature, general knowledge, and civilisation, the deeds of her arms, and her present enormous army, of nearly a million of men, one-third of whom, at least, are chosen troops, in a high state of discipline,—the extraordinary, and we should say, *unnatural* and preponderating political influence she has acquired in the courts of Europe,—her rapid march in the improvement of her arm manufactories, cannon-foundries, arsenals, and other appendages of warfare,—the institution of various kinds of schools, civil and military, for the instruction of the rising generation,—the self-conceit, and haughty spirit of the higher classes of society, the excessive desire of aggrandisement, characteristic of her sovereigns and her generals, her nobles and clergy, her merchants, and even her slaves,—her intriguing and perfidious policy in every court in which she has a representative or employé,—her obdurate perseverance in the overthrow of the liberty and the rights of man in some once powerful nations, while she solemnly professes the wish to emancipate her own serfs,—all these, together with the corruption of her morals, are so many topics for the meditations of politicians, and more especially of the sovereigns of Europe.

Lloyd's Alexander, upon the whole, though evidently a hurried production, contains some valuable materials, and we recommend a perusal of it to our readers. The work is ornamented with a portrait of the Emperor, but the likeness is by no means striking; with an excellent plan of Taganrog, copied from Castelnau's "*Nouvelle Russie*;" and with a fac-simile of Alexander's handwriting.

We recommend the author to correct the following *errata*, which we have remarked in his book, should a second edition be demanded;—Laharpe, for La Harpe; Pawlowitsch, for Pávlovitch; Subow, for Zubof; Araktchen, for Araktcheef; Kutujsov, for Kuteusof; Presbaschewskoi, for Preobrajerskoi; Romanzoff, for Rumantsov; Czartorinski, for Tchartorinski; Cossacks, for Kozák's; Woronzoff, for Vorontsov; Woronesk, for Voroneje.

* Vide Lyall's Account of the Military Colonies.

ART. II. *Six Months in the West Indies, in 1825.* 8vo. pp. 332.
9s. 6d. Boards. London. Murray. 1826.

Few of our colonies are so much spoken of in and out of Parliament as the West Indian Islands, and yet there are none with whose actual social condition Englishmen in general are more imperfectly acquainted. We have been so long accustomed to look upon those dependencies merely as the principal scenes of negro slavery, that, in our horror for that odious system, we have overlooked the local circumstances with which it is connected, and have scarcely paid any attention to the condition of the planters, to the character of the institutions by which they are governed, or to the natural peculiarities of the regions which they inhabit.

The little work before us supplies a good deal of information on all these topics, and conveys it in a clear and animated style. The author is said to be the brother of the Bishop of the Leeward Islands. From the mode in which he handles his subject, as well as from the general tenor of his remarks, it is evident that he has been educated for the very respectable profession of the bar. He states, in a humorous preliminary chapter, that he was induced to visit the warm climate of the West Indies for the purpose of getting rid of a rheumatism by 'fusion.' We must say, that his malady seems not to have been accompanied by any symptoms of the spleen, for we have met with few travellers at once so intelligent, so ready to amuse, and to be amused. His observations are often acute, candid, and sensible. He denies that he is the advocate either of the planters or of the African Institution, though we suspect that from his zeal in attacking what he calls the exaggerations of the latter, he has acquired, perhaps unconsciously, a greater taste for the doctrines of the former than he would wish to acknowledge. The question of slavery, however, occupies, after all, but a small portion of his work. The greater part of it is taken up with an account of the present state of the different islands which he visited; and we must do him the justice to premise, that he has treated the different objects which they presented to his notice with very considerable ability.

Perhaps he shows, or rather displays, the "Etonian" with a little too much eagerness, approaching sometimes even to pedantry. Every public school has idiomatic expressions of its own, to give them no harsher name — expressions unsanctioned by general acceptance, and which, therefore, ought always to be left off with the scholastic gown. It seems to us, also, that the author, in order to give a fashionable air to his book, has frequently feigned a frivolity and a recklessness which he did not feel, and that he set out with a determination of imitating, as far as possible, the "Sentimental Journey" of Sterne.

The author appears to have left England in the latter part of 1824, and to have had some three or four days' experience of the happiness which is to be found during a heavy gale in the Bay of

Biscay. Quitting the bay, he proceeded, according to the usual route, to Madeira, where he lingered for some days, which, he says, were to him 'days of enchantment, intercalated in the common year of reality.' The island, however, is too well known to require the long chapter which he has devoted to it; and we shall, therefore, be excused for at once crossing the tropic with the usual ceremonies, in order to reach Barbados, where our voyager landed on the 29th of January 1825.

Barbados, which is said to be the most ancient colony in the British empire, is something less than the Isle of Wight. It has never changed masters; and many of the families who at present have possessions in it, are lineally descended from the original planters. Considering the natural barrenness of the island, it is astonishing to find it rendered so fertile by the hand of industry, that it exports, at an average, 314,000 cwts. of sugar annually, and sustains a population of 110,000 souls, with the assistance of a small proportion of flour and salt fish, which are imported from North America. The capital, Bridge Town, lies round Carlisle Bay, and contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants. It has two literary societies and an agricultural society; and we are pleased also to find; that through the exertions of Lord Combermere, a large school has been established there upon the plan of our national schools, in which 160 white children are educated and boarded, and the major part of them lodged. This institution will have a very salutary effect on the slave system of the island, as it is from the class of boys whom it educates that the master-tradesmen, mechanics, overseers, and managers are most likely hereafter to be supplied. We understand that a similar institution is about to be established for white girls. It is very much to the credit of the island, that it has for some time supported also a large school for free children of colour. Since the appointment of the bishop, four more schools have been opened for boys and girls respectively, to which any colour is admissible, upon the simple condition of cleanliness and regular attendance. These schools are intended for children of the lowest order of the free coloured; and it is a striking, need we say a most disgraceful, instance of the extent to which prejudice still prevails at Barbados, that, in the four schools just mentioned, the children *are not at present taught to write!*

While upon this subject of schools — a subject, by the way, of the utmost importance to the future welfare of the West Indies, — we cannot forbear from making a remark or two on Codrington College. From the terms of the founder's will, and from the funds which he bequeathed to the institution, it was manifestly his object that it should be a university to which the youths of Barbados and the neighbouring islands might resort for the completion of their education. The funds are, at present, in a most prosperous condition; they are administered by trustees in England, who have devoted the most exemplary care to the cultivation of the estates,

and the management of the slaves upon them, but who strangely imagine that they conscientiously discharge the duties of their trust by supporting and educating fourteen or fifteen boys in a vast building in Barbados! Thus has this charity, like many of the charities in England, degenerated from its original comprehensive purpose, and been converted into a mere hospital for the support of a few, whose parents have sufficient interest to obtain the patronage of the trustees. This is a flagrant abuse, which demands the attention of the local legislature, as well as of the secretary for the colonial department. We fully concur with our author that 'one of the most effectual measures for bettering the slaves would be a thorough and humanizing education of the masters themselves.' 'Towards the attainment of this most desirable end,' he adds, not only in Barbados, but ultimately throughout the whole British West Indies, no man, or society of men, possesses so great means as the trustees of this institution, not merely from large and unfettered funds, but also from superior knowledge and freedom from prejudice.'

There is another subject essentially connected with the welfare of the West Indies, upon which our author has some excellent remarks; we mean the administration of justice. It is hardly necessary to observe, that if honest and properly constituted tribunals be essential ingredients in the system of a free country, they are, if possible, still more indispensable in communities in which slavery is established. To suppose that the slave can obtain any thing like justice in Barbados, under the present mockery of judicial forms which prevail there, would be an outrage upon common sense.

'In Barbados,' observes our author, 'the laws are administered by some twenty-seven or twenty-eight judges. They are all planters or merchants, and are appointed by the Governor. Not one of them has ever been educated for the bar, nor is any previous knowledge of the law a necessary or an usual qualification for the office. They neither comprehend the extent, nor are agreed upon the validity of the laws which they are called upon to interpret; they can none of them settle the limits of British and colonial enactments; they adhere to no fixed principles; they are bound by no precedents. The powers of a Chancellor are exercised by the Governor and the Council, which consists of thirteen members, and it is next to impossible in so small a community that any cause should come into court in which some of these judges will not be directly or indirectly interested. I make no charge, nor intend any insinuation whatever of corrupt practices; but giving them full credit for integrity of purpose, I must say that they stand in a situation which, according to the spirit of the British Constitution, incapacitates them from exercising any judicial authority. Their ignorance of or shallow acquaintance with the duties of their office must either subject their decisions to the influence of the Attorney General, or it may cause them in moments of wrongheadedness or passion to violate every form of law and trample upon every principle of justice.— pp. 296, 297.

In the other colonies a single judge presides in court, but even of these it is well known that few have been educated for the profession, and the consequence is, that their decisions are by no means calculated to afford satisfaction to the suitors, or to increase their veneration for the laws. The remedy for these evils is obvious; men fitted by their education and early habits for the bench, should alone be permitted to occupy it: to this reform all interests of a local nature should give way. Indeed, we can hardly conceive, although the fact has been repeatedly asserted, that there can be any interests in the colonies deserving of consideration, still less of support, which are incompatible with the sound administration of justice. The security of every interest, not in itself immoral, not founded in rapine or oppression, must be promoted, not injured, by the accomplishment of this object.

We do not go with our author to the whole extent of his strictures upon the representation and constitution of the colonies.

‘In Barbados,’ he says, ‘the qualifications of an elector and a representative are the same, namely, the nominal possession of ten acres of land, whether worth ten pounds or ten pence. The assemblies are chosen annually, and consist of two deputies from every parish. The Council is appointed by the Crown, and the members usually hold their seats for life. With such a qualification as I have mentioned before, it is obvious that the Assembly will not necessarily represent, or be guided by, the property and knowledge of the community; and hence it has occasionally happened that this body, in order to add a cubit to its natural stature and gather a few annual roses of distinction and popularity, has commenced squabbles and perpetrated flatteries too diminutive for the ambition of a Cornish borough.

‘The fault indeed is in the constitution rather than in the men. Barbados and most of the other West Indian colonies appear externally to be governed on the model of England, but in reality they participate in a small degree in the genuine spirit of the mother country. They are practical republics, and present as faithful a picture of the petty states of old Greece as the change of manners and religion will allow. There is the same equality amongst the free, the same undue conception of their own importance, the same restlessness of spirit, the same irritability of temper which has ever been the characteristic curse of all little commonwealths. The old remark, that the masters of slaves, if free themselves, are always the freest of the free, is as eminently true of them as it was of the citizens of Athens or Sparta; submission from those below them is so natural to them, that submission to any one above them seems unnatural, and that which would be considered as advice or remonstrance in England is resented in the West Indies as interference or tyranny. To suppose that a Major-General or a Rear-Admiral, who depends for the best part of his pay upon the generosity of the colonists themselves, can effectually represent the office of the king in the British constitution, is quite idle; he is the governor and nothing more than the governor, and the principle of honour, which Montesquieu with some reason asserts to be at least a great spring of action in all constitutional monarchies, does not exist in the colonies. I use the term honour in the sense of Montesquieu, and mean nothing

with regard to the conduct of individuals. The forms of the English Parliament are too gigantic for the capacities of little islands; the colonists are not elevated by the size, but lost in the folds of the mighty robe which was never destined for their use.' — pp. 298—300.

Unless local circumstances offer an impediment to it, we admit that, as in England, the qualification of the representative ought to be considerably higher than that of the elector. Such a change would at least serve to improve the character of the Assembly, though perhaps not very considerably liberalize its spirit. We own that we should regret to see any other system of government substituted in Barbados, for that which at present exists there, framed on the basis of our own constitution. The Assemblies have certainly in many instances abused the privileges with which they are invested, but ought those privileges to be therefore taken away? By no means. Experience, the unanimous voice of this country, and the absolute futility of attempting to resist it, will, sooner or later, teach the island commoners to hesitate in their career, and to model their sentiments, and conduct their engines of government, in a manner more conformable with the opinions and practice of England.

We must, however, quit these topics, and proceed with our author through the other islands which he had the good fortune to visit in company with the bishop in his first circuit through his diocese. He thus describes their approach in His Majesty's ship Eden to Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad:

'We weighed anchor with the morning breeze, and stood down gently before its refreshing breath to the modern capital of the colony. I shall not be weak enough to attempt a detailed description of the enchanting scenery which presented itself to us; nothing but painting could hope even faintly to convey an image of it to the inhabitants of the Temperate Zone. Its parts may be just mentioned, and the imaginations of my readers may combine and colour them as they please, sure that, let them conceive as deeply and as richly as they may, they will never attain to an adequate notion of the unspeakable loveliness of the original. The Gulf of the purest ultramarine, just wreathed into a smile and no more; on the right hand the mountains of Cumana, with their summits lost in the clouds; on the left the immense precipices of Trinidad, covered to the extremest height with gigantic trees, which seemed to swim in the middle ether; the margin fringed with the evergreen mangroves, which were here hanging with their branches bathed in the water, and there themselves rising out of the midst of the soft waves; behind us the four mouths of the Dragon of Columbus, with the verdant craggy isles between them: before us the Port of Spain, with its beautiful churches, the great Savana, and the closing hills of Montserrat. Meanwhile the Eden gracefully bent beneath the freshening wind, (no other ship should ever sail on this lake of Paradise;) the long dark canoes glanced by us with their white sails almost kissing the sea, and enormous whales ever and anon lifted their monstrous bodies quite out of the water in strange gambols, and falling down created a tempest around them, and shot up columns of silver foam.' — pp. 65, 66.

The author mentions Port of Spain as by far the finest town which he saw in the West Indies.

'The streets are wide, long, and laid out at right angles; no house is now allowed to be built of wood, and no erection of any sort can be made except in a prescribed line. There is a public walk embowered in trees, and similar in all respects to the Terreiro in Funchal, and a spacious market place with a market house or shambles in excellent order and cleanliness. The Spanish and French females, their gay costume, their foreign language, and their unusual vivacity, give this market the appearance of a merry fair in France. The Protestant church is beautifully situated, with a large inclosed lawn in front of it, which is surrounded on two sides by the best houses in the town. The church itself is one of the most elegant and splendid things in the empire; it is wainscotted with the various rich woods of the island, and the pews are arranged with not more regularity than with a liberal consideration of the feelings of the colored people. These last sit in the area towards the western end, and the difference of their accommodation from that of the whites is scarcely perceptible. This circumstance is creditable to the colony, and might well be imitated in some other of the islands. There are no aisles, the roof sweeping in an elliptical arch from side to side; the altar, the western door, the organ, and staircase, are all in a corresponding style of richness and propriety. It is more than worthy of the town as it now is; it will be fit for it when it has become a city. When viewed from without it seems to want height, and though they say it cannot be better than it is, I must own I think the coup d'œil of the building and Port of Spain itself would be much improved by a greater elevation of the tower. There would be no impiety in such a thing here as in Barbados, for the hurricanes have never ventured so low as Trinidad.* In another part of the town is an unfinished church for the Romanists; there is no roof as yet, but what is perfected is of even a still more costly and exquisite character than our own. The lateral walls certainly appear too thin to be able to support any weight laid upon them, but Abbé Legoffe has no fears on that head, and the facetious Abbé is a competent judge. At present the Romish service is enacted in a very rude chapel of wood, from which they are obliged during Lent to extend awnings into the street to afford a temporary receptacle for the worshippers who crowd in from the country.'—pp. 66—68.

Trinidad is chiefly remarkable for its plantations of cacao; one of the finest of these, belonging to Antonio Gomez, was visited by the author. His account of it is rambling enough, but, like many other parts of his book, full of gaiety and spirit.

'This plantation lies on a very slight declivity at the bottom of a romantic amphitheatre of woody mountains. His house, together with the works of the estate, is situated at the edge of the trees, and a quieter or more lovely spot no hermit ever chose to count his beads in for eter-

* I regret exceedingly to hear that earthquakes have visited this island, and that serious injury has been done to this church and the government house.'

nity! The cacao, which grows from ten to fifteen feet in height, is a delicate plant, and like a lady, cannot bear exposure to the direct rays of the sun; for this reason a certain portion of the wood is thinned and appropriated, the tall and umbrageous trees are left, and these form with their interwoven branches and evergreen leaves a sun-proof skreen, under cover of which the cacao flourishes in luxuriance and preserves her complexion. At a distance the plantation has the appearance of a forest advantageously distinguished by the long bare stems of tropic growth, being shrouded with the rich green of the cacaos below, and here and there burning and flashing with the flame-colored foliage of the glorious Bois Immortel. One main road led through the plantation, and numberless avenues diverged from it to every other part. These alleys, as well as the whole plantation itself, were fringed with coffee bushes, which, with their dark Portugal laurel leaves, jasmine blossoms, and most subtle and exquisite perfume, refreshed the senses and delighted the imagination. Water flowed in abundance through the wood, and gentle breezes fanned us as we sauntered along. If ever I turn planter, as I have often had thoughts of doing, I shall buy a cacao plantation in Trinidad. — Sugar can surely never be cultivated in the West Indies except by the labor of negroes, but I should think white men, creoles or not, might do all the work of a cacao plantation. The trouble of preparing this article for exportation is actually nothing when compared with the process of making sugar. But the main and essential difference is, that the whole cultivation and manufacture of cacao is carried on in the shade. People must come between Cancer and Capricorn to understand this.

‘ I was well tired when we got back to Antonio’s house. What a pleasant breakfast we had, and what a cup of chocolate they gave me by way of a beginning! So pure, so genuine, with such a divine aroma exhaling from it! Mercy on me! what a soul-stifling compost of brown sugar, powdered brick and rhubarb have I not swallowed in England instead of the light and exquisite cacao!

Νήπιος ἀλλ’ οὐκ αἰθίς —

‘ I love the Spanish ladies to my heart; after my own dear and beautiful countrywomen I think a señorita would be my choice. Their dress is so gay yet so modest, their walk so noble, their manners so quiet, so gentle and so collected. They have none of that undue vivacity, that much ado about nothing, that animal conceit which disgusts me in the Gauls. A Spanish woman, whether her education have been as finished or not, is in her nature a superior being. Her majestic forehead, her dark and thoughtful eye, assure you that she hath communed with herself. She can bear to be left in solitude; yet what a look is hers, if she is animated by mirth or love! Then, like a goddess, she launches forth that subtle light from within,

‘ Ce trait de feu qui des yeux passe à l’ame,
De l’ame aux sens.

‘ She is poetical if not a poet, her imagination is high and chivalrous, and she speaks the language in which romance was born. It is a favourite subject of exultation with me, that twenty-two millions of people speak English or Spanish in the New World. Their grammar and accent are perfectly pure in Trinidad, but, like all the South Americans,

they have deflected from the standard of Castilian pronunciation.' — pp. 71—74.

Our author gives an interesting account of the Indian missions of Arima and Savana Grande, but he appears to estimate the character of the Indians below its general standard. He represents them (evidently from very hasty observation) as a listless, indolent, delicate people, insensible to joy or sorrow, anger or curiosity. 'Both mind and body are drenched in the deepest apathy; the children lie quietly on their mothers' bosoms; silence is in their dwellings, and idleness in all their ways.' If this account be correct, the Indians in Trinidad differ considerably from their brethren in Spanish America, who are vigorous, industrious, ingenious, cheerful, hospitable, and generally very amiable in their dispositions. It is a remarkable fact, if it be true, that in Trinidad even the negroes despise the Indians. The visit of the new bishop to this settlement was attended with circumstances which reflect great credit on all the parties. The address of Sir Ralph Woodford to the Indians and negro settlers is a curious specimen of colonial eloquence.

'In this place were assembled by the governor's order a division of free negro settlers, a part of that body of slaves who were excited to insurrection in some of the southern states of the North American Union by a British proclamation during the last war, and upon the ill success of the expedition against New Orleans, were received on board the squadron commanded by Sir Alexander Cochrane, and finally dispersed about the West Indies, but chiefly, I believe, established in Trinidad. It was a deed *mali exempli*, and one which may be very easily played off hereafter against ourselves. This settlement comprises about three hundred persons, and a very fine and jovial set of Yankees they are. It happened to rain hard at the time, and the padre of the mission was courteous enough to proffer the use of the chapel, into which accordingly we all entered with one consent. The Americans being after some time tolerably composed, their men on one side and their women and children on the other; the bishop standing before the altar, (the pyx being first duly removed,) the padre on the right hand, the chaplains on the left, myself in a corner, *los señores regidores*, the *alcaldes* and *cacique* of the Indians bearing their wands of office, and *las señoras* their wives with their patient babies, both awaiting in deep resignation the explanation of this mystery, Sir Ralph Woodford, in Windsor uniform, took his Leghorn hat from off his head, vibrated his silver-studded Crowther with the grace of a Cicero, and, as the Spaniards say, *con gentil donayre y continente, in hunc modum locutus est*.

'"Silence there !...What for you make all dat dere noise? Me no tand dat, me can tell you. I hear that there have been great disturbances amongst you, that you have been quarrelling and fighting, and that in one case there has been a loss of life. Now, me tell you all fiat...me no allow dat sort of ting...me take away your cutlashes, you savey dat? What for you fight? Because you nasty drunk with rum. You ought to be ashamed; you no longer now slave...King George have tak you from America, (you know dis much better place dan America,) he make

you free...What den? Me tell you all dis...(what for you no make quiet your piccaninny *, you great tall ting dere?...) me tell you dis... if you free, you no idle; you savey dat? You worky, but you worky for yourself, and make grow noice yams and plantains...den your wives all fat, and your piccaninny tall and smooth. You try to make your picnies better and more savey dan yourself. You all stupid... what den! no your fault dat...you no help it. Now but you free, act for yourself like buckra, and you love your picnies? yes...well den, you be glad to send dem to school, make dem read, write, savey counting, and able pray God Almighty in good words, when you no savey do so yourself.

‘ “ Now de bishop is come to do all this; His Majesty King George have sent him from England to take care of you and all of us; he is very much gentleman and he king, you savey, of all de parson. He savey every ting about you, he love you dearly, he come from England across the sea to see your face...no you den very bad people, if you no obey him? Yes, you very bad, much wicked people if you don’t.”

‘ Finierat Woodford; his harangue, of which the above is an imperfect sketch, produced a great effect, and a murmur of applause arose from the assembled Yankees; then the bishop addressed them, and as the governor had laid down the law civiliter, so he spoke to them spiritualiter, his manner was affectionate and impressive, his matter simple and cogent; and he concluded by solemnly blessing in the name of God the whole eongregation. The padre was very complimentary in Andalusian, the negros elated in negro tongue, and the poor dear Indians quiet, staring, and as cognizant of the nature of what was going on as of the proceedings of the House of Commons. It was altogether a strange contrast of different natures, and a theme for passing smiles and lasting thoughts.’—pp. 86—90.

From Trinidad the author proceeded in the train of the Bishop to the island of Grenada, which he describes as the most ‘beautiful’ of the Antilles. It is peculiar in having an Italian look, quite distinct from the usual character of intertropical regions. It is also honourably distinguished for its liberal treatment of the coloured classes of the inhabitants.

‘ In this last point the planters of this island go beyond all their brethren; the free colored man has every privilege of the white, although there never has been, and at present it is not to be wished that there should be, an instance of any of that rank sitting in the Assembly.’— ‘ Indeed the prejudice of color is fainter in this colony than in almost any other, and I have no doubt that every measure of regular civilization of the negros will be received and enforced by the legislature with the utmost cheerfulness.’

We pass over the author’s account of St. Lucia and St. Vincent’s, as possessing no particular claim on our attention. In the capital of Martinique he found four booksellers’ shops, — a great rarity in the West Indies, which requires explanation.

* Piccaninny...quasi pequeño niño.’

'The cause is this. The French colonists, whether Creoles or Europeans, consider the West Indies as their country; they cast no wistful looks towards France; they have not even a packet of their own; they marry, educate, and build in and for the West Indies and the West Indies alone. In our colonies it is quite different; except a few regular Creoles, to whom gratis rum and gratis colored mothers for their children have become quite indispensable, every one regards the colony as a temporary lodging place, where they must sojourn in sugar and molasses till their mortgages will let them live elsewhere. They call England their home, though many of them have never been there; they talk of writing home and going home, and pique themselves more on knowing the probable result of a contested election in England, than on mending their roads, establishing a police, or purifying a prison. The French colonist deliberately expatriates himself; the Englishman never. If our colonies were to throw themselves into the hands of the North Americans, as their enemies say that some of them wish to do, the planters would make their little triennial trips to New York as they now do to London. The consequence of this feeling is that every one, that can do so, maintains some correspondence with England, and when any article is wanted, he sends to England for it. Hence, except in the case of chemical drugs, there is an inconsiderable market for an imported store of miscellaneous goods, much less for an assortment of articles of the same kind. A different feeling in Martinique produces an opposite effect; in that island very little individual correspondence exists with France, and consequently there is that effectual demand, for books, wines, jewellery, haberdashery, &c. in the colony itself, which enables labor to be divided almost as far as in the mother-country. In St. Pierre there are many shops which contain nothing but bonnets, ribbons, and silks, others nothing but trinkets and toys, others hats only, and so on, and there are rich tradesmen in St. Pierre on this account. Bridge Town would rapidly become a wealthy place, if another system were adopted: for not only would the public convenience be much promoted by a steady, safe, and abundant importation, and separate preservation of each article in common request, but the demand for those articles would be one hundred fold greater in Bridge Town itself than it now is on the same account in London, Liverpool, or Bristol, when impeded and divided and frittered away by a system of parcel-sending across the Atlantic. Supply will, under particular circumstances, create demand. If a post were established in Barbados, or a steam-boat started between the islands, a thousand letters would be written where there are one hundred now, and a hundred persons would interchange visits where ten hardly do at present. I want a book and cannot borrow it; I would purchase it instantly from a bookseller in my neighbourhood, but I may not think it worth my while to send for it over the ocean, when, with every risk, I must wait at the least three months for it. The moral consequences of this system are even more to be lamented than the economical.'—pp. 143—146.

After leaving Martinique, the Bishop and his party visited Dominica and Montserrat. We regret to find in Mr. Coleridge's account of the state of religion in both these islands, a greater infusion of bigotry than we should have expected from a person of his liberal education. The manner in which he speaks of the Methodists,

the expediency of forcing the church of England upon the planters and their slaves, and indeed the phraseology in which he generally indulges when speaking of any form of worship differing from his own, are as indecorous as, in this tolerant age, they must be ineffectual. By what title does Mr. Coleridge set himself up as the ruler of men's consciences? According to him every system is absurd and abominable, save that in which he was educated at Eton! We beg pardon, but we really think that he is a much better authority on the most successful mode of dressing a turtle, than of instructing a community in matters of faith. Upon the former subject he is quite scientific.

' It is indeed commonly but, I apprehend, hastily said, that turtle is eaten in greater perfection in England than in the West Indies. The cookery, I confess, is more studied and elaborate, more science is shown in the anatomy, and superior elegance in the dishing. Besides, it is a greater rarity, and its visits, few and far between, leave something of an angelic smack upon the palate of a worthy recipient in England. But setting aside this last advantage, or rather justly esteeming plenty a blessing, a man of unprejudiced appetite will have no difficulty in deciding in favor of the consumption of turtle on the spot of its birth. The nature of this fine animal is not understood by European cooks; they distrust the genuine savour, and all but annihilate it by bilious additaments of their own composition. The punch too, though pleasurable per se, is drunk so largely as to wash out all remembrance, all rumination of the past, and I have seen some persons so grossly ignorant as to drink once or even twice before they have finished their soup! This should not be. A single lime is sufficient; squeeze it and cut it in slices afterwards over the various regions of your plate. The soup should be served up in a capacious tin shell, and should always be well lined inside with a thin crust of pastry; the worst consequence may follow upon the neglect of this last particular, for the liquor becomes lukewarm, tenuous, and watery, by immediate contact with ware or metal. In England I have always found a crassitude, a pinguedinous gravity in the meat which makes one repent the having eaten it; it enervates the body with a sort of dry drunkenness,

' *Atque affligit humi divinæ particulam auræ.*

' In the West Indies turtle is a generous food certainly, but honest and unsophisticated; it administers in a small space that nourishment which the great exhaustion of the system requires, and there is a freshness and a recency in it, which quickens the palate and invigorates the organs of taste. At a dinner in England, it must be, as they say and do in the city, turtle once and turtle throughout; a man indeed has no heart or appetite for any thing else after so much acid punch and morbid soup as is absorbed there. In the West Indies turtle is a gentle alarum, as from a silver trumpet blown; it is the proparasceve of our manducatory energies, the regretted prophagomenon of Apicius. A glass of Madeira (it should be Sercial, if possible,) is the best thing after this soup; the wine flows in a kindly stream of coalescence with what has been eaten before, and harmonizes with what is to follow;

lime punch creates a discontinuance, as the lawyers say, and in effect spoils your dinner.'—pp. 173—175.

We recommend the above passage to the serious consideration of Dr. Kitchener, as well as to the heads and members of the common council. There are several other hints of this kind, giving the best advice upon all sorts of West India dishes, which our author frequently recurs to with the enthusiasm of a thorough epicure. St. Nevis, St. Christopher's, and Anguilla, received a due portion of the Bishop's attention. One of the pleasantest of the islands is Antigua, which 'is without any central eminences, but for the most part ramparted round by very magnificent cliffs.'

'From some of these rocks, especially near the parsonage of St. Philip's parish, one of the finest panoramic views in the world may be obtained. The whole island, which is of a rough circular figure, lies in sight; the grand fortifications on the Ridge and Monk's Hill silently menace the subject fields; St. John's rises distinctly with its church on the north-western horizon, whilst the woods which cover the sides and crest the summit of Figtree Hill just break the continuity of sea in the south-west. The heart of the island is verdant with an abundant pasturage or grassy down, and the numerous houses of the planters, embosomed in trees, have more of the appearance of country mansions in England than almost any others in the West Indies. The shores are indented in every direction with creeks and bays and coves, some of them running into the centre of the plantations like canals, some swelling into estuaries, and others forming spacious harbours. Beyond these, an infinite variety of islands and islets stud the bosom of the blue sea, and stand out like so many advanced posts of defence against the invading waves. They are of all shapes and sizes, and are given up to the rearing of provisions and the maintenance of a great number of cattle. From the same hill, when the western sky is clear, Guadaloupe, Montserrat, Nevis, and St. Kitt's may all be distinguished by the naked eye.

'The tortuous descent of Figtree Hill, though not so rich and imposing as the mountains and valleys of Trinidad, is yet a patch of scenery so exquisitely beautiful that no painter or poet, who had once seen it, could ever forget the sight. A prodigious number of forest trees grow on the tops and declivities of the cliffs, and luxuriant festoons and knots and nets of evergreen creepers connect them all together in one great tracery of leaves and branches. The wild pine sparkled on the large limbs of the wayside trees; the dagger-like Spanish needle, the quilled pimploe, and the maypole aloe shooting upwards to twenty feet with its yellow flowering crown on high formed an impenetrable mass of vegetation around the road, and seemed fixed on purpose there to defend the matchless purple-wreaths or lilac jessamines, which softened the dark foliage amongst which they hung, from being plucked by the hand of the admiring traveller. Meanwhile a vigorous song of birds arose, and made the silent defile ring with the clear morning sound of European warblers, in the midst of which and ever and anon some unseen single creature uttered a long-drawn quivering note, which struck upon my ear with the richness and the melancholy of a human voice. Many persons have remarked the extraordinary tones of

this bird, but I could not learn any name for it. It is the lovelorn nightingale of a silent tropic noon.— pp. 244—246.

A ball, if we may believe a rheumatic man, is no joke in the West Indies. The Creole ladies are quite French, or rather Spanish, in their dancing. The quiet well-dressed quadrillers of England can form no conception of the degree of enthusiasm, to which the soul of a Spanish girl is kindled by the merry sounds of the violin. As to the Creole maidens, let our author be heard. While at Antigua, he relates,

‘ Dr. Nugent the geologist gave us an excellent dinner at Merrywing Hall, properly so named from a certain daylight modification of mosquito which rejoiceth therein. The *suavetol* wore boots, and the ladies covered their ancles and feet with shawls; I being ignarus mali was horribly punished; nevertheless we enacted a quadrille in the evening for the amusement of the negros of the establishment.

‘ Every Creole female loves dancing as she loves herself. From the quadrille of the lady down to the John-John of the negro, to dance is to be happy. The intense delight they take in it is the natural consequence of that suppression of animal vivacity which the climate and habits of the West Indies never fail to produce. The day is passed within doors in languor and silence; there are no public amusements or public occupations to engage their attention, and their domestic cares are few. A ball is therefore to them more than a ball; it is an awakener from insensibility, a summoner to society, a liberator of locked up affections, an inspirer of motion and thought. Accordingly there is more artlessness, more passion than is usual with us in England; the soft dark eyes of a Creole girl seem to speak such devotion and earnestness of spirit that you cannot choose but make your partner your sweetheart of an hour; there is an attachment between you which is delightful, and you cannot resign it without regret. She is pale, it is true, but there is a beauty, as South said, in this very paleness, and her full yet delicate shape is at once the shrine and censor of Love, whence breathe

‘ the melting thought,
The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

‘ Their dancing is an andante movement, but they never tire. Upborne with indefatigable toes, they will hold you seven or eight hours right on end, and think the minutes all too short. At four in the morning my last partner went; she had started at half-past seven; she could no longer resist the cavernous yawns of her papa and mamma, but it was reluctantly that she went;

‘ necdum satiata recessit.

‘ I like a ball in the West Indies better than in England. True it is that you perspire, but then you have not to undergo the triumph of superior frigidity in your partner; she perspires in precise analogy with yourself, lifts and relifts the cambric toties quoties, as the Papists say, whiles ever doth the orient humor burst forth at intervals upon her ivory cheek, and gravitate in emulous contrafluence with your own. Windows, doors and jealousies are all thrown open to the breezes of night; flowers and evergreens give life and verdancy to the walls, and

the golden moon or diamond stars gleam through the many openings with that rich and sleepy splendor which good men will see hereafter in Paradise. It is my advice not to drink much; restrain yourself till twelve o'clock or so, and then eat some cold meat and absorb a pint of porter cup, which is perfectly innoxious to the system, and more restorative to the animal spirits, than punch, wine, or sangaree. Above all, do not be persuaded to swallow any washy tea; it gives neither strength or vivacity, but rather impairs both, and makes you excessively uncomfortable. It is important to remark that your shirt collars should be loose round the neck, and the gills low; a mere white stock of thick holland, well starched with arrow-root, is the best cravate; otherwise with the ordinary apparatus your cloth in an hour becomes a rope, and the entire focale sinks into a state of utter dissolution.' — pp. 250—253.

After a short visit to Barbuda, our author returned to Barbados, whence he sailed in August last for England: but before he concludes his journal, he devotes a chapter to the discussion of the question still pending between the planters and slaves. It is not our purpose to follow him on this subject; indeed, from the flippant manner in which he treats it, we are not much disposed to rely upon his authority, or to be influenced by his reasoning: yet it would be uncandid not to concede some respect to his evidence, when he asserts, from his own observation, that 'in the twelve islands which he visited, he saw nothing to support the general and prominent charge against the planters, of cruelty, active or permissive, towards the slaves.' We can readily conceive that it is difficult, if not impossible, for any one, particularly an Englishman, to form a just notion of the present state of society in the West Indies without a personal acquaintance with it. The relation also between the planter and his slaves may be more extensively modified by habits of daily intercourse, by the pride of protection on one side, and the natural sentiment of gratitude on the other, and by many nameless reciprocal services, than is generally imagined in this country. But be it remembered, that this mitigation of the lot of the slave depends on the character of the master. The same argument holds good in a country governed by an absolute monarch. The people are secure in their persons and property, they are to a certain extent free, and may be perfectly happy, so long as their sovereign is a man of benevolent dispositions and sound wisdom. But let the death-bell sound — the scene changes — a tyrant succeeds to the throne, and in a few years his folly, his rapacity, his cruelty, may be felt at every fire-side in his dominions. So it is in the West Indies, and so it will be, as long as the system of slavery shall be permitted to exist there. The character of one planter, or of all the present planters in the West Indies, is, and ought to be, no security for the slave. It is only on a wise system of liberty, commenced and shaped during its whole progress to his capacity for benefiting by it, that he can repose for the enjoyment of his social rights; and it is only with the establishment of such a system, that any rational man can be contented.

We must aver, that we are as adverse as any planter can be, to any measure tending to a sudden or even to a very speedy emancipation of the slaves; and we apprehend that no such measure is in the contemplation of any party. So far as we have been able to observe, such a precipitate course is strongly deprecated by the most zealous opponents of slavery, although some of the colonial legislatures assert the contrary. We trust, therefore, that the government, supported as it now is by the unanimous voice of the people of England, will firmly persevere in carrying into execution the resolutions of parliament on this subject. Ministers, we hope, will not condescend to enter into petty disputes with the assemblies of the islands. They know the sort of busy, fretful, pettifogging persons of whom some of those assemblies are composed; and they have only to add a little more strength to the executive power in the West Indies, in order to reduce those declaimers to a proper temper, and a clearer knowledge of the interests of the colonies themselves. We should deplore any measure aimed against the constitution of the representative assemblies; for while we are endeavouring to remove the shackles of the negroes, we should not violate the acknowledged liberties of the whites. Justice should proceed even-handed between both parties, and reconcile their interests in a manner worthy of the empire to which they belong.

ART. III. *New Arabian Nights' Entertainments*: selected from the original Oriental MS. by Jos. Von Hammer; and now first translated into English by the Rev. George Lamb. 3 Vols. Small 8vo. 18s. Boards. London. Colburn. 1826.

FOR more than a century, since M. Galland first made Europe acquainted with the "Thousand and One Nights," these delightful tales have diffused through all ranks amusement, combined with genuine information concerning the manners, religion, and political circumstances of the nations of the East. By a singular fortune, the same adventures which charm the Bedouin of the desert, the frequenter of the Oriental coffee-house, and the secluded inmate of the Oriental harem, form the delight of all classes in civilised and Christian Europe; and the marvellous story of Aladdin or Sindbad may, at the same moment, be listened to in the Arab tent and in the British cottage. It were needless to trace out in what the great charm of these narratives consists: brilliancy of imagination, and wonderfulness of event, have, and always will have, attractions for the young and the ignorant mind; and the mature and well-informed will always, even though the taste for such characters be gone, revert with pleasure to what enraptured them in the gay and susceptible period of youth and childhood. What would we not give ourselves to feel again, what we well remember feeling when in our eighth year we, with breathless attention, read, and almost

believed, the marvellous adventures of Prince Agib, of Sindbad and Sobeide, laughed over the comic adventures of the Barber and his brethren and of Aon Hassan, and shed tears of sympathy for the misfortunes of Aboulhasan, Ali Ebn Becar, and the fair Shemselnihar ! But those days are past, never to return : yet can we still recur to the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," still through them become intimate with the unchanging manners of the East, philosophising on the origin of their fictions, and, best of all, through them recall the blissful days of childhood, surrounded with a halo of Eastern splendour and magnificence. We may respect the efforts of Mrs. Sherwood and her excellent and well-meaning fellow labourers, who endeavour to supplant the lying dreams of Oriental fancy by domestic and religious tales ; but never, never will they interest and delight like the nameless authors of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

The success of M. Galland's translation was prodigious, and, as we are told in the preface to the present work, was the cause to him of considerable annoyance ; for the Parisians used at night, as they returned from their parties, to stop before his house, rouse him up, and insist on his telling them a story. They were speedily translated into the principal European languages : there appeared edition after edition of them, and the press teemed with multiplied imitations ; yet so little was known, except by a very few, concerning Oriental literature, that, within these forty years, a scholar like Dr. Beattie professed not to know whether they were a real translation of an Arabic original, or merely one of the pieces of European manufacture that are "*plus arabe qu'en Arabie*." This question, however, has been long since set at rest. Several manuscripts of them have been brought to Europe, and a portion, we cannot actually say how much, has been printed at the Calcutta press.

It is rather a curious remark, that Persia and Egypt have been the only countries that have attained to any considerable degree of refinement and civilisation without possessing a theatre. Greece and Rome, China and Hindoostan, modern Europe, and even the islands of the Pacific, have enjoyed that refined and rational amusement, resulting from the dramatic imitation of human actions and human passions ; but both ancient and modern Egypt, Persia, and the Mohammedan countries in general, have been at all times without a theatre. What, then, supplied its place ? — The story-teller. The story-teller in the East is what the rhapsodist was in heroic Greece and the minstrel in chivalrous Europe ; a man whose life is devoted to collecting and narrating amusing and surprising tales, who carries from place to place his stock of entertainment, and lives by the contributions of his hearers. For a full account of the story-tellers and their mode of narration, we must refer to the preface of Scott to his edition of the "Arabian Nights," and that of Hammer to the present tales, or rather to the "History of Hajji Baba,"

where the vivid description of an eye-witness sets the story-teller and his audience full in our view.

The frame-work of the Sultan, Sheherzade, and Dinärzede, in which the Arabian tales are set, was probably the invention of one of the numerous story-tellers who frequented the court of the Abbasside caliphs, as the frame-work of their respective collections of tales was invented by Boccaccio and Chaucer; but the tales themselves could never have been the production of a single mind. Some of them, Prince Ahmed and the fairy Pari Banou, for example, may have existed among the Persians before the time of Mohammed; others may have come from India; others, such as the nocturnal adventures of Haroun al Rasheed, may have had some foundation in fact, and the imagination of successive story-tellers may have added, altered, modified, till one of their number invented a connecting story, and reduced them to writing. Nothing is, in fact, more difficult than to trace the first origin of a fictitious narrative: it is like tracing a river to its fountain-head: for some space the progress is easy; we find the stream decreasing in magnitude still as we ascend it; we mark the influx of the minor streams that feed it; but at length we become bewildered by the number of rivulets of similar magnitude, and are unable to decide to which the honour of having first given origin to the full-flowing river belongs. Even so is it with story; meagre and poor in its origin, as it passes from narrator to narrator, it acquires additional circumstances, until at length the slight event, jest, or sentiment ends in the full-formed, circumstantial tale; but over the first origin hangs the mist of uncertainty. The same story is to be found in the plains of India and Persia, the towns and villages of Europe. Whittington and his Cat may be heard in Sheeraz, and the fairy legends of Ireland in Spain and Denmark. Shall we say that all these stories have emanated from one common cradle, or shall we, perhaps more philosophically, suppose that the human mind works in a similar manner in all ages and all climes, and that identity in invention is no more to be wondered at than identity in action?

We confess that it was with some degree of impatience we opened the present collection. But alas! our curiosity was soon satisfied, and nothing remained for us but the wearisome task of wading through three volumes of most uninteresting and sometimes immoral and indelicate tales. To our jaundiced eyes even the title-page was displeasing, for we thought we could discern something of trick in the announcement that these tales were 'selected from the original Oriental MS. by Jos. Von Hammer, and now first translated into English by the Rev. George Lamb.' In our simplicity we had fancied that we were reading a direct translation from the Arabic, till we encountered the word 'pleasure-house,' and immediately *Lusthaus* flashed so strongly across our mind, that we were quite satisfied our friend Von Hammer had wasted his time rendering these stories into

German, when he might have applied it to much more advantage in proceeding with his capital translation of the *Shahnameh*. Having had our suspicions thus awakened, we enquired a little more particularly, and we ascertained that in 1804—1806, Mr. Von Hammer being then at Constantinople, had, from a MS. copied at Cairo in the year of the Hegira 1171 (A. D. 1797) by Sheikh Ali Alansari, the son of Sheikh Ibrahim Alansari, translated these tales into French; from which language they were rendered into German by Professor Zinsenberg; from whose version, to all appearance, the present translation has been made; so that it presents the singular phenomenon of a work of Oriental imagination passing to us through four different languages. But it is full time for us to give our readers some idea of these volumes.

They consist of nineteen additional tales, selected and translated, as we have said, from the original by Mr. Von Hammer. We have before had additional tales translated by Jonathan Scott and by Caussin de Perceval, but none which at all approached the first selected by Galland, who, if his MS. contained no more than what he has given, was certainly fortunate in meeting with a MS. containing the *elite* of the whole. We have already stated that the present selection is very indifferent. All the stories are, however, not equally bad. The story of Maruf and the great caravan is amusing; and we read with some pleasure the first, the *Brazen City*, composed of marvellous adventure and of that pensive morality, embodied in inscriptive verse, by which the Arabs and Persians love so much to impress on the mind of the thoughtless and the gay a sense of the nothingness of life and earthly possessions.

In general, we may observe of these tales, that they very far exceed in extravagance and improbability those translated by Galland. In these latter, allow the existence of such beings as fairies and genii, and their actions are not devoid of probability. Thus we may easily conceive a powerful genius able to carry an individual over a whole continent in a few hours. All we have to concede is that the genius was possessed of extraordinary locomotive energies, but geography remains unviolated; and in no story are we required to believe the earth (at least its surface) other than it is. But in the present collection the case is far different, for in many of the tales we must adopt a system of geography as impossible as that of the sacred books of the Hindoos. To say nothing of the wild extravagance of 'Jamasp and the Queen of the Serpents,' we are required in one of these stories to believe, that a space, requiring eight years to traverse it, lies between Bagdad and the *Wakwak Islands*, ruled by the king of the genii. Another fault that pervades these tales is the constant recurrence of circumstances which we have met before, either in them or in those of Galland. Thus, 'Jahanshah' and 'Hassan of Bassora,' both are founded on the circumstance of a young man taking possession of the feather-dress of the daughter of the king of the genii, when she comes like a bird to bathe in a particular basin; and

the catastrophe is produced in the same manner by the ladies, when they make their escape, charging their husbands to go in search of them, the one to the Wakwak Islands, the other to the Castle of Jewels. 'Nureddin and Maria the girdle-maker,' in some points strongly resembles that of "Aladdin," translated by Mr. Caussin de Perceval, to which, however, it is much inferior; and the curiosity of 'Hassan of Bassora' is like that of the "Calendar," but without its excellent moral.

These tales are evidently mostly of Egyptian manufacture, and that may possibly account for their inferiority. They were probably composed in the time of the Mamluk Sultans, when true genius and knowledge had departed from the Arabs; and hence, perhaps, their excessive extravagance. We feel, in reading them, that though the scene may be laid in Bagdad, at the magnificent court of Haroun, that the writer drew from a court of inferior splendour and less polished manners; it is Cairo, not Bagdad, that he portrays. One, and but one, of these tales, the first in the last volume, is evidently Indian: it is, like the compositions of that people, moral but unanimated, containing fable upon fable. It may, however, have been modelled by an Arabian writer, as the "Kalilah wa Dimnah," and other works, which had been translated. 'Truth and Honour of a Bedouin,' and perhaps 'The Devout Son of Haroun al Rashid,' are, in all likelihood, true.

The story of 'Nureddin and Maria the girdle-maker,' is one of the best in the collection. The scene is laid chiefly in Egypt, where there lived an immensely rich merchant named Tajeddin. The number of his horses, mules, and slaves, was past counting; he was, in short, 'the merchant of merchants.'

This Tajeddin had a son named Nureddin, who was in his fourteenth year, and 'beautiful as the moon when she has attained her fourteenth day.' One day, as he was conversing with some youths of his own age in the bazaar, they proposed a trip to a garden belonging to one of them. Nureddin, like a dutiful son, said he would go ask his father's permission. Tajeddin made no objection, and gave him money into the bargain. The garden was of course most magnificent, abounding in fruits, in the description of which the author complaisantly appropriates a stanza to each till he is exhausted. The company seated themselves in a tent, took off their turbans, and chatted together. A plentiful picnic dinner was served up, 'fowls and chickens, geese and goslings, partridges and quails, without number.' After coffee, the keeper of the garden brought in a basket of roses, and each of the youths, who were ten in number, favours us with a stanza in praise of the rose. The owner of the garden now called for wine. The bowl passed round till it came to Nureddin, who declined it, alleging that it was prohibited.

'Ah,' said the owner of the garden, "if nothing else deters you from drinking than the idea of the sin which you commit, let me tell you that God is great, gracious, and merciful, and willingly pardons these petty faults. Recollect only what one of our poets says —

“Do what is agreeable to you, and make no scruples. But beware only of two things: give God no equal, and do no injury to men.”

Nureddin still refused for some time, but all the youths rose and besought him to drink. He was then ashamed to hold out, and drained the bowl to the last drop.

“It would have been very wrong of you, Nureddin,” said the proprietor of the garden, “had you refused this elixir, to the virtues and admirable qualities of which you are an utter stranger. It is a specific under every affliction, a panacea for the pains of body and soul; it gives wealth to the poor, courage to the coward, and to the weak the power of enjoyment. I should never have done were I to attempt to speak all its praise.” He thereupon opened one of the cupboards in the tent, took out a large lump of sugar-candy, gave it to Nureddin, and said, “Take this and put it into your glass, to give a milder taste to the wine in case you find it too harsh.” Nureddin accordingly continued drinking, encouraged by the universal applause of his comrades, who kept constantly repeating, “Nureddin, we are thy servants, thy slaves, thy brethren. Nureddin, dispose of us as thou wilt.”—Vol. ii. pp. 187, 188.

Our hero, though scarce able to stand, contrived to stammer out that there was no pleasure in drinking without singing and music, appending, as is usual, the advice of a poet. His seducer mounted his mule, cantered off, and speedily came back with an Egyptian girl, white as silver in the mine, or as an almond, with eyebrows like bows, her teeth pearly, ‘and her hips as if wrought in marble.’ She was dressed in blue, and resembled, as the poet expresses it, “the summer moon amidst a wintry night.” Nureddin, who ‘shone among his companions like the moon among the inferior luminaries*,’ was the object on whom the fair musician lavished all her blandishments. She sung to him, cast on him the most ravishing glances, till, like Alexander, with love and wine at once oppressed, he bestowed on her the tenderest caresses.

‘While they were thus engaged, the stars began to glisten in the firmament, and the breath of God arose in the breeze of the night.’ Nureddin, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends and the lady, would go home. There he met with nothing but reproaches from his father and mother, for violating the prohibition against wine. He raised his hand against his father, who swore a bitter oath, that he would the very next day either part from the mother of so undutiful a child, or have his right hand cut off.

The good woman, who had some idea the old man would be more willing to part with her, than with his hand, got up early in the morning, and went to her son, who knew nothing of what had happened, and who was filled with remorse when he heard what he had done. She told him he must be off till the storm had blown over, giving him, at the same time, a purse of 100 dinars, and desiring him when that was spent to send for more. Nureddin

* *Velut inter ignes Luna minores.*

Yet the Arab, it is likely, never read Horace.

rose, wept; took leave of his mother, but having observed that in the chest whence his mother took the small purse, there was a large one of 1000 dinars, he secured that also under his girdle, and set out for Alexandria. Here, like all other young men in eastern tales, he spent his time in walking about, admiring the city, till an old man who was shutting up his shop in the bazaar desired him to make his house his home while he stayed. The old man was a friend of his father, and he had seen Nureddin when a child. Nureddin was very glad of this acquaintance, gave him his big purse to keep for him, kept the little one for pocket-money, and walked about as usual. At length, one day when his pocket-cash was out, he called on the old man, but not finding him in his shop, he sat down to wait for him. Just then a Persian passed, mounted on a mule, and accompanied by a slave 'white as the kernel of the acorn in its rind, as silver in the mine, as the jerboa in the desert.' The Persian delivered her to the crier, who placed her in a seat of ivory, inlaid with gold, and lifted up the veil that covered her face, 'which shone like a star.' She was set up at 150 dinars; with the condition that she was to approve of her future master. The bidding rose like lightning to 950. Are you satisfied, owner? said the crier, —I am. But then came the condition. The crier pointed out the highest bidder to the slave. He was an emaciated old man.

' "Crier," said she, "you must be a fool to think of selling me to this old fellow, who has more than once been obliged to put up with the bitterest reproaches from his wife." The old man flew into a violent passion. "Rascally crier!" said he, "hast thou brought this impudent hussy hither to insult me?" The crier took the slave by the hand, and said to her: "Have some consideration! this man is the chief of the merchants." — "So much the better," said she, laughing: "one must begin with reading lessons to the highest, if they are to do any good."'
— Vol. ii. pp. 200, 201.

After several other persons had bid for her, at last she spied Nureddin. "See," said she to the crier, giving him a glimpse of a ruby ring, "I will give thee this, if thou canst prevail on that young man to purchase me." The crier comes up to Nureddin; a page of poetry tells us how he was dazzled with her beauty. Nureddin approached the slave, and, after a little talk, bid the 950 dinars, which, with the pitcher of wine to the crier, and the duty to government, exactly cut out his 1000 dinars; so he had his beautiful slave, (who was a Frank, by the way,) and not a farthing in the world. He took her home; she thought his lodgings very shabby; that he excused by saying that Cairo was his home, and that he was but a stranger here. "Well, then, I will endeavour to accustom myself to it till you return to Cairo, but, first of all, let a good dinner be provided for me." Nureddin had no money. "Go borrow," said she. Nureddin went to his friend, the old colour merchant. The colour merchant was amazed at his folly at throwing away 1000 dinars on a slave, when the best, he said, might be bought

for 200. He advised him, however, to keep her for that night, and to think himself right well off if he got 200 for her in the morning. He lent him, meantime, fifty silver drachmas, charging him by all means to lose no time in getting rid of her. When Nureddin got home, the slave desired him to lay out half the money in provisions, and the remainder in silk of different colours. Nureddin did so, and cooked the provisions: they supped and chatted till he fell asleep. The slave then took a huswife made of tait-leather out of her pocket, drove a couple of nails in the wall, and began to work a girdle with the silk, and when she finished it she retired to rest by his side.

Next morning, when they had said their prayers, the slave shewed Nureddin the girdle she had made, and bid him sell it. He actually gets twenty dinars for the girdle. "Upon my soul," says he, "I never knew a better trade than this. It is more profitable to make such girdles than to be a great merchant."

Nureddin paid his old friend his debt, who wished him joy of the treasure he had got, and spoke no more of selling her; and Maria (the name of the girdle-maker) worked away every night, and every day brought in twenty dinars. At last she desired him to buy silk of six colours, and she worked him a neck-handkerchief, that was the admiration and envy of the whole city. To shorten the story, this handkerchief attracted the notice of an old squint-eyed Frank, whom Maria particularly detested, but to whom Nureddin was induced, in a fit of intoxication, to sell her.

It is now time to inform the curious, that Maria was the daughter of a great king of the Franks. She had had the best of educations, had learned every kind of elegant work, and was, as may well be supposed, sought in marriage by a number of princes, who reigned over islands. But her father would not part with her, though he had plenty of sons. At length she was afflicted by a severe illness, and she made a vow, if she recovered, to perform a pilgrimage to a convent famous among the Franks. On her voyage thither, she was taken by a Mohammedan corsair, who carried her and all her retinue to the city of Cairwan, where she was bought by a Persian merchant, who was a eunuch. She attended him in a long and dangerous illness, and he promised, at her request, never to sell her but to such a master as she should herself approve of. The good Persian, moreover, instructed her in Islamism, and then sold her at Alexandria.

When the king, her father, heard of her captivity, he was greatly afflicted. He sent knights and patriarchs in every direction in search of her, but all to no purpose. At length he sent the squint-eyed Frank, who was his minister of police, and "the devil incarnate at the business of espial," who found her, as we have seen, and brought her home sorely against her will. Nureddin, on his part, was equally disconsolate; every thing he saw recalled Maria to his mind, and he was on the verge of despair, when an old

captain called, who was going with his ship to the very city to which Maria had been brought. Nureddin embarked, and after sailing fifty-one days, they were taken by a Frank corsair, and carried to the residence of the king of the Franks, where they arrived at the same time as the princess Maria.

Her account of her adventures was by no means agreeable to her family, and it was decreed by the king, that to wash away the stain of slavery and its consequences from the princess his daughter, at least a hundred Mussulmans ought to have their heads cut off. Accordingly it was ordered that the Mussulmans, amounting to one hundred, taken by the corsair, should be forthwith executed. The captain's head was first knocked off, and so on till they came to Nureddin, who, like the silent barber, had the good luck to be placed last. The headsman, however, was approaching him, when an old woman came forward, and reminded the king of his vow, to bestow five captive Moslems on the church, if ever he should get the princess again. "By the Messiah, mother," said the king, "I had quite forgot that: there is but one left, so take him, and I remain your debtor for four." She took Nureddin home. The result is, that by accident he obtains an interview with Maria, who contrives to escape with him from her father's dominions, and return to Alexandria. Here they encountered fresh misfortunes, but after being again restored to her father's jurisdiction, she again found Nureddin and fled with him. New dangers met them in their flight, but these they surmounted, through the ingenuity and courage of Maria, and the story, of course, ends happily for the lovers.

Our opinion of these tales is, as we have already stated, very low. Scarcely three of them merit perusal: they convey no information respecting the opinions and manners of the East, that we did not possess already; and we think that both Mr. Hammer and Mr. Lamb have wasted their labours on them to very little purpose. If they have any merit, it is that they give us, perhaps, a more accurate idea of the language and manner of narration of the story-tellers of the present day; for there is frequently a vulgarity and coarseness in the style not to be met in the old tales. We may also, we think, clearly perceive by them, that, like the Italian romancers, the story-teller does not believe one word of the wonderful adventures he relates; for he that credits a wonderful story will always tell it with all due seriousness and gravity.

ART. IV. *Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Molière.* Par J. Taschereau. Imported by Treuttel and Wurtz. 8vo. pp. 448. 11s. Paris. 1825.

THE life of Molière has been so often written, that M. Taschereau's readers may naturally question the utility or value of the work which he has here presented to the world. He has not himself

been careful to anticipate this objection; and yet he might, perhaps, have successfully urged some charge of insufficiency against all the preceding memoirs of the great comic dramatist of his country.

None of these have, in fact, ever united, in a thoroughly desirable manner, the detailed and accurate biography of the man, with acute and judicious criticism upon his writings. Bayle, in his Dictionary — under the title Poquelin — devoted an article to the subject; but a mere niche even in so celebrated a cabinet of literature could offer only an imperfect monument to the genius of Molière. In 1705, a few years after the publication of Bayle's notice, Grimarest, the first person who attempted a formal and elaborate life of Molière, gave his work to the curiosity of the French public. It was read with avidity and interest, and pleased the vulgar by a gossiping strain of anecdote, in which good sense and probability were the last things regarded. The mind of Grimarest was of a character common enough in the mediocrity of authorship: with little tact for enquiry, less discrimination, and infinite credulity, his qualifications for his task were just upon a level with those of a numerous order — the mere compilers of biography. Such a mind was little adapted for the critical analysis of dramatic master-pieces; but the work of Grimarest, for want of a better, long maintained its ground; and it furnished the materials for La Serre's "*Memoires sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Molière*," which accompanied the comedies in the accurate 4to. edition of 1734. But shortly after that date, in 1739, Voltaire was induced to contribute his biographical sketch of Molière to be prefixed to his works, in lieu of "*cette fausse et mauvaise histoire*," as he justly termed it, which had until then been current in popular favour.

Voltaire's sketch is that which is still most usually printed with the comedies; and it bears more than one trace of a master hand. But it passes to the opposite defect from that of Grimarest. It is too dry and concise in its details; it neither introduces us particularly into the private life of the dramatist, nor familiarizes us with the history of the French stage during his times; and its few and meagre remarks will altogether disappoint the enquirer who should look in so appropriate a place for a critical examination of the plays of Molière. Since the time of Voltaire, numerous dissertations and commentaries upon the dramatist and his comedies have appeared in France, of which those of Bret, Etienne, and Boffara are most worthy of notice; and some years ago a new life by a M. Petitot appeared at the head of an edition of the works. But all these tributes to the fame of Molière were, either from their limits, their defective plan, or their imperfect execution, inadequate to their purpose; nor did any of them afford at one view, to the general reader, a full and satisfactory insight into the history and mind of the man, who deserves the glory of having established.

if he did not entirely create, the comedy of his nation and his language.

M. Taschereau, altogether, then, can scarcely be said to have here attempted a work of supererogation; and he has, moreover, succeeded in producing a very amusing and sensible book. He appears to have availed himself with judicious selection of all the materials which existed for his undertaking: he displays considerable reading and research in his subject; and he has evidently used both caution in examining, and accuracy in stating, the authorities for the facts which he repeats. He has been so scrupulous in this respect, that he has devoted a fourth part of his volume to notes and documents in support of his text. The work is pleasing, and even instructive, not merely for its detailed account of Molière's life and writings, but for the mass of authentic information and anecdote which the author has collected on the dramatic and literary history, the manners, and the society of the period. M. Taschereau, however, has not avoided the common failing of biographers. He is habitually rather the eulogist than the impartial judge and critic of Molière and his productions; and he too often suffers warm admiration for the private character and the genius of the dramatist to betray him into unmeasured and extravagant encomium.

M. Taschereau, as will be supposed, has not been able to add much novel or very important matter to that which the public already possessed on the life of Molière. But it is his merit to have compressed into his narrative all that was worth relation, and to have rejected a great deal that was not; and he has further corrected various little errors and mis-statements in former accounts. Of the parentage and youth of the dramatist, he can give us only the few details which have so often been told. Molière was born in Paris, in the year 1622:—two years later, as M. Beffara discovered, than the date assigned to the same event by Voltaire and other biographers. His family were decent citizens, who had for several generations been engaged in the tapestry-trade; and his father held the office of *tapisier-valet-de-chambre* to the King, the reversion of which passed to the dramatist:—a circumstance that, by attaching him to the court and person of Louis XIV., had subsequently a considerable influence upon his fortunes. His parents destined him for their trade, and left him, until he was fourteen years of age, without further education than the mere elements of reading and writing. The particular accidents which thwarted the humble project of his parents, and developed his rare talents, are very imperfectly known. M. Taschereau repeats the usual story, that his maternal grandfather used to take him to the theatre of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*; and it might be from there witnessing the coarse and rude comedy of the day, that he acquired that taste for the stage which became the invincible passion of his after life. Be this as it might, he soon evinced a rooted disgust for his in-

tended trade, and an eager thirst of information; and by his grandfather's persuasion, his father was at length reluctantly induced to gratify the bent of his young mind. He was placed at the college of Clermont, and the Jesuits who conducted it were the first instructors, says M. Taschereau, of the immortal author of the *Tartuffe*.

At Clermont, Molière remained for five years, making rapid progress in his studies, until he removed from thence to become a pupil in philosophy under the famous Gassendi. He was afterwards obliged to attend Louis XIII. in an excursion to Narbonne, as his father's substitute, in the office of valet-de-chambre; and he appears then to have returned to Paris to prepare for the profession of the law. But in the metropolis, his passion for the stage was awakened or revived with irresistible force. From frequenting the theatre he became himself an actor in one of the companies of *bourgeois* amateurs, which had then begun to be numerous in Paris: from playing for amusement, he and his companions began to perform on speculation. Having thus regularly embraced the profession of a comedian, Molière became the manager of his company; and passed several obscure years of his life in strolling with them through the French provinces.

In resigning himself to a darling pursuit, Molière had adopted a calling, which the age deemed disgraceful for any respectable person. It was probably, therefore, to save the feelings of his family, that he assumed at this epoch the name which he has immortalized: sinking his proper designation of Jean Baptiste Poquelin under the addition — chosen it should seem at random — of *MOLIÈRE*. The custom of adopting a dramatic *alias* was at the time very general with French actors; and the practice has engrafted more than one word on the vocabulary of the stage and the national language. Arlequin and Scaramouche were only the adopted names of buffoons, who have bequeathed those titles to the comic characters of which they were the creators. Molière's choice of the stage excited the violent indignation of his relatives, most of whom never afterwards forgave him, even in the zenith of his reputation. It is amusing to know that one of these worthy personages excluded him from a genealogical tree which he constructed; and that these good citizens, the Poquelins, could not pardon the degradation, which he had inflicted upon a name that was to be remembered only for its association with his glory!

It was about the year 1644 or 1645, before he had completed his twenty-third year, that Molière betook himself regularly to his new calling; and from that epoch until 1653, the circumstances of his professional and private life are almost totally unknown. It is only certain that the greatest part of these years was spent with his troop in perambulating the provinces, and that besides performing in principal characters, he began to compose pieces for his itinerant theatre. He thus wrote several short comedies, of

which only the titles remain; but of two which have been preserved entire, the composition and plot are so coarse and so rudely constructed as to leave little cause for regret at the loss of the others. At length, however, improving upon these rough essays, he produced his earliest regular comedy, *L'Etourdi*, which was represented, for the first time, at Lyons, in 1653, and which, in editions of his works, is usually placed at the head of the series.

The commencement of Molière's career of fame may be dated, therefore, from 1653; but he still continued to stroll with his fellow comedians for several years later; and it was not until 1658 that he succeeded in obtaining permission to establish his company permanently in Paris under royal protection. For this advantage he was at last indebted to the Prince of Conti, who had formerly studied in the same class with him at Clermont, and who continued his patron until he had securely ingratiated himself into the favour of Louis XIV. From 1658, to his death in 1673, Molière was incessantly occupied in his vocations, both as a dramatist and an actor; and during all these last fifteen years of his life, he continued without interruption to augment a brilliant and well-merited reputation. Within this period it was that he wrote all his pieces, except only the *Etourdi* and the *Depit Amoureux* — at least twenty-eight comedies in fifteen years; an astonishing number, even if we should forget how many of the master-pieces of the French theatre are contained in it, and that the whole were produced by one man, amidst the perpetual and harassing occupations of a manager and a comedian.

It is of course with the history of Molière, during these memorable fifteen years, that almost the whole of M. Taschereau's volume is filled; and we have really a great deal of very interesting matter, told in a lively, unaffected way, relative to the works which he produced, — the eager and conflicting sensations which they caused in the court and city — the society in which he moved — and the domestic events which chequered and poisoned his professional fortune. Without attempting the impossibility of following our biographer through his narrative, we shall merely choose a few points in it for abridged relation and comment.

The fearlessness with which, as a dramatic satirist, Molière assailed the follies and vices of his age, has often been mentioned with praise: but the adroitness and caution wherewith his audacity was tempered have scarcely been noticed, and are not less remarkable. He returned to Paris the obscure leader of a band of strollers, who with difficulty obtained permission to perform in the metropolis: yet his first act was to enter the lists against the most powerful folly of the day; and his *Precieuses Ridicules*, which appeared in the year after his establishment in the capital, at once roused in arms against him all the pedantic triflers and sentimental exquisites of both sexes in Paris. The success of the *Precieuses Ridicules* was so prodigious that, after the second representation,

Molière's company doubled their prices of admission. But all the plaudits of the laughing public could not blind the dramatist to the danger of provoking, beyond measure, the numerous and fashionable coteries which he had satirized. The Precieuses of the capital were titled and literary ladies; their satellites were the most distinguished men of letters of the times; and the affectation of exaggerated and metaphysical sentiment was the prevailing tone of intellectual society.

The witty and dexterous satirist, with all his boldness, was careful not to outrage so formidable an order; and in his preface to the published comedy, he protested, with infinite gravity, that he had not had in view "*les veritables precieuses, mais celles qui les imitaient mal.*" It was by this amusing little piece of cunning, that Voltaire was seriously, but erroneously, led to imagine that the Precieuses Ridicules had been written before Molière's establishment in Paris, and directed originally against the provincial imitations of Parisian manners.

The next attack of the dramatist was made in another and a less dangerous quarter; and *Sganarille, ou le Cocu Imaginaire*, covered the manners of the Parisian citizen of the day with humorous confusion and ridicule. This piece, which was also extremely successful, increased his reputation, but with it added to the number of his enemies from among the sensitive husbands of the Parisian *bourgeoisie*. The resentment and envy which he had provoked were shown, on the first plausible occasion, in the fate of his next comedy, *Le Prince Jaloux*; and the virulent hostility with which that piece was driven from the stage was excited full as much by personal vengeance against the author as by its own real demerits. Nothing daunted, Molière whetted afresh the shafts of his satire: he soon triumphed in the success of *L'Ecole des Maris*, and *Les Facheux*; to the latter of which Louis XIV. induced him to add a character from the life and the court. "*Voilà,*" said the King to him after the first representation, pointing to M. de Soyecourt his *grand-veneur*, "*Voilà un grand original que vous n'avez point encore copié;*" and the ill-fated master of the hunt immediately figured among the bores of the comedy at its next performance. Molière, who was ignorant even of the technical phrases of the chace, had the coolness to apply to Soyecourt himself, who with charming simplicity politely initiated him into the dictionary of the art, and thus unconsciously supplied the materials for his own caricature. M. Taschereau omits to explain that it was in the character of Doranté that the mordacious satirist brought Soyecourt on the stage; and Molière failed not, in an epistle dedicatory to the King, when he published the piece with this additional scene, to ascribe its introduction to the idea which His Majesty had graciously suggested.

His next comedy, *L'Ecole des Femmes*, amidst the popular applause, excited the clamours of the pedants and prudes of the

Parisian coteries by the coarseness of some of its expressions. Molière took his revenge against them in his *Critique de L'Ecole des Femmes*, and as usual turned the laugh upon his adversaries.

But the satirical vein of Molière was now about to involve him in a far more perilous encounter than any into which he had hitherto ventured. He was already engaged in composing the master-piece, which provoked a persecution that was to last beyond his life. To comprehend the degree of hatred which was excited by the *Tartuffe*, it is necessary to remember the peculiar character of the court of Louis XIV. The mingled bigotry and licentiousness of the monarch had given a corresponding tone to the French manners of the age. There never was a state of society, in which the profession of religious austerity was so shamelessly associated with every species of personal profligacy. Hypocrisy and sensuality were in vogue together; and the whole crowd of false devotees took the alarm at the first announcement of a satirical portrait, for which there were so many originals.

M. Taschereau has not dwelt, as much as he should have done, on these features of the time; but otherwise he has related extremely well the whole series of intrigue by which this powerful faction long prevented the public representation of the *Hypocrite*, and the course of malignity with which they laboured to hold up Molière to execration as an atheist and a monster of impiety. Even long before Molière was allowed to exhibit the *Tartuffe*, its very title had become a term proscribed; and when his influence with the King extorted a tardy permission for the performance of the piece, he was commanded to omit and alter several passages, and even to change the odious name both of the principal character and of the piece. M. de *Tartuffe* was metamorphosed into M. Panulphe; and the title of the comedy was altered into *L'Imposteur*.

The question of licensing the performance had even been rendered an affair of religion and state. The bigots had alarmed the tender conscience of Louis; and it was not until he had consulted the Pope's legate and the principal prelates of the kingdom, and fortified his favourable disposition to Molière, by their approving suffrages, that his sanction was given. A reply of the Prince of Condé might have satisfied him without these precautions of the real source of the alarm with which the whole tribe of the *Tartuffes* had laboured to inspire him. The King was present at the performance of a piece called *Scaramouche Hermite*, which abounded in situations of revolting immorality. "Je voudrais bien savoir," said he to the Prince on leaving the theatre, "pourquoi les gens qui se scandalisent si fort de la comédie du *Tartuffe*, ne disent rien de celle de *Scaramouche*?" — "La raison de cela," replied the Prince, "c'est que la comédie de *Scaramouche* joue le ciel et la religion, dont ces messieurs ne se soucient point; mais celle de Molière les joue eux-mêmes, et c'est ce qu'ils ne peuvent souffrir."

The worldly tact and address of Molière were in nothing more shown than in his whole demeanour towards his royal patron. There are scattered through his writings, and recorded in his life, a thousand proofs of the delicate skill with which he administered the sweet unction of flattery to the 'grand Monarque.' His sarcastic talent seems never once to have betrayed him into a political or courtly imprudence. Neither the age nor the constitution of society would have tolerated an Aristophanes; and whatever vices he exposed, whatever follies he caricatured, our discreet satirist was marvellously blind to the corruption and servility of a despotic court. While he offended one class of society he amused all the rest; and in attacking each in their turn he seems usually to have trusted to his power of commanding a constant majority and succession of laughers on his side. But one order alone he scrupulously spared and invariably exempted from the tax of his ridicule; and the character of the fawning and parasitical courtier never figured on his stage. It was probably on the effects of his sedulous and adroit adulation of a royal master, and a beneficent reign, that he relied for protection against a host of enemies; and certainly it was to the personal regard of the King that he was alone indebted for the impunity of his satire. But for this, he might have been doomed to expiate his crime against the reign of hypocrisy by a life of imprisonment.

After Molière's courage in unmasking the tartuffes of his age, the boldness of his famous warfare against the medical empirics of the day ceases to be remarkable. By the way, we may observe that M. Taschereau has a very entertaining account of the low state of medical science in France at that period; and he succeeds, we think, in proving that the dramatist's series of witty attacks were scarcely caricatures of the ignorance and impostures of its professors. Against them the last strokes of his satire were directed; and they might perhaps feel themselves in some measure avenged, when his performance in the *Malade Imaginaire* hastened his death. His health had long been declining; and his exertions in the part of Argan, in that admirable comedy, so aggravated a pulmonary disorder, that he ruptured a blood-vessel on the lungs, and died in the night after his fourth performance of the character. This was in 1673; and, consequently, before he had completed his fifty-first year.

In the course of his volume, M. Taschereau has examined the merits of Molière's several productions at considerable length; and it is evident throughout, that in so doing he has been engaged on a labour of love. It cannot be expected that we should stop to comment in detail upon the justice of his various criticisms; and we shall only repeat our general opinion, that there is more indiscriminate eulogy than acute and dispassionate judgment in the tone of his remarks. He appears to us to ascribe, throughout, higher qualities and principles to Molière's genius and writings than they

deserve. We know that the French are fond of referring to his more elaborate pieces, the *Tartuffe*, *Avare*, and *Misanthrope*, — his *comédies de caractère*, as they term them, — for the highest evidence of his powers; and we greatly fear, that what we are about to say must pass, on the other side of the Channel, for an unpardonable heresy. But we must confess that the peculiar vein of Molière's satire has always appeared to us far less adapted to serious than to farcical comedy. His qualifications for dramatic excellence were a habitual flow of broad humour, a keen and an unerring perception of the ridiculous, and an instinctive facility for detecting and ludicrously exposing all the absurdities of human character. But that the spirit of his satire was ever gifted with dignity or a high moral purpose, we cannot admit, notwithstanding M. Taschereau's zealous declamation. Molière seldom aimed higher than the excitement of a laugh: if he abundantly unveiled to ridicule the follies and vices of society, he rarely inculcated a lesson of morality. He was as bold a satirist as the corruption of society ever provoked, — but no Juvenal in his indignation at vice. He never made virtue amiable, and not unfrequently painted her austere and repulsive.

To enjoy all the real comic excellence of Molière, we should, we believe, as Lady Teazle has it, "leave morality out of the question," and yield ourselves up in laughter-loving mood to the irresistible humour of his lighter pieces: to the ludicrous distresses of Sganarille and George Dandin, or the matrimonial mischances of *Les Ecoles des Femmes et des Maris*, — to the burlesque and absurdities of *Les Femmes Savantes* and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, — to the ridiculous torment which Eraste suffers from his merciless bores in *Les Facheux*, — to the drollery of the *Medecin Malgre Lui*, and the *Malade Imaginaire*, — or even to the farcical Fourberies of Scapin. But M. Taschereau and the French critics will still insist upon resting the fame of Molière rather upon his *Avare*, *Misanthrope*, and *Tartuffe*, than upon those more lively sallies of his wit.

'The character of *Tartuffe*,' says M. Taschereau, 'is certainly the most profoundly traced of all those which the stage can exhibit to this day.' And then he repeats the praise bestowed by La Harpe upon the skill of Molière in having given to his hypocrite neither confidant nor soliloquy, and left his vices to betray themselves only by action. We cannot ourselves discover that this very *profound* conception is displayed in the *Tartuffe*, and are tempted to ascribe a great portion of the celebrity, which that comedy has obtained over the other master-pieces of Molière, rather to the long influence of the agitation which it excited at the time, than to any intrinsic superiority. A century and a half may have improved the world's experience in hypocrisy: but we suspect that no person of common sense in these times would be duped by the shallow exterior and verbal professions of sanctity in which

all the tartuffe's art is made to consist. La Harpe's eulogy upon the dramatic developement of the part is well founded; but has the miserable contrivance of the denouement escaped M. Taschereau and his critical countrymen? To punish the hypocrite, and deprive him of the ill-gotten wealth of which he has defrauded the dupe, the dramatist could find no better expedient than a *de par le roi*, and the sudden declaration, that the monarch has discovered the iniquity of Tartuffe!

The Avare is the able portraiture of a vice, in itself not the most difficult to delineate, nor requiring, perhaps, any very nice dramatic touches; but the Misanthrope is altogether a misnomer. Alceste is only intolerant of the treacherous and heartless society of a court; and his misanthropy carries him little beyond the love of truth and sincerity inseparable from every honourable mind. For our own parts, we are quite of the opinion of the Duc de Montausier; who, on being told that Molière had had him in view when he sketched the misanthrope, formally thanked the poet for the honour he had done him in taking him for the original of the character "du plus parfaitement honnête homme qui pût être."

Of the private life of Molière, M. Taschereau has given a very full and interesting account. His character was certainly adorned with many amiable and generous qualities; but here, as usual, our biographer has very much overwrought the favourable side of the portrait. Molière's course was sullied by the licentiousness which was but too common in his age, his country, and his vocation. Allowance is doubtless to be made for the situation in which he was placed; but it is rather too absurd to find M. Taschereau lauding him, especially as "un citoyen vertueux," almost in the same breath in which he recounts his successive intrigues and liaisons with three of his actresses. By afterwards marrying the sister of one of these frail ladies, who was known to have been long his mistress, he gave his enemies an opening to make a horrible accusation of incest against him. It was pretended that his wife, who was many years younger than her sister, was in fact her daughter by Molière himself. Louis XIV. evinced his contempt for the calumny by becoming the sponsor for one of Molière's children; but it was still currently believed, that his wife was the daughter of his former mistress by a Count de Modène. Voltaire has so stated it; and it is only some modern researches which have proved by the registry of his marriage that the two women were sisters.

This marriage of Molière poisoned the happiness of his whole subsequent life; and no man ever experienced more cruelly all the torments of domestic feuds, jealousy, and conjugal infelicity, which he has ridiculed with such admirable humour and truth in several of his comedies. He realized in his own person that nameless and unhappy character which he so often held up to the derision of the world; and yet it is singular that the notoriety of his

wife's infidelities never provoked his enemies to fasten his own ridicule upon himself.

Besides, the whole tale of Molière's domestic mischances, and of the liaison with one of his former mistresses by which he consoled himself, our readers will find in M. Taschereau's volume some extremely interesting particulars of the dramatist's connection with the court; of his intimacy with Boileau, La Fontaine, La Chapelle, and other distinguished men of the day; and of the rupture between him and Racine, which might occupy a chapter in the long and lamentable chronicle of the quarrels of authors.

ART. V. *Letters from the East.* By John Carne, Esq., of Queen's College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 593. 18s. London. Colburn. 1826.

NOVELTY in a book of travels, especially of travels through Greece, Egypt, and Palestine, is a qualification which at this day one has scarcely any right to expect. Almost every portion of the globe which the sun illumines, has been already traversed by our countrymen, or by our emulous neighbours, and their researches have been pursued with so much diligence and accuracy, that little has been left for succeeding tourists to add, or to correct. Yet it is, and always will be, in the power of an ingenious and imaginative writer to invest with new attractions his details even of those customs and places which are best known, by mixing them up with his personal adventures, and representing them through the medium of his own feelings. No two men will look at the same object from the same exact point of view, and even if they should, the impressions which it may produce upon their minds will seldom coincide in every particular. One merely glances at a part of the picture upon which the other bestows his chief attention; one glides smoothly and coldly over the surface, while the other introduces us into the interior of the scene, and makes us familiarly acquainted with all its peculiarities.

Mr. Carne is a traveller of the latter description. His object seems uniformly to be, to place his reader as nearly as possible in the situation in which he stands himself, and this purpose he frequently effects by his brief yet circumstantial and luminous sketches of the different nations which he visited. He is indeed sometimes seized with an ambition for fine writing which leads him into affectation and extravagance, but his faults in this respect are scarcely deserving of notice, when they are compared with the better portions of his volume, which are written in an agreeable style, and occasionally with a degree of elegance that merits unqualified praise. A gleam of romance also appears now and then through his sentiments, which when it is not carried too far we confess we generally like to see in a traveller, because it assures us that he

will not pass unnoticed any of those objects that are pleasing to the eye, or interesting to the heart.

We observe that Mr. Carne intends to give, in a future work, some account of his journey through Switzerland and Italy, and he, therefore, at once commences the collection of letters now before us, with his passage from Marseilles to Constantinople, where he arrived soon after those shocking massacres of the Greeks in that capital of which every one has a painful remembrance. Every thing that is remarkable about this ancient city is so well known that from the letters concerning it, we shall only select the general and well drawn sketch which the author gives of the appearance of the Turks.

‘ The various costumes of the Turks have much interest for a stranger. They are certainly, in personal appearance, the finest people in Europe, and their figures are much set off by their magnificent dress. During the feast of Beiram, when every man, from the prince to the peasant, puts on his best apparel, nothing could be more striking than the infinite variety and splendour of their dresses. The beauty of the Turks is peculiar; the features have a general bluntness, without “points or angles.” The thick and heavy eyebrow covers a full, round, and dark eye; the nose straight, and the chin round, with a very handsome mouth. They walk extremely erect; and their large limbs, their slow pace, and flowing garments, give them a very majestic air. They will sit on benches spread with soft carpets, in the open air, a great part of the day; and you see some of them reclining so moveless, with their head and noble white beard resting on their bosoms, and clothed in a light pink or white drapery, that they bring to mind the scene of the ancient Roman senators, when the Goths first rushed into the Forum and took their tranquil forms for statues. But nothing can exceed their indolence: they hold a string of beads in their hands of different colours, to play with like children, from mere inanity of thought, during the intervals of smoking.’—

‘ Love can have little power on the mind with a people among whom the free association of the sexes, or the knowledge of each other, is forbid by custom. For ambition, or the restless desire to rise in the world, whether to riches or fame, the Turk certainly cares less than any other being. The pride of family, or the trouble of sustaining it, affects him little, there being no orders of nobility amongst them. Give him his Arab horses, his splendid arms, his pipe and coffee, his seat in the shade, — and the Turk is in general contented with the state which Alla has assigned him. The pleasures of the table have few charms for him, for no other nation can equal his temperance at table. But his idol, his ruling passion, is beauty; for this he will pay any price. He will procure this from every nation: when the first wife of his fancy begins to lose the freshness of her charms, he will seek another more seductive; no matter whether Persian, Circassian, Greek, or Armenian. How admirably the prophet has adapted his paradise to the passions of his countrymen! The banks of roses on which the true believer sinks down, the palm, the orange, and the trees of perfume waving their eternal shadows over him, the fountains which gush away with a sound as of melody — all would be tame and unavailing, but for the maids of immortal beauty, who await him there.’ — pp. 10—13.

We add the following summary to complete the sketch: the reader will observe that it is coloured a little by the imagination of the writer, but not so much so as to affect its accuracy.

'The habits of an Oriental are very simple; the absence of every kind of public amusement' and dissipation, with his rigid adherence to all the usages of his fathers, makes one day the picture of every other. A Turk of good condition rises with the sun; and as he sleeps on soft cushions, divesting himself but of a small part of his dress, it costs him little trouble at the toilet. He offers up his prayer, and then breakfasts on a cup of coffee, some sweetmeats, and the luxury of his pipe. Perhaps he will read the Koran, or the glowing poetry of Hafiz and Sadi; for a knowledge of the Persian is the frequent accomplishment of the upper ranks of both sexes. He then orders his Arab horse, and rides for two or three hours, or exercises with the jerrid, and afterwards dines about mid-day on a highly seasoned pilaw. In the afternoon, the coffee-houses, whither the Eastern story-tellers resort, are favourite places of entertainment; or seated in his cool kiosk, on the banks of the Bosphorus, he yields to his useless but delightful habit of musing. But the decline of day brings the Turk's highest joys: he then dines on a variety of seasoned dishes, drinks his iced sherbet, enjoys probably a party of his friends, and afterwards visits the harem, where his beloved children are brought him; and his wife or wives, if he has more than one, with their attendants and slaves, exert all their powers of fascination for their lord. The Nubian brings him the richest perfumes; the Circassian, excelling in her loveliness, presents the spiced coffee and the rare confection made by her own hands, and tunes her guitar or lute, the sounds of which are mingled with the murmurs of the fountain on the marble pavement beneath.' — pp. 31, 32.

Mr. Carne informs us, that the habit of eating opium is not so general among the Turks as is commonly believed. He gives, however, a striking description of a class of people at Constantinople who take this drug to excess, influenced evidently by the same wretched passion for intoxication which in our own country leads to the inordinate use of spirituous liquors. Those people are called Theriakis, and they are known by 'a hollow and livid aspect,' by the 'fixed dulness of the eye at one time, and its unnatural brightness at another.'

'They seldom live beyond thirty; lose all appetite for food; and as their strength wastes, the craving for the vivid excitement of opium increases. It is useless to warn a Theriakkee that he is hurrying to the grave. He comes in the morning to a large coffee-house, a well-known resort for this purpose, close to the superb mosque of Suleimanieh. Having swallowed his pill, he seats himself in the portico in front, which is shaded by trees. He has no wish to change his position, for motion would disturb his happiness, which he will tell you is indescribable. Then the most wild and blissful reveries come crowding on him. His gaze fixed on the river beneath, covered with the sails of every nation; or on the majestic shores of Asia opposite, or vacantly raised where the gilded minarets of Suleimanieh ascend on high: — if external objects heighten, as is allowed, the illusions of opium, the Turk is privileged. There, till

the sun sets on the scene, the fancy of the Theriakkee revels in love, in splendour, or pride. He sees the beauties of Circassia striving whose charms shall most delight him; the Ottoman fleet sails beneath his flag as the Capitan Pacha: or seated in the divan, turbaned heads are bowed before him, and voices hail the favoured of Alla and the Sultan. But evening comes, and he awakes to a sense of wretchedness and helplessness, to a gnawing hunger which is an effect of his vice; and hurries home, to suffer till the morning sun calls him to his paradise again. — pp. 39, 40.

From Constantinople Mr. Carne proceeded to Alexandria, where he encountered a very different scene. The plagues of Alexandria are its excessive heat, and its enormous swarms of musquitoes, which are particularly annoying to a stranger. It is absolutely impossible for any one who has not encountered their mischievous and obstinate hostility, to form the least idea of the torment which it inflicts. The ancient Alexandria is a mere mass of ruins, and the modern city is one of the most cheerless places of residence in the world. It has been lately strongly fortified by Mahmoud Ali, the Pacha of Egypt. Our author fully confirms the view which we gave in a former Number * of this Journal, of the sort of relation which exists between this ambitious Prince and the Porte. 'The time will soon come,' observes Mr. Carne, 'when he (the Pacha) will throw off his dependence on the Porte, and erect Egypt into a sovereignty.' We entertain little doubt on this point, and therefore it is that we think the assistance which he affords nominally to the Sultan in the Morea is intended solely for his own aggrandisement, or for that of his immediate successor, and that consequently it ought to be looked upon with very jealous eyes by this country. If the growth of the Pacha's power in Egypt be of itself a circumstance not to be neglected by those who have possession of India, the augmentation of that power, by adding to it the Morea, and perhaps some of the most valuable of the Greek islands, seems still more imperatively to demand our vigilance. Mr. Carne justly describes him as 'a wily politician, yet daring and bloody in the execution of his plans.' A good deal of his time is devoted to the improvement of his country.

'The great canal of Cleopatra, which he has lately made, or rather revived, forty miles in length, connecting the Nile with the sea at Alexandria, is an extraordinary work: for a considerable time he employed a hundred and fifty thousand men about it, chiefly Arabs of Upper Egypt; of these, twenty thousand died during the progress of the work. Having ridden out early one morning in the neighbourhood of the city, and entered an elegant house which Ali was building for his son, we suddenly heard the sounds of music from without, and perceived it was the Pacha himself, with his guard, who had just arrived from Cairo. He was on foot, and stood on the lofty bank of a new canal he

* No. I. of this Series, p. 11.

was making, earnestly observing the innumerable workmen beneath. He was of middle stature, and plainly dressed; his age appeared between fifty and sixty; his features were good, and had a calm and thoughtful character; and his long grey beard fell over his breast. The bed of the canal below presented a novel spectacle, being filled with vast numbers of Arabs of various colours, toiling in the intense heat of the day, while their Egyptian taskmasters, with whips in their hands, watched the progress of their labour. It was a just and lively representation of the children of Israel forced to toil by their oppressive masters of old. The wages Mahmoud allowed these unfortunate people, whom he had obliged to quit their homes and families in Upper Egypt to toil about this work, were only a penny a-day, and a ration of bread. Yet such is the buoyancy of spirits of the Arabs, that they go through their heavy toil with gaiety and cheerfulness. By moonlight I took a walk round the spot where they were encamped: they were seated under their rude tents, or lying down in ranks without any covering but the sky, eating their coarse meal of bread: yet nothing was heard all around but the songs of their country, unmelodious enough, mingled with the loud clapping of hands in concert, which is always with them a sign of joy.' — pp. 71, 72.

Mr. Carne, after remaining a short time at Alexandria, proceeded to Rosetta, which he speaks of as the most agreeable residence in Egypt, and from thence to Damietta, and down the Nile to Cairo. He gives due praise to the celebrated river, and to the villages and towns which adorn its banks. Entering one of these towns at an early hour of the morning he heard, to great advantage, the cry of the Muezzin from the top of the minaret, summoning the people to prayers. 'This cry,' he very happily observes, 'in so still a country as Egypt, and heard at the dawn or at night from a distance, has an effect the most beautiful and solemn that can be conceived. The Orientals choose those who have the most powerful and melodious voices for this service. Often on the Nile in Upper Egypt, when the silence of the desert has been around, that cry has come from afar: "There is but one God, — God alone is great and eternal, and Mohammed is his prophet," — like the voice of an undying being calling from the upper air.' The thought is highly poetical and well expressed.

The beauty of the nights in Egypt has been the theme of every traveller's eulogy. The sky is so cloudless, and the brightness of the moon so intense, that the natives who sleep in the open air, as they are much accustomed to do, usually cover their eyes in order to save them from being injured by the rays. This fact, as Mr. Carne observes, seems to illustrate that passage in the Psalms, "the sun shall not strike thee by day, nor the moon by night," although even in this northern country the supposition that one may be affected by the moon-beams is by no means uncommon. Their effect in Egypt upon the sight is said to be more violent than even that of the sun. The colour which they lend to the scenery of the country, particularly at Cairo, must be enchanting.

'The houses have all terraced roofs, and that on the Consul's commands an extensive view of the city. It is delightful to rise by night, and walk there in the brilliant moonlight, which has the appearance of a tranquil and beautiful day: you can see to read with perfect ease. From thence you can look all around on the terraces of other dwellings, on which numbers of the inhabitants lie buried in sleep. During the greater part of the night you hear no sound in this wide capital, not even the tread of a passing traveller or houseless Arab; nothing disturbs the impressive tranquillity of the hour, which strikes on the imagination. The lonely palm-trees, scattered at intervals around, and rising high above the houses, are the only objects which break the view.'—pp. 83, 84.

The great annual festival of the Egyptians takes place on the day appointed for the cutting of the bank of the Nile. A great number of people of different nations assemble on this occasion, which is one of great rejoicing. The day is that on which the inundation of the river, the great barometer of the hopes of Egypt for the year, rises to its greatest height. The dike is then cut, and the water finds its way into the canal, which reaches to Cairo. Mr. Carne describes the scene, and the amusements to which it gave rise, with a good deal of vivacity. From Cairo of course he paid a visit to the Pyramids; but as he has said nothing new concerning them, we shall pass over this part of his journal. M. Caviglia, it seems, is at present engaged in excavations, in order to discover a subterraneous communication which he imagines must exist between the Pyramids of Gizeh and those of Saccara and the remains of Memphis; an undertaking, to say the least of it, sufficiently adventurous!

Our author's next journey was to Upper Egypt, where he examined the famous temples of Tentyra and Karnac, the ruins of Thebes, and the other well known curiosities in that part of the Pasha's dominions. We regret that our space will not allow us to follow him in this excursion, nor in his subsequent one to Mount Sinai. His account of the latter journey is well deserving of the attention of the reader, particularly all that part of it which relates to the author's personal adventures, for he had the fortune to be captured by the Arabs, and to be detained amongst them for some days. We suppose that he scarcely regretted this circumstance, as it gave him a good opportunity of observing those wanderers of the desert, and of becoming intimately acquainted with their very peculiar manners.

Soon after his escape from captivity, Mr. Carne passed over to Palestine, and on his way called at Marilius, the celebrated residence of Lady Hester Stanhope, to whom he had two letters of introduction. One of these, by some mischance, he had not taken with him from Sidon, and the other failed to procure him an interview. It would be unjust to impute the rule which Her Ladyship seems to have adopted, of not seeing English travellers, to any coldness of feeling towards her country, or to any want of hospitality. The truth seems to be, that she has been a good deal annoyed by the

reports which several of her countrymen, whom she admitted under her roof, brought home and published concerning her. It is too much the custom of travellers of every country, but particularly of our own, to swell out their journals by personal anecdotes, which they hope will add not a little to the variety and spirit of their works. We think that Her Ladyship has some reason to complain of the manner in which she is treated by Mr. Carne. He has devoted several pages of his book to her history, such, we presume, as he heard it from the consuls and others in her neighbourhood. If we may credit his statement, 'she is now become very nervous, and has for some time put great faith in nativities and the productions of a venerable Arabian, who passes for an astrologer or magician.' We regret that Mr. Carne has descended to become the vehicle of such petty scandal. The world will attribute it to the disappointment which he encountered at Marilius — perhaps not very erroneously.

In his progress through Palestine, Mr. Carne had occasion to observe the gross delusions practised by those foreign missionaries, who affect to be so zealously disposed to reclaim the people of the East from their 'errors and superstitions.' Most of our readers will remember the Greek bishop, Eusebius, who was in this country some eight or nine years ago, and was received with so much *eclat* at Oxford, and so warmly patronised by some of our ministers. While he was here, he put together eight or nine hundred pounds, which he received from different titled and dignified personages, for the purpose of getting the Testament printed and distributed through the country where it first appeared. According to Mr. Carne, this exemplary divine purchased a good house and garden with the money entrusted to him, and now he leads a life of 'excessive comfort,' utterly heedless of the good folks who were foolish enough to be duped by him.

After completing his tour in Palestine, Mr. Carne proceeded to Cyprus, Rhodes, and the Morea. His details concerning the progress of the war in Greece have lost much of their interest, in consequence of the more recent reports which we have had from the same quarter. The classical reader will be sorry to hear that the island of Cyprus, once so famous for the beauty of its women, has lost a great part of its character in this respect. Its climate and its shady groves are, however, still as enchanting as ever. The island of Rhodes preserves also many of its ancient attractions.

'Much of the scenery in the interior of the island is of the most romantic kind. Wild and lonely valleys, where the rose and myrtle spring in profusion, open into the sea, and are inclosed by steep mountains on every side. The greater part of the island is uncultivated; and the number of the villages in the interior is small; pomegranate and fig-trees abound here, as well as peach-trees, but the fruit they produce is very inferior in flavour to those of Europe. The island is supposed to contain thirty thousand inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are Turks, and

is near forty leagues in circumference; but so small a portion of the soil is cultivated, that it scarcely raises corn sufficient for its own support: wine is the only other produce of the soil of any consequence, and of this very little is exported.

But Rhodes is one of the cheapest places in the world to live in. One may not be able to procure here a variety of meats; yet, such as there is, sheep, kid, fish, and poultry of various kinds, with excellent wines and fruits, cost a mere trifle. For a few hundreds a-year a stranger might live *en prince*, in this delicious island;—have his chateau amidst gardens in a retired and beautiful situation, his Arab horses, a number of servants, a climate that will probably add ten years to his life, if he will consent to live without the enervating pleasures of high society. It is well known that an English gentleman of handsome fortune made Scio his abode for many years: he had his family with him, lived in a charming spot, and kept a yacht, in which he often visited the other Greek islands, but always returned to his own abode with undiminished pleasure, and resolved never to forsake it. He died about four years ago, before the breaking out of the Revolution.—pp. 483—485.

Mr. Carne states several afflicting instances of the atrocious cruelty which has been, in almost equal proportions, practised by the Turks and the Greeks since the breaking out of the Revolution: indeed, these instances are so frightful, that we forbear to touch upon them; and they are so nearly balanced, that it is impossible to say which of the belligerents is the more barbarous. Amid such horrid scenes, it is delightful to find in the softer sex on both sides the most signal proofs of fidelity to their religion and their families.

'At Larnica, (Isle of Cyprus,) a Greek family were placed in a rather tragical situation. A certain time was allotted them to decide whether to embrace Islamism or die; the husband leaned to the former alternative, and strove to persuade all his family; but the wife was firmly resolved to adhere to the faith of her fathers, and, like many other Greek women in this warfare, showed a heroism, of which the men are too often destitute: the time allotted was not yet expired.'—p. 441.

By the side of this passage let us place the pathetic story of Handivia Dudu, a Turkish lady, who was among the sufferers in Tripolizza when it was stormed by the Greeks, and was by them rendered the theatre of one of the most abominable massacres that ever was committed.

'She was a widow, and only eighteen years of age: her husband, together with her parents, were put to death at the taking of the town. After his house had been entered and plundered by the Greeks, and he had been compelled to give up all his property to them, they promised to spare his life, on condition that his wife would produce all her ornaments and jewels, which she had concealed. She sent them to the captors without a moment's hesitation, too happy to purchase her husband's life at such a price. When the Greeks found they had obtained every thing, they told the Turk to prepare to die. He knew them too well to doubt the execution of their purpose, and only requested he might be allowed to see his wife once more. "They suffered him," said Handi-

via, "to lay his head upon my bosom for a few minutes only; then they took him from my arms, and murdered him!" No violence was offered her, however, and she resided at this time with two Greek women, in a very good house, but retired from the street, all communication with which was carefully excluded. An air of settled melancholy had fixed itself on her fine countenance, and in relating the tale of her miseries she was much affected. "She never could love again," she said, "in this life: her husband, to whom she had been married only a few months, was her first and only love, and her happiness perished with him." Her situation was truly a desolate one: every friend she had on earth slain, encompassed by dangers, she was often the prey of the liveliest alarms, and, not knowing in whom to confide, she was unable to stir from the house, for fear of insult or violence from the Greeks. "Often," said the ill-fated lady, "I wished for death, as my only refuge." — pp. 535—537.

From the Morea Mr. Carne proceeded to Zante, whence he returned to England. Upon the whole, we think that we may safely recommend this work to the attention of the reader. It is full of very interesting matter, well arranged, and set off to the best advantage by a lively and sometimes an impassioned style of expression, which is well suited to Oriental subjects. It is pleasing also to observe that, on more than one occasion, Mr. Carne sustained the character of his country, by succouring the distressed, and even by sacrificing to the wretched victims of civil war a portion of his own conveniences.

ART. VI. *The Old English Drama.* A Selection of Plays from the Old English Dramatists. 2 Vols. 1*l*. London, Hurst, Robinson, and Co.; and A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

WE are not without hope that the tone recently adopted by some of the most influential periodical works, upon the state of our dramatic literature, will meet a respondent feeling on the part of the literary public. The existence of that barbarous evil, a degenerate and debased drama, is admitted on all hands; and the present general system of administering it is so deplorable, as to oppose serious difficulties to its reformation. The only remedy — legislative interference — is one that naturally and rightly calls up many doubts and jealousies. Englishmen would start at the idea of placing in the hands of the executive a power by which the mimic aspirations of liberty might be crushed, and oppression be no longer denounced for their amusement. But we will venture to assert that a law more arbitrary in its nature, or more grievous and intolerable in its practice, than that which now governs theatrical productions, could not be devised by the wit of man. The obstacles which have been thrown in the way of various dramatic pieces during the present season are notorious enough. But it is not so commonly known that a tragedy upon the subject of Charles the First, from the able pen of Miss Mitford, has suffered strangulation as quietly as though the power by which it fell were no

less legitimate and immutable than the use of the Turkish bow-string. We know not whether pain or indignation has predominated in the breasts of literary men at the circumstances connected with the recent exercise of this intolerable power. Who that feels a pride in the few leaves of evergreen which the passing century has added to our dramatic wreath, can behold, without pity, a name once only coupled with those honours, now become the very incubus of dramatic genius? But what man — whether he partake those feelings or not — is not indignant at the mere reflection, that the most monstrous of all legal anomalies should be permitted to exist in a free country? Doubtless there will be persons ready to set up the long established existence of the office and power of the licenser, as a proof of their excellence, and as a reason why they should remain inviolate. But who will produce, from the entire history of that office, any thing like a parallel to the manner in which its power is now exercised? There is not a play of Shakspeare's, not a remnant of "*The Old English Drama*," nor a piece that ever retained possession of the stage, which could have been produced upon it under the present practice. That it is necessary to have a check upon the licentiousness and immorality to which the stage is obnoxious, there can be no question. But is such an object to be effected by a course of vexatious and unreasonable cavilling, — or is not that course much rather calculated to bring all restraint into contempt? Public opinion, after all, has proved itself in this case the best guardian of public decency and public morals. What licenser would dare to think of banishing (leaving out of view the earlier dramatists) Congreve, Farquhar, Colman, and twenty other examples of licentiousness, from the stage, if their works were held unexceptionable in public opinion? Yet, to a considerable extent, public opinion *has* done it. From almost all our finest writers some grossness or other has been expunged in deference to that opinion. But where do we find it requiring the sacrifice of those splendid examples of dramatic poetry, which have been inspired by the sacred writings, or dictated by the pure and exalted sentiments of religion? Now, forsooth, these fountains of the sublime are to be closed against the dramatist, and never to be glanced at on the stage. What a sense of "the beauty of holiness" must that mind have entertained, which first conceived the magnanimous idea of investing it with such a safeguard! Like the Houri of the Moslem, these sacred charms are only to be adored in secret, — to be worshipped in proportion to the strictness of their concealment! We, for our parts, should be satisfied to see these affairs of the stage left in the hands of the public. We should deem it entirely safe under the protection of a moral and intelligent people, who have already sacrificed a great portion of "*The Old English Drama*" to their rigid sense of duty. The abandonment of privilege is not, however, the order of the day, and we do not expect to see

the patronage and emoluments of this office voluntarily abdicated. But unless the interests of the national drama be deemed unworthy the care of government, we confidently say that they are bound to effect some modification of a law so mischievous in its operation, so offensively arbitrary in its nature. Let them retain a censorship if they will; but let not such a power be swayed by individual caprice without responsibility. They would do well to relieve the Lord Chamberlain, or rather his Deputy, from his labours, (if both be indemnified for loss of profit, the bargain will still be a good one,) and add them to the duties of some board where there are men capable of exercising a sound and unprejudiced judgment. The extorting of fees from the theatres is a most unworthy practice, and should be abolished altogether. Another anomaly in the law which regulates dramatic literature is, that it fails to recognise and protect it as property. If an author write and *publish* a play, every theatre in the kingdom may take it and turn it to profitable uses without being accountable for a single shilling to him whose mind created it. Here, indeed, we may read the melancholy secret of so many *successful* dramatists dying in indigence, — some of starvation!

Such, then, being the present degenerate condition of the stage, we feel it a solace to be reminded occasionally that at least we have *had* a national drama, the spirit of which, we should hope, is not yet quite extinguished amongst us. The two beautifully printed volumes before us include a portion of "The Old English Drama" which occupied the close of the sixteenth and the earlier part of the seventeenth centuries. Circumstances had long been preparing some splendid era of literature, and the general adoption of a taste for dramatic productions at last gave it that direction. Genius and learning found their first great patrons and protectors in Henry the Eighth and his minister Wolsey; next came the Elizabethan age to crown them with the bays of royal favour and public admiration. In almost every grade of society genius was devoted to the cultivation of dramatic poetry. Receiving the tone from majesty itself, almost every nobleman of distinction, possessing any literary taste or feeling, became the patron of dramatic literature. Thus arose that galaxy whose equal never shone upon the history of this, or, perhaps, of any other country; — a Shakspeare, a Jonson, a Beaumont, a Massinger, a Fletcher, a Ford, and a host of other names, the third and fourth rates amongst whom would now be stars of the first magnitude. Undoubtedly these writers possessed many advantages of circumstance over their successors. They had the first run of the passions, as it were, and the untrodden fields of story opened in expanse before them. The manners of the time permitted an appeal to every feeling which enters into the composition of human nature. Polite refinement, the remains of chivalrous courtesy, had only mingled with — not veiled — the rude strength of fearless in-

tellect. The most terrible crimes were treated with a confidence which proves they were received with no repugnance. Like the Roman women who witnessed the bloody exhibitions of the amphitheatre, the women of that age could bear the emotion produced by scenes scarcely less horrid. It is true that our old English dramatists did possess these advantages. But nothing can be more absurd than the recently promulgated doctrine of the incompatibility of poetic feeling with the progress of civilisation and knowledge. A perception of the beauties of poetry is one of the component qualities of mind, always existing in a greater or less degree. Modern education and studies may, indeed, render that faculty less active, because they appeal more commonly to the powers of reason and analysis. But when excited it must be the same, or those who deny it must contend — against the experience of all time — that the grand design of nature is not immutable, and that the primitive feelings of man are not entailed upon him in this state of existence. They are modified, without doubt; but under modifications, whatever they are, there will be the same passions to arouse — the same sympathies to affect — the same imagination to delight. To the modern dramatist, therefore, the same mind from which the great spirits of former times obtained their brightest treasures is open and inexhaustible. Let the models of "*The Old English Drama*" be kept in view, particularly by those who have to judge the productions of the stage, and something may yet be hoped in the way of regeneration, provided other impediments be removed.

The plan of the work now before us is eminently calculated to further such an object, by directing popular attention to the old writers. The spirit with which it has been produced, at a time when every thing dramatic was out of odour with the public, deserves commendation.

The first play contained in this selection, independently of its great intrinsic merit, derives a sort of melancholy interest from being one of the three MSS. which escaped the batch sent by Mr. Warburton's cook to the oven. It is now first printed from the Lansdowne Collection. The title of "*The Second Maiden's Tragedy*" appears not to have been conferred upon it by its author, as the following extract from the licenser's entry will shew: "This Second Maiden's Tragedy (for it hath no name inscribed) may, with the reformatiōns, be publickly acted, 31st October, 1611, G. Buc." The editor is puzzled to know why Sir George Buc entitled it *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*. The explanation appears clear enough. The *Maid's Tragedy* of Beaumont and Fletcher had just been produced, (it is doubted whether in 1610 or 1611,) and was then in high vogue. True it is, that the plots of the two plays are very dissimilar; yet there was enough in the situation of the heroine to suggest to the Master of the Revels the name he bestowed upon the second. The name of the author is

involved in no less obscurity. The back of the MS. has the names of William and Thomas Goughe, George Chapman, and Will. Shakspeare, inscribed upon it. We are not acquainted with any such person as William Goughe in the history of the drama; and it is quite certain that Thomas Goff, the eloquent orator, author of the *Raging Turk*, was incapable of writing many parts of the play before us. We also agree with the editor in placing its beauties above the reach of Chapman, and its general merits below the power of Shakspeare. It is most likely, indeed, that the drama was constructed and partly written by Goff, assisted by some of the many men of genius then employed in dramatic writing as a means of subsistence. It would not seem improbable that Massinger's hand had contributed the finer portions of the play. It was produced at the time when he is known to have been occupied in assisting others, and before he claimed the honours of authorship in his own name. Some passages certainly bear a striking similitude to the peculiar characteristics of Massinger's genius. In them we trace a dignified eloquence in describing passion, and a felicitous sweetness of expression in calling the beautiful objects of nature to the assistance of poetry. Nothing can be more amiable than the sentiments they breathe, nothing more exalted than the veneration with which the subjects of religion are approached. The diction is always vigorous, and the metre sometimes musical, though frequently defective. In other parts we discover an inflated bombastical style, strongly resembling the undoubted works of Thomas Goff.

Our first extract is a beautiful one from the first scene between *Votarius* and the wife of *Anselmus*. The punctuation has not been carefully attended to here; and, indeed, in some other places it has rather served to increase than to dispel obscurities.

Wife. That sorrow for the king his brother's fortune
Prevails too much with him, and leads him strangely
From company and delight.

Vot. How she's beguil'd in him!

There's no such natural touch, search all his bosom.
That grief's too bold with him, indeed, sweet madam,
And draws him from the pleasure of his time,
But 'tis a business of affection
That must be done. — We owe a pity, madam,
To all men's misery, but especially,
To those afflictions that claim kindred of us;
We're forc'd to feel 'em, all compassion else
Is but a work of charity, this of nature,
And ties our pity in a bond of blood.

[*Aside.*

Wife. Yet there is a date set to all sorrows;
Nothing is everlasting in this world.
Your counsel will prevail, persuade him, good sir,
To fall into life's happiness again,
And leave the desolate path; I want his company.

He walks at midnight in thick shady woods,
Where scarce the moon is starlight; I have watch'd him
In silent nights, when all the earth was drest
Up like a virgin in white innocent beams,—
Stood in my window, cold and thinly clad,
T' observe him through the bounty of the moon,
That liberally bestow'd her graces on me,
And when the morning dew began to fall,
Then was my time to weep; h'as lost his kindness,
Forgot the way of wedlock, and become
A stranger to the joys and rites of love.
He's not so good as a lord ought to be.
Pray tell him so from me — sir.'

Vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

How happily is the following natural truth expressed by Anselmus!

'How truly constant, charitable, and helpful
Is woman unto woman in affairs
That touch affection and the peace of spirit!
But man to man how crooked and unkind!'

Vol. i. p. 15.

The reproachful appeal to the better feelings of Helvetius when Govianus finds him counselling his daughter's dishonour, may be cited as an example of combined eloquence and pathos.

'What's she? does she not bear thy daughter's name?
How stirs thy blood, sir? is there a dead feeling
Of all things fatherly and honest in thee?
Say thou cou'dst be content for greatness' sake
To end the last act of thy life in pandarism,
Must it needs follow that unmanly sin
Can work upon the weakness of no woman
But her, whose name and honour natural love
Bids thee preserve more charily than eye-sight,
Health, or thy senses? can promotion's thirst
Make such a father? turn a grave old lord
To a white-headed squire? make him so base
To buy his honours with his daughter's soul,
And the perpetual shaming of his blood?
Hast thou the leisure, thou forgetful man,
To think upon advancement at these years?
What would'st thou do with greatness? dost thou hope
To fray death with't? or hast thou that conceit
That honour will restore thy youth again?
Thou art but mock'd, old fellow! 'tis not so;
Thy hopes abuse thee, follow thine own business,
And list not to the syren of the world.
Alas! thou had'st more need kneel at an altar,
Than to a chair of state;
And search thy conscience for thy sins of youth;
That's work enough for age, it needs no greater.
Thou'rt call'd within, thy very eyes look inward,
To teach thy thoughts the way.'

Vol. i. pp. 28, 29.

What a noble burst of sentiment and poetry is that in the last speech of the third act !

' Come, thou delicious treasure of mankind,
To him that knows what virtuous woman is,
And can discreetly love her ! the whole world
Yields not a jewel like her, ransack rocks
And caves beneath the deep : O thou fair spring
Of honest and religious desires,
Fountain of weeping honour, I will kiss thee
After death's marble lip !'

Vol. i. pp. 53, 54.

The last scene of the fourth act bears the impress of genius throughout ; but it is too long for quotation. Perhaps it is worthy of remark that the use of the poisonous paint, in the catastrophe, was afterwards adopted by Massinger in his *Duke of Milan*.

The second play in the collection is entitled ' A pleasant conceited Comedy ; wherein is shewed how a Man may chuse a good Wife from a bad.' It is confidently ascribed to Joshua Cooke, and the editor discredits a supposition that it may have been written by John Cooke, the author of *Green's Tu quoque*. It would seem strange, however, that a man, of whom nothing more is known, should have produced a comedy so rich in humour as the one before us. It is certainly altogether destitute of poetry ; but for happy delineation of the ludicrous in character, it is rarely to be excelled. The two old men running together through the play are such admirable examples of dramatic discrimination in this respect, that we extract a scene in which they chiefly figure.

' *Enter* JUSTICE REASON, OLD MASTER ARTHUR, OLD MASTER LUSAM,
MISTRESS ARTHUR, and YOUNG MASTER LUSAM.

' *O. Art.* We, Master Justice Reason, come about
A serious matter that concerns us near.

' *O. Lus.* Aye, marry, doth it, sir, concern us near ;
Would God, sir, you would take some order for it.

' *O. Art.* Why, look ye, Master Lusam, you are such another,
You will be talking what concerns us near,
And know not why we come to Master Justice.

' *O. Lus.* How, know not I ?

' *O. Art.* No, sir, not you.

' *O. Lus.* Well, I know somewhat, though I know not that ;
Then on, I pray you.

' *Justice.* Forward, I pray, yet the case is plain.

' *O. Art.* Why, sir, as yet you do not know the case.

' *O. Lus.* Well, he knows somewhat ; forward, Master Arthur.

' *O. Art.* And, as I told you, my unruly son
Once having bid his wife home to my house,
There took occasion to be much aggriev'd
About some household matters of his own,
And, in plain terms, they fell in controversy.

' *O. Lus.* 'Tis true, sir, I was there the self-same time,
And I remember many of the words.

' *O. Art.* Lord, what a man are you! you were not there
That time; as I remember, you were rid
Down to the North, to see some friends of yours.

' *O. Lus.* Well, I was somewhere; forward, Master Arthur.

' *Justice.* All this is well; no fault is to be found
In either of the parties; pray, say on.

' *O. Art.* Why, sir, I have not nam'd the parties yet,
Nor touch'd the fault that is complain'd upon.

' *O. Lus.* Well, you touch'd somewhat; forward, Master Arthur.

' *O. Art.* And, as I said, they fell in controversy:
My son, not like a husband, gave her words
Of great reproof, despite, and contumely,
Which she, poor soul, digested patiently;
This was the first time of their falling out.
As I remember, at the self-same time
One Thomas, the Earl of Surrey's gentleman,
Din'd at my table.

' *O. Lus.* O, I knew him well.

' *O. Art.* You are the strangest man; this gentleman,
That I speak of, I am sure you never saw;
He came but lately from beyond the sea.

' *O. Lus.* I'm sure I know one Thomas; — forward, sir.

' *Justice.* And is this all? make me a *mittimus*.
And send the offender straightways to the jail.

' *O. Art.* First know the offender; how began the strife
Betwixt this gentlewoman and my son,
Since when, sir, he hath us'd her not like one
That should partake his bed, but like a slave.
My coming was, that you, being in office
And in authority, should call before you
My unthrift son, to give him some advice,
Which he will take better from you than me,
That am his father. Here's the gentlewoman,
Wife to my son, and daughter to this man,
Whom I perforce compell'd to live with us.

' *Justice.* All this is well; here is your son, you say,
But she that is his wife you cannot find.

' *Y. Lus.* You do mistake, sir, here's the gentlewoman;
It is her husband that will not be found.

' *Justice.* Well, all is one, for man and wife are one;
But is this all?

' *Y. Lus.* Aye, all that you can say,
And much more than you can well put off.

' *Justice.* Nay, if the case appear thus evident,
Give me a cup of wine: What! man and wife
To disagree! I pr'ythee, fill my cup;
I could say somewhat: tut, tut, by this wine,
I promise you 'tis good canary sack.

' *Mis. Art.* Fathers, you do me open violence,
To bring my name in question, and produce
This gentleman and others here to witness
My husband's shame in open audience;
What may my husband think when he shall know
I went unto the Justice to complain:

But Master Justice here, more wise than you,
Says little to the matter, knowing well
His office is no whit concern'd herein ;
Therefore, with favour, I will take my leave.

' *Justice.* The woman saith but reason, Master Arthur,
And, therefore, give her licence to depart.' —

' *Justice.* Good woman, or good wife, or mistress, if you have done amiss, it should seem you have done a fault, and making a fault, there's no question but you have done amiss : but if you walk uprightly, and neither lead to the right hand nor the left, no question but you have neither led to the right hand nor the left, but, as a man should say, walked uprightly ; but it should appear by these plaintiffs, that you have had some wrong : if you love your spouse entirely, it should seem you affect him fervently ; and if he hate you monstrously, it should seem he loaths you most exceedingly, and there's the point at which I will leave, for the time passes away : therefore, to conclude, this is my best counsel, look that thy husband so fall in, that hereafter you never fall out.

' *O. Lus.* Good counsel, passing good instruction ;

Follow it, daughter. Now, I promise you,
I have not heard such an oration

This many a day. What remains to do ?

' *Y. Lus.* Sir, I was call'd as witness to this matter.

I may be gone for ought that I can see.

' *Justice.* Nay, stay, my friend, we must examine you.
What can you say concerning this debate
Betwixt young Master Arthur and his wife ?

' *Y. Lus.* 'Faith, just as much, I think, as you can say,
And that's just nothing.

' *Justice.* How, nothing ? Come, depose him ; take his oath ;
Swear him, I say ; take his confession.

' *O. Art.* What can you say, sir, in this doubtful case ?

' *Y. Lus.* Why, nothing, sir.

' *Justice.* We cannot take him in contrary tales,
For he says nothing still, and that same nothing
Is that which we have stood on all this while ;
He hath confest even all, for all is nothing.
This is your witness, he hath witness'd nothing.
Since nothing, then, so plainly is confess'd,
And we, by cunning answers and by wit,
Have wrought him to confess nothing to us,
Write his confession.'

Vol. i. pp. 28—33.

Shirley and Chapman's comedy of *The Ball* is made up of a satire upon the newly introduced fashion of balls, and the persons who supported them. This is done with much wit, and the characters are highly amusing ; but as a drama the whole is ill constructed, and deficient in plot.

The remainder of the collection consists of *The Rape of Lucrece*, and *Love's Mistress*, by Heywood ; *Albertus Wallenstein* and *The Lady's Privilege*, by Henry Glapthorne ; and *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, by Nash. Judging of Heywood's powers by the comparatively few specimens of their creation which have descended to us, a modern critic would be disposed to estimate them much

higher than his contemporaries appear to have done. The reason is that we see only his most perfect works, while they were acquainted with the mass of those hasty productions which he is said to have put forth with a rapidity only inferior to that of Lope de Vega. Of the plays here reprinted, the *Love's Mistress* is decidedly the best. It abounds, indeed, with sweet poetry, and amiable sentiment.

Glaphornæ's plays were unworthy of another edition. They are undramatic in their construction, and their language is not to be exceeded in passionless bombast. The author, however, may easily be forgiven the mistake of supposing it poetical, when his modern editor has fallen into the same error.

Nash's *Dido*, in which he was assisted by Marlowe, is justly described as 'little more than a narrative taken from Virgil.' It has avowedly been reprinted only on account of its extreme rarity, and for the purpose of illustrating the progress of the drama, it having been written before 1592.

ART. VII. *The Letters of Marcus Tullius Cicero to Titus Pomponius Atticus*; in Sixteen Books. Translated into English, with Notes, by William Heberden, M.D. F.R.S. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 6s. London. Payne and Foss. 1825.

THE most valuable documents for history are the private and confidential letters of the principal actors in its scenes. In modern times such documents are not uncommon, but the only work of this kind which antiquity has left us is the epistolary correspondence of Marcus Tullius Cicero, a man adorned with every mental excellence and every moral virtue, invested with the highest offices in the greatest empire of the world, the contemporary of her greatest men, and the witness of her transition, through unequalled scenes of bloodshed and horror, from the freedom and equality of a republic to the thralldom and oppression of imperial sway.

We know more, perhaps, in general, of the history of Rome than of Greece, or even of our own country. The names and acts of her great men are as familiar to our ears as those of our contemporaries, and we are as conversant with her literature as with that of our native tongue; but the critical history of the ETERNAL CITY, and of her progressive and widely extended empire, is not to be found in the English language. The early history of the commonwealth has not, however, eluded the deep-thinking inquiring Germans, and the forthcoming translation of the profound and original work of Niebuhr on that subject will amaze many, who fancy themselves soundly versed in the institutions and manners of the early Romans. The fable that has mingled itself with the annals of the first three centuries of the commonwealth, and the slight foundation of ballad and metrical tale on which many a glorious

event rests, will be exposed; deeds of marvellous heroism and virtue will disappear, like the gardens and castles of enchantment, and the early history of Rome, as narrated by Livy, will resemble, in uncertainty, the early history of Peru, in the pages of Garcilasso de la Vega.

But with the taking of Rome by the Gauls, the uncertainty of the early history seems to terminate, the narrative of transactions becomes consistent and probable, and in some periods we have all the fulness and authenticity of modern history. Of no period can this be more truly affirmed than of that of the last days of the Republic, and that principally owing to the collections of the correspondence of Cicero with the greatest and most influential *mœux* of the day, preserved and transmitted to us by the diligence of his trusty freed-man Tiro.

Of the letters of Cicero there are about one thousand remaining, which, however, form but a part of what he wrote, as many collections are referred to by ancient writers, which are no longer extant. How he could have written so many, engaged as he was in such multifarious duties, is astonishing. But Cicero never was idle. Sometimes he slept aside in the senate-house, sometimes wrote in the midst of the *turba salutantum*, at times he dictated to his secretaries as he walked for exercise, at times while he sat at his meals.

The earliest and most constant friend of Cicero was Titus Pomponius, surnamed Atticus, from his attachment to the city of Athens. It is needless for us to mention, what few can be ignorant of, that these two distinguished men followed, in their philosophical opinions, the principles of two very different sects; that the calm, the elegant, the repose-loving Atticus found the system of Epicurus, a system by him fully understood and consistently followed, most congenial to his disposition, while the active, enquiring, glory-seeking spirit of his friend could alone be satisfied by the hesitating and searching *ἐποχή* of the New Academy. Yet this diversity of opinion, on subjects which both then and now (whatever be their real importance and value) are held of the utmost consequence, never for a moment interrupted the harmony of their friendship; and though Cicero might occasionally indulge a little good humoured mirth, at the expense of his Epicurean friend, and though in his philosophical writings he expressed himself, at times, with perhaps rather too much contempt and asperity of the principles of the sect, yet Atticus was the friend to whom he unbosomed his most secret thoughts, to whose kindness he at all times appealed with the fullest confidence, who cheered him in adversity, rejoiced at his prosperity, and by his judicious counsels ever contributed to the maintenance of his dignity and reputation.

The great charm of the epistolary writings of Cicero consists in their unaffected ease and simplicity, joined with consummate knowledge, sense, and taste. Whether writing to Atticus about the pur-

chase of books and statues, acquainting him merely with the state of his own health and that of his family, bantering him on the discrepancy between his philosophical principles and his natural affections, communicating the most important political events and debates, or reasoning on their causes and grounds, he never for a moment stops to consider about the choice of expressions. He gets down the pun or the jest just as it occurs; if the Greek expression be more forcible, more playful, or more abounding in agreeable associations, he employs it without hesitation; he uses, in short, the very phrases, the very turns, the very metaphors and similes, which were adapted to polished, graceful, and elegant conversation. To write in this style was a much more common habit in the time of Cicero than at the present day: purity and gracefulness in the use of the Latin language was, amongst the Romans, held to be an affair of the last importance, and formed a part of the education of every person of ingenuous birth, and the letters of Cicero's correspondents, though inferior to his own in wit and deep knowledge, vie with them in elegance and correctness. It were to be wished that the entire correspondence between Cicero and Atticus had been preserved, that we might enjoy the advantage of comparing the style and sentiments of two men so different in character but so amiable in disposition, of observing more perfectly than we can at present how the tenets of Epicurus modelled the thoughts and actions of the latter, and how the same public event affected either mind. But the timid caution of Atticus, as is conjectured, has deprived us of this satisfaction by withdrawing from the hands of Tiro all his own remaining letters after the death of his illustrious friend.

The sixteen books of the letters of Cicero to his friends have, it is well known, been translated by the elegant Melmoth, and they form perhaps the most beautiful collection of letters that our language possesses. They are, indeed, genuine English: not a phrase occurs to remind us that they are a translation; and but for the proper names and subjects we might believe that we were reading the original compositions of an Englishman of cultivated mind and elegant taste. Mr. Melmoth appears to have gone on the principle of making Cicero, as far as was possible, think and write as if he lived in modern times, and spoke the English language.

The translation of the sixteen books of the letters to Atticus has been lately presented to the public by Dr. Heberden, so that we may now in our own language peruse all the remaining epistolary writings of Cicero. Dr. Heberden is more literal than his predecessor, and his plan, as stated in the dedication of his work to the Bishop of Durham, is 'to make the Letters appear not as if Cicero had written in this age and country, but as if English had been the language of Italy in his time, so that the sentiments and meaning might still be Roman, the medium only changed through which they are expressed.' Which may be the better mode of translating it is hard to decide: in the former we are apt to be offended by the em-

ployment of modern ideas and phrases, the latter offends, as in the present instance, by occasional stiffness, and the too frequent occurrence of Latinisms. Each of the translations also that we have spoken of is provided with notes, those absolute requisites for the perfect understanding of an ancient writer; those of Melmoth are full and satisfactory, those of Heberden comparatively few and too concise.

There is a general but ill-founded prejudice in this country against translations of the classics; a sort of persuasion that such works are only adapted for the use of school-boys, and undeserving of the serious perusal of university-bred full-grown men. This opinion, whatever may be its cause, certainly does not proceed from a very profound acquaintance with the originals; for, disguise the matter as we will, it is but a small proportion of those who quit the universities that carry into the world with them that intimate acquaintance with the Latin, much less with the Greek language, which will enable them, at a period of relaxation from business, to amuse their leisure, with the unembarrassed study of the classics, while they might, by the aid of good translations, renew or extend their acquaintance with the ancients, imbibe their precepts of wisdom, and enjoy their poetic beauties. Even literary men, who can read the originals with ease, might often find their advantage in running through a translation, when their occupations do not permit them to devote so much time as would be requisite to the perusal of the original; and there is a numerous class composed of females, and of those persons who though they have not enjoyed the advantage of a learned education are fond of reading, to whom the works of the great masters of antiquity should not be sealed books. The Germans seem of this opinion, for though there is no people whatever so well and so generally acquainted with the original works, yet there is at the same time none so anxious to enrich their language with faithful and elegant translations.

As we take it for granted that few of our readers are unacquainted with Melmoth's translation of the Letters of Cicero, we will, to afford an opportunity of comparing, give a single specimen of Dr. Heberden's labours in the same field.

' We have lost, my Pomponius, not only all the life and spirit, but the very complexion and ancient form of the state. There is no longer any republic in which I can take pleasure, or acquiesce with any satisfaction. "Is this, then," you will say, "what you bear so easily?" Even so: for I remember how flourishing the state was, not long since, when I was at the head of affairs; and what return I have met with: so that I am troubled with no anxiety on that account. They, who were mortified at my having any share of power, are now outrageous that one man should possess all power. Many circumstances afford me comfort: yet I do not descend from my state; but return to that course of life which is most congenial to my nature, literature and study. The toil of pleading I relieve with the charms of oratory: my house and my country seats afford me delight: I do not consider from

whence I have fallen, but from whence I have risen. If I possess but my brother, and you, the rest may go to ruin, for me. I may still philosophize with you. That part of my mind, where passion once resided, is grown callous: private and domestic concerns alone afford me pleasure. You will perceive a wonderful exemption from care, for which I principally depend upon your return: for there is nobody on earth whose sentiments are so congenial with my own. But hear something more: things tend to an interregnum; and there is some surmise of a Dictator. Indeed there is much talk of it; which was of some use to Gabinus before timid judges. The consular candidates are all charged with bribery. Gabinus, too, is added to the number; whom P. Sylla accused, not doubting but that he was out of the city; while Torquatus opposed it without any effect. But they will all be acquitted; nor will any body hereafter be condemned, unless he be guilty of murder. But all this is prosecuted with severity, so that the witnesses become eager. M. Fulvius Nobilior has been found guilty: many others, shrewd people, do not even wait to answer to their accusation. What more news? yet there is some. Upon the acquittal of Gabinus, other judges, in indignation, an hour after, condemned by the Papian law one Antiochus Gabinus from among the assistants of the painter Sepolis, a freed-man, and serjeant of Gabinus. This man, therefore, charged by the Papian law with offence against the state; immediately said in Greek, "Have I not known thee, Mars, along with Paphia?" Pontinius wants to enter in triumph the 2d of November. Cato and Servilius the Prætors, and Q. Mucius the Tribune, openly oppose it: for they say that no law has been passed for his command; and in truth it was passed in a foolish manner. But Pontinius will have the Consul Appius with him. Cato however affirms that, as long as he lives, he shall not have a triumph. I imagine this, like many other things of the same kind, will come to nothing. Appius thinks of going into Cilicia at his own expense, without waiting for the law. I have replied to the letter I received by Paccius: let me inform you of the rest. I have learned from my brother's letters more than I could have believed respecting Cæsar's affection for me; and it is abundantly confirmed by Cæsar's own letters. The event of the Britanic war is anxiously expected; for it appears that the access to the island is defended by prodigious bulwarks; and it is now known there is not a grain of silver in the island, nor any hope of plunder, unless of slaves; of whom I imagine you do not expect to find any skilled in letters, or in music. Paullus has now nearly built the court-house in the middle of the forum with the same ancient pillars; but that which he has erected is very magnificent. What say you? Nothing can be more acceptable, nothing more glorious than that monument. Likewise the friends of Cæsar, (myself I mean and Oppius, though you should burst with envy,) towards that public work, which you used to praise to the skies, of enlarging the forum, and opening it quite to the Hall of Liberty, have disregarded the sum of 60,000 sester tia (500,000*l.*); as the claims of individuals could not be settled for less. We shall accomplish a most noble work. For in the Campus Martius we are going to make marble enclosures covered in for the Comitia of the tribes; and we shall surround them with a lofty portico a mile in circuit. To this work will also be added a public hall.— Vol. i. pp. 246—250.

In conclusion, we must give the tribute of our praise to Dr. Herberden for the good sense and good taste which have led him to reject the docked and curtailed appellations of the great men of Rome, which, along with many other bad fashions, we had got from our French friends and instructors. We meet in his work no Pompeys or Antonys, and we trust that we shall never see them again in the pages of any work treating of Roman affairs. Italian names, we are glad to see, are beginning to put off their French garb. Boccace is never heard, and Petrarca and Machiavelli have some chance of coming into use. It is to be hoped that the practice may be also extended to Grecian literature.

ART. VIII. *Revue Politique de l'Europe en 1825.* Paris. Imported by Treuttel and Wurtz.

THE immense magnitude of the Roman empire might well have justified the Roman pride. It covered a million and a half of square miles of the finest portion of the globe. Stretching three thousand miles from west to east, from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, and two thousand miles from the northern borders of Dacia to the tropic of Cancer, it was the seat of all the choicest fertility, beauty, and wealth of earth. Imagination sinks under the idea of this prodigious power, in the hands of a single nation, and that nation in the hands of one man.

It might be difficult to penetrate the ultimate causes of this mighty donative of supremacy to an Italian peninsula. But in the government of the Great Disposer of events nothing is done without a reason, and that the wisest reason. The reduction of so vast a portion of the earth under one sceptre has been presumed to be among the providential means of extending Christianity. The easier intercourse, the similarity of law, the more complete security of individual life and property, the general pacification of nations who under separate authority would have filled each other's borders with blood, all results of melting down the scattered diadems of Europe and Asia into one, palpably corresponded with the purpose of propagating the last and greatest Revelation.

This purpose of the immensity of the Roman empire may account for the sudden breaking up of that empire, and the absence of all probability that it will ever have a successor. When Christianity was once firmly fixed, the use of this superb accumulation was at an end. None like itself shall follow it, because its use cannot return. Society is reduced into fragments; and the peaceful rivalry of nations in arts and civilisation is to accomplish that illustrious progress, which under the pressure of a vast uniform dominion must have been looked for in vain.

But another paramount dominion was yet to be born, of a totally different nature; less solid, yet perhaps not less permanent; and less directly wearing the shape of authority, yet perhaps still more irresistible, and in extent throwing the power of Rome out of all comparison — the British empire. Its sceptre is Influence. The old policy brought force into the field against force: it tore down the opposing bulwarks by main strength; it chained down the neck of the Barbarian whom it had first discomfited by the sword. This was the rude discipline of times, when the sternness of savage human nature was to be tamed only by the dexterous and resolute sternness of civilisation. But a nobler and more softened state of our being has followed, and for it a more lofty and humane discipline has been providentially given. England is now the actual governor of the earth, if true dominion is to be found in being the common source of appeal in all the injuries and conflicts of rival nations, the common succour against the calamities of nature, the great ally which every power threatened with war labours first to secure or to appease, the centre on which is suspended the peace of all nations, the defender of the wronged, the acknowledged origin and example to which every rising nation looks for laws and a constitution. For whose opulence and enjoyment are the ends of the earth labouring at this hour? For whom does the Polish peasant run his plough through the ground? For whom does the American, with half a world between, hunt down his cattle or plant his cotton? For whom does the Chinese gather in his teas, or the Brazilian his gold and precious stones? England is before the eyes of them all. To whose market does every merchant of the remotest corners of the world look? To whose cabinet does every power, from America to India, turn with interest surpassing all other? Whose public feeling does every people struggling to raise itself in the rank of nations supplicate? The answer is suggested at once. At this hour England stands holding her shield between the anxious and angry powers of Europe, and the young independence of South America. At this hour a British cannon fired, would be the signal for every kingdom of Europe to plunge into war.

This supremacy contains all the essentials of the old dominion without its evils. It is empire without the charges, the hazards, the profligacy, and the tyranny of empire. Nothing but despotism could have kept together the mass of the Roman state. The nature of its parts was repulsion, and the common band a chain of iron. The supremacy of England is of a more elevated kind, the supremacy of a magnificent central luminary round which all the rest revolve, urged by impulses suitable to their various frames, and following their common course, with a feeling that it is the course of nature.

The strength of the British empire at home, its close population, its manufacturing and general commerce, are familiar to our

readers. On these points we shall here make no further observation, than that the late shocks to public credit seem to have been altogether superficial and transitory. A hazardous system of trade received a blow, which must have come at some time or other, and which could have come at no time with less national injury than in peace. Some misconceptions of the financial interests of the country have been put on their trial. But no permanent nor deep results are to be dreaded. If the tempest came over us "like a summer cloud, to wake our special wonder," the bolt fell feebly, and scarcely left its vestige upon the ground.

If we glance at our empire in India, we shall find it the most important foreign possession ever ruled by an European power. The Spanish dominions in South America were more extensive, but they were nineteen-twentieths wilderness, or desert, regions of forest, swamp, or sand. In the peninsula of India, England governs an immense realm of extraordinary fertility, for, the chief part crowded with population, and the ancient seat of wealth to the world. By a gradual progress of combined policy and conquest, she has advanced from a factory to an empire.

Of all revolutions of power this was the happiest for India. No country on earth had been from the earliest periods of authentic history so habitually the object of invasion and plunder. Its wealth, its diversity of government, the harmless and unwarlike habits of its people, at once excited the cupidity and encouraged the violence of all the barbarian tribes of Asia. From the days of Alexander, India was overflowed by the resistless depredations of Tartar and Tarcoman from the east, the north, and the south, the early Persian, the Mogul under Zingis and Tamerlane, the Persian again under Nadir Shah, the Saracens under Mahomet's generals and successors. While the Roman western empire was sinking under the perpetual influx of northern invaders, the same scene was going on in the east, but with the distinction, that the Italian invader became a settler on the soil, and, gradually, a bulwark against invasion. The Indian invader came like the locust, and went like the locust, to return at the moment when the first vegetation sprang out of the withered and cankered soil. The dynasties that rose in India from the blood of the Mahometan conquerors inherited the savage and predatory spirit of their race, and every throne was exposed to perpetual violence. The power of England came like a mighty minister of good into the midst of this chaos; the system of mediation assuaged the wrath of barbarians, who had till then never thought of delaying vengeance. The fear of the irresistible English arms coerced the evil, and protected the peaceable, even where an English soldier never had planted his foot. The territory in actual possession of the English was proverbial for tranquillity. The land which had seen an invader regularly every dozen years, and had been turned into a

howling wilderness by those most merciless of all marauders, has never seen a hostile face since the days of Hyder Ali.

Cavils are easily made against all things human. There must be weaknesses and deficiencies in all great establishments; but it would be ungenerous and untrue to deny that the principles of our government in the East are conformable to the manliness, benevolence, and integrity of our national character. Our labours have been directed to the security of property, to the inculcation of honesty and public feeling in the public functionaries, to the sanctity of moral obligation, to the introduction of a purer judicial code. These are great benefits. For these what do we receive in return? power undoubtedly, but wealth none. The Indian treasury scarcely pays the various expenditures of its administration. Unlike the other masters of that noble country we extract nothing from the miseries of the people. Their revenues are refunded to the hands from which they are drawn. The only income of the India Company arises from commerce, and the only productive commerce is with China. The military force, the expenses of government, civil and judicial, over so vast a territory, absorb the revenue, but it is a revenue paid directly for the protection of the native.

The war with the Burmans is yet too obscurely elucidated to allow of a decided opinion. Lord Amherst's policy is yet to be canvassed before the final tribunal of Parliament. Whether through ambition of figuring among the military names of India, or through a hasty miscalculation of the means of the enemy, through feebleness of capacity, or through defective knowledge, he has hurried unwisely into this war, he has yet gained nothing from the sacrifice of his troops and treasures. If he should even conquer the Burmese empire, it is not perfectly clear that he could keep it, and if he should be defeated by either force or delay, he endangers the whole fabric of our Indian authority.

But the expiration of the Company's charter will give a new face to our intercourse. The strange and discordant principles which must belong to a government mixed of civil and commercial controul, with a sceptre one half in the hands of ministry, and the other half in the hands of a mercantile committee in Leadenhall-Street, will be extinguished, and the Indian peninsula enjoy the full benefits of her fertility and her situation unencumbered by the restraints of an essentially jealous monopoly. Already an extension of her trade to the various ports of England has been attended with opulent returns. Industry has been excited in India, and enterprise in England. When both shall be ripe for the total freedom of commerce, the benefits to both may be beyond calculation.

A great eastern region has been within these few years opened to us. The archipelago that spreads almost from Ceylon to Japan, the most various, fertile, and lovely zone of islands on the face of the globe, the native country of all the richest products, the sugarcane and the spices, is now traversed by our vigorous adventure.

The brilliant experiment of a FREE TRADE has been made at Singapore, and its effect has been to create a most prosperous and powerful settlement in seas hitherto swept by pirates. British capital is rapidly flowing to this fortunate spot; the trade of China and India is rushing down to it in increasing streams, and the founders of Singapore may yet be reckoned among the founders of some great and benevolent empire, some magnificent eastern Carthage, without its criminal ambition, and safe from its fall; a noble embodying of that commercial liberality and public honour which England alone could give to eastern eyes, and which is at once the sign of her strength and the security of her dominion.

Africa is still repulsive. No impression has been hitherto made upon that more than desert in the system. No intercourse has struck its way into the interior. We are still ignorant of the course of her rivers, those great arterial branches by which civilisation must be urged through her frame. Our efforts have been diligent, but they have yet produced no solid and permanent effect on her mass of barbarism.

Yet later years have made some casual advances which may be strengthened into substantial progress. Our settlements at the southern promontory of Africa are still feeble and struggling with unexpected and difficult anomalies of climate; droughts of three years that burn up all cultivation, followed by torrents of a single night that sweep away the cultivator. But where English industry has once planted its step it has seldom receded. The extravagant hopes of the first settlers have by this time been subdued into a fair estimate of their situation. They have fixed their standard, and it will never be plucked up. Larger examination of the country has found out districts more susceptible of secure cultivation, and we shall, before many years are passed, hear no more of Hottentot invasions, the ravages of wild beasts, and even the inclemency of the seasons. To these will succeed the vigorous fruits of English society, wise laws, active experiments on the capabilities of the country, commercial efforts, the use of those admirable contrivances and inventions by which the powers of matter are made the servants of man. They have already in the settlements at the Cape the mail-coach, the steam-engine, and we believe the gas-light: — ten years ago they had the naked barbarian, the lion, and the wilderness.

But on the western side of this great continent our late discoveries give some hope of knowledge. After repeated missions, attended almost uniformly with loss of life to the agents, two British officers, Denham and Clapperton, have lately made their way into the central region of Africa. They have found it comparatively temperate, though nearly under the line; comparatively civilised, though altogether unacquainted with the name of Europe; and fertile to an extraordinary degree. To gain a commercial route to this country is now the interesting problem: a part of its

territory reaches to within a fortnight's journey of the coast of Benin. The great rivers run towards the Gulf of Benin: it is presumed that the Niger, so long a subject of curious enquiry in its source, its direction, and its *embouchure*, empties itself into this gulf. For the purpose of setting the question at rest, an expedition has already landed on the African shore. If a navigation into the interior should be available, highly important results may be looked for. Commercial advantages must be among the more immediate consequences, and the land of gold and ivory, gums, and perhaps of other valuable products, must be thrown open to England. But higher objects of general utility and honourable benevolence may be in reserve. The diffusion of the arts and knowledge of Europe among a people not yet perverted by the atrocities of the slave-trade, a better system of morality, the spirit of law, and of Christianity, would be the gifts of British intercourse: and while slave-dealing received a final blow, a vast multitude of the human race would be elevated in their rank as social beings. The steam-navigation, which seems to have been almost providentially designed for the use of penetrating the great solid continents, would leave no recess of the whole region of central Africa unexplored.

Passing down to the east and south of the Indian isles, we come to a fifth continent, New Holland, stretching nearly thirty degrees from north to south, and nearly thirty-five from east to west. Here discovery has yet advanced only far enough to know that its interior contains but half-naked savages, and that an immense portion of its soil is friendly to European produce. The British settlements on the east coast have already assumed a vigour and stability which place them beyond the hazards of early colonisation; pasturage and agriculture, the natural pursuits of young states, are giving them opulence. A moral population is rapidly thickening and growing over the original settlers; English habits and laws are firmly planted in this boundless region; and a dominion is rising there, which may be, at no long interval, destined to become the powerful and fortunate means of liberating the whole splendid chain of the Indian isles from the superstitions, miseries, and tyrannies that have for so many ages defeated the unparalleled beauty of nature.

An extraordinary phenomenon presented in the southern ocean may render our settlements in New South Wales of still more eminent importance. A SIXTH CONTINENT is in the very act of growth before our eyes! The Pacific is spotted with islands through the immense space of nearly fifty degrees of longitude, and as many of latitude. Every one of these islands seems to be merely a central spot for the formation of coral-banks, which, by a perpetual progress, are rising from the unfathomable depths of the sea. The union of a few of these masses of rock shapes itself into an island, the seeds of plants are carried to it by birds or by the waves, and from the moment that it overtops the waters, it is

covered with vegetation. The new island constitutes in its turn a centre of growth to another circle. The great powers of nature appear to be still in peculiar activity in this region; and to her tardier process she sometimes takes the assistance of the volcano and the earthquake. From the south of New Zealand to the north of the Sandwich islands, the waters absolutely teem with those future seats of civilisation. Still the coral insect, the diminutive builder of all these mighty piles, is at work: the ocean is intersected with myriads of those lines of foundation; and when the rocky substructure shall have excluded the sea, then will come the dominion of man.

Passing round the southern cape of America to the western Atlantic, we again find the British empire, the chain of the West Indian islands, covering the whole shore of Mexico, the noblest breakwater in the world, stretching through nearly twenty degrees of latitude and sixteen of longitude. The fertility, peculiar productions, and commercial value of those islands, are matters of common knowledge. But they have lately acquired a still higher value, as means of power. Until the year 1782 the whole range of the islands had been contemplated in scarcely a more elevated point of view than supplying the English markets with sugar and coffee. To the west lay a vast and obscure world, known only as the residence of Spanish pride and tyranny, and of an unhappy and decaying native population,—a boundless extent of forest and fen, of ignorance and savage life, productive for no purpose of good to the great family of nations.

To the north lay British America, more known, more vigorously forced into the service of human nature, more abundant in prospects of national grandeur and social virtue; yet still a series of lonely colonies struggling with the difficulties of situation, with novelty of climate, with individual poverty, with the general countless disabilities of men torn painfully from an old and highly civilised country.

The American war forced those colonies into vigorous activity. The spirit and manliness, which might have been worn out in the silent and unexciting warfare with the swamp and the forest, were suddenly turned to the most stirring of all human purposes, war for popular objects.

Whether the North Americans had right on their side or not; whether they did not demand extravagant concessions, with a determination to be satisfied by no concession however extravagant; whether they did not grasp at the first occasion of popular outcry less as subjects suffering under injustice, than as volunteers incapable of being reclaimed by justice, are now obsolete questions. But it is indisputable that the war awoke them to an instantaneous and abundant display of national energy. No pacific connection with England could have placed them so suddenly in the rank of leading nations. War seems to be the melancholy

price that every nation must pay for eminence. And the martial attitude of republican America drew upon her the eyes of Europe, with a vividness that would not have been vouchsafed though her shoulders were stooping under the quiet wealth of the whole western world. America at war with England raised the West Indies into direct importance. They offered the harbours, the magazines, the citadels, from which the wrath of Britain was to burn forth against the rebellious continent.

From this period is to be dated the commencement of that noble national indignation, which was determined to extinguish the British slave-trade. The more frequent intercourse of our military officers and public functionaries with the islands, brought abuses and crimes to light, to which no public feeling had been hitherto turned, merely because there was no public knowledge. The Englishman, proceeding directly from his free country into the centre of the slave-community, was struck with horror at scenes, which to the habitual avarice of the merchant, or the habitual tyranny of the planter, were unmarked and natural. The general sensibility was awakened, and from that hour the abolition of the slave-trade was virtually decreed. In 1806 the British parliament gave a deadly blow to this guilty traffic, and England was purified of a weight of crime.

Since that period the key of a more splendid prosperity has been given to the West India islands. The French Revolution, that strove in vain to break up the power of Spain in Europe, utterly destroyed it in the New World. In this desperate war, which tasked all the powers of the mother-country, she had no strength to retain the colonies. The storm was too strong on the royal ship of Spain to leave her at liberty to keep her dependencies in her wake. She was forced to cast them adrift; and, once left to take their own free way, no human power could hope to bring them back to their old connection.

After a war of eleven years, Mexico and the northern provinces of South America were recompensed for all their sacrifices by freedom. Those years were marked by strange, and sometimes bloody reverses. The Spanish officers, released from the perpetual and perplexing supervision of their own court, often exhibited the qualities that once made Spain the model of European warfare. Signal instances of intrepidity, sagacious generalship, brilliant enterprise, and, above all, patience of hardship and privation, were to be found among the King's armies. But they were encountered, if by inferior military knowledge, by equal intrepidity, and by the spirit of independence, itself equivalent to victory. One of those pre-eminent characters that seem reserved by Providence for its instruments where mighty public changes are to be wrought, appeared at the head of this noble insurrection. He had great difficulties to encounter; the occasional lapses of the public spirit; domestic intrigue; the wild effervescence of freedom in minds suddenly set loose from sullen and ancient depression. He had to meet dis-

ciplined European battalions with troops of wild and half-naked hunters, to fight battles almost without arms, and sustain the public expenditure almost without money. But those things are the miracles of a war for liberty, and he wrought these miracles. He has now attained the highest reward that can be given to man. He sees the work of his own gallant hands and generous heart in the freedom of his boundless country. The name of Bolivar will be honoured by the latest posterity. But he has not been left to the tardy justice of the grave. His glory throws a light round his living steps. His name is written before his eyes in the temple of immortality.

It is a striking and most important feature in the intercourse of this invaluable portion of the New World with England, that it promises to be wholly peaceful. There is no probable ground for war; no intermediate territory to which both can cast a jealous eye, no ancient bickering, no rivalry of trade. The obvious interest of the republics is peace, and peace with England above all other nations. They have been led forward by her powerful hand from the first moment; they have been recognised in Europe first by her, they have been sustained by her finance, they are clothed and furnished by her manufactures. They are rapidly filling with the enterprise and productive vigour of the English mind. In a few generations, unless some most disastrous and most unexpected event should cloud those fortunate prospects, they will be but England on a larger scale.

The West Indies are at once the warehouses from which this opulent connection will be supplied along the whole coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and the fortresses by which it will be defended.

The prospects of England in this quarter are not yet exhausted. A still more superb resource awaits her commercial grandeur. In a few years, the Isthmus of Darien will be an isthmus no more, but the gate of the highway of all nations. The whole coast of Japan and its archipelago, hitherto almost prohibited to European activity, the jealous frontier of China, the semi-barbarous, yet opulent states bordering the seas from Formosa to Malaya, will be inevitably thrown open. No political restraint can guard the immense shore of eastern and southern Asia, when once the passage shall be open through Mexico. All the forces of all the sovereignties of the East could not repel the perpetual and powerful allurements, that will be offered to the popular interests by an unrestrained interchange of their produce for the manufactures and luxuries with which commerce comes full-handed.

The present voyage from the Thames to China generally occupies five months. The ship's course, in that time, from the variety of winds, and other causes, is seldom less than from thirty to forty thousand miles. The outfit for this extensive voyage, the hazards of the course through difficult seas, and the natural slowness of the returns, have hitherto restricted the commerce of European nations

with the east and south coast of Asia, more than all the fiscal regulations of its governments.

By the opening of the isthmus, the whole voyage will be made almost on a Parallel, with almost a single wind, the Trade. This great sea-gate once passed, there lies before the navigator an immense expanse of ocean, that well deserves its name. The Pacific is of all seas the most unruffled. A brief period of storm comes at its regular season, as if merely to clear the impurities of this quiet world of waters and its tepid atmosphere. Thenceforth all is calm for months together. The central zone of the Pacific is swept by the trade wind. All to the north and south is the very region for the steam-boat; this unequalled invention, by which a new power is given to us over nature, and man is made lord of wind and tide, storm and calm.

But England, sharing with all other nations in the advantages of this new and incalculable increase of the riches of the world, or rather taking the lead in this great path of opulent discovery as she had done in all others, will derive, besides from her position in the West Indian islands, an influence altogether independent of her commercial enterprize. They intercept the whole Gulf of Mexico, and the Caribbean Sea. The gate may be in the hands of America, but the road to it is in the hands of England. She could shut it up at a moment. Not a sail from Europe could pass, if she prohibited it from her West Indian throne.

Alternatives like these are to be deeply deprecated. No man friendly to human nature, or to the supremacy of England, which is identified with the freedom, happiness, and security of human nature, can desire to see the world again thrown into a state of hostility. But if this stern alternative should arise, here stands the citadel, from which the Mistress of the seas can shake both hemispheres!

Turning to the north of this continent, the foundations of a new empire are laid in Canada. The region is to all actual purposes boundless. Stretching from Nova Scotia, in forty-four degrees north latitude, to the Pole, and from Newfoundland to the Pacific, through eighty degrees of longitude. If it be objected, that the Canadas are still a wilderness, and visited with intense cold; it is fairly answered, that their whole extent seems capable of sustaining life, as is shown by the residence of the Indian tribes, and by the hunters of the Hudson's Bay, and North-west Companies; that the most populous portion of Russia is twenty degrees to the north of the American line of Upper Canada; that Montreal lies in nearly the same parallel which cuts through the south of France, the Adriatic, and the Black Sea! And, above all, that the colonists who are now crowding to that country are *Englishmen*, — a race proverbially successful in all the tasks to be achieved by patient vigor, and fearless adventure. These men require only room; their

native energies will do the rest. The forest will be cleared, the morass drained, the prairie will be a corn-field, the sandy hill will bear the vine; the huge lakes, those Mediterraneans of the New World, will be covered with the products of the mineral and agricultural wealth of the country; coal has been already discovered in great abundance; iron and the various metals are already worked; the hills abound in every kind of limestone, from the roughest grained, up to the purest marble. The climate is singularly healthy. The higher latitude repels all the summer epidemics that ravage the United States. Even in the severity of winter, all that is injurious will probably yield to the thinning of the forests, the drainage of the swamps, and the other labours of the accumulating population. The temperature of the European climates has gradually given way to the same means. The north of France was, at the time of the Roman conquest, incapable of rearing the vine. The north of Germany was the habitual seat of winter. The frost and damps, more than the sword of Arminius, repelled the Roman soldier, seasoned as he was, beyond all other men, to all vicissitudes of climate. But whatever may be the dreams of England's supremacy in this quarter of the globe, in one thing she cannot be a dreamer, — in the lofty and cheering consciousness that she has laid the foundation of a great society, where before there was a wilderness. Whether the Canadas shall retain their allegiance, or shake it off, there will be at least human beings where there was once solitude; law, where there was once the license of savage life; religion, where the Indian worshipped in brutish ignorance. England will have held the wand, that struck the waters from the rock, and filled the desert with fertility and rejoicing.

The European politics of England are at once too diversified, and too familiarly known, to be detailed here. She is at this hour the bond that keeps Europe in amity. The succession of the Emperor Nicholas has made it necessary that she should ascertain the bearings of the Russian policy. She has sent the most distinguished General of Europe to explain her principles, and to receive the pledges of the Russian cabinet. His progress through the Continent has been like a continued triumph, a train of honours paid to the great soldier himself, and through him to his country. The affairs of Greece are probably among the objects of his mission; and humanity and the generous feeling that binds itself with the glorious recollections of that most memorable of all lands, will equally rejoice in the extinction of the bloody and useless war that now exhausts her.

But as a portion of the power of England, the possession of the Seven Isles, and Malta, give her a right to a decided interference in all that disturbs the tranquillity of the Mediterranean. If great European changes are to take place, the first will probably occur in this quarter; and whenever England shall be forced to the stern

necessity of war, she will stand on a height from which her thunderbolts will not be launched in vain.

We have not alluded to Ireland or Scotland as separate dependencies; they are constantly assimilating more closely to England, by the abolition of fiscal restrictions, by similarity of manners, and by identity of laws. The unhappy dissensions which throw Ireland back in the general progress will gradually yield to melioration of law, of local government, and of personal feeling.

We are not among those prophets of evil who exhibit their sagacity in seeing the seeds of ruin in the most palmy state of national good fortune. All the leading commercial powers have fallen. But England stands in a condition distinct from them all. All those states were exclusively commercial: they had no real foundation in the land. Tyre, Carthage, Venice, Genoa, Holland, had no territory extensive enough to give them a national existence independently of the sea: they were *strips* of territory, inhabited by men whose natural dwelling was on ship-board; they had no population that could meet the attack of the military powers that pressed them by land; their armour was in front, their backs were naked. All the maritime states were thus compelled to the perilous expedient of employing foreign mercenaries. The mercantile jealousy that uniformly refused the rights of citizenship to the neighbouring states, left the merchant naked in his day of danger. The French cavalry insulted the gates of Amsterdam at pleasure; the Austrians seized Genoa and besieged Venice, when an Austrian cock-boat dared not appear on the Adriatic. In older times, the mountaineers of Macedon tore down the defences of the Phenician cities, when their ships were masters of all from Syria to the Pillars of Hercules. Scipio found but a solitary force of mercenaries between the shore and the walls of Carthage.

From the catastrophe of those jealous, narrow, and feeble states, what argument can be drawn to the fate of the generous, the extensive, the powerful, and, above all, the free!

The population of the British isles is worthy of a great dominion. It probably amounts to twenty millions; and that vast number is generally placed under such fortunate circumstances of rapid communication and easy concentration, as to be equal to perhaps half as many more in any other kingdom. This facility of intercourse is one of the great elements of civilised strength. The rapid returns of merchandise are not more indicative of prosperous trade than the rapid intercourse of human kind is essential to national vigour. For whatever purpose united strength can be demanded, it is forwarded to the spot at once. If England were threatened with invasion, a hundred thousand men could be conveyed to the defence of any of her coasts within four-and-twenty hours!

Some common yet curious calculations evince the singular facility and frequency of this intercourse. The mail-coaches of England run over twelve thousand miles in a single night — half the circum-

ference of the globe ! A newspaper published in the morning in London is, by the same night, read a hundred and twenty miles off ! The twopenny-post revenue of London alone is said to equal the whole post-office revenue of France ! The traveller going at night from London, sleeps, on the second night, four hundred miles off ! The length of canal navigation in the vicinage of London is computed to equal the whole canal navigation of France !

But the most important distinction between the *materiel* of British strength and that of the commercial republics is not merely in the extent but in the diversity of its population. The land is not all a dock-yard, nor a manufactory, nor a barrack, nor a ploughed field : our national ship does not sweep on by a single sail. With a manufacturing population of three millions, we have a professional population, a naval population, and a most powerful, healthy, and superabundant agricultural population, which supplies the drain of them all. Of this last and most essential class to permanent power, the famous commercial republics were wholly destitute, and they therefore fell. England has been an independent and ruling kingdom since the invasion in 1066, a period already longer than the duration of the Roman empire from Cæsar, and equal to its whole duration from the consulate, the time of its emerging into national importance.

But if the moment of arriving at pre-eminent prosperity should always be the destined moment of a nation's descent, England would be, beyond all existing nations, in peril. Her king at this hour commands a population more numerous than that of any other sceptre on the globe, (excepting the probably exaggerated, and the certainly ineffective, multitudes of China). He is monarch over nearly one hundred and twenty millions of men. With him the old Spanish boast is true : "On his dominions the sun never sets." But the most illustrious attribute of this unexampled sway is, that its principle is Benevolence ! that knowledge goes forth with it, that tyranny sinks before it, that in its magnificent progress it abates the calamities of nature, that it plants the desert, that it civilises the savage, that it strikes off the fetters of the slave !

ART. IX. *Diary of an Ennuyée.* 8vo. pp. 354. 10s. 6d. Colburn. 1826.

WE confess that we have felt some embarrassment how exactly to treat this little volume. If it be really what it professes, the genuine diary of a young and broken-hearted woman, used sometimes to beguile her feelings, and sometimes to give vent to them, and never designed for other eyes than her own ; if it be the genuine record of sorrows which appear to have hurried the writer to a premature grave ; it is scarcely matter for cold and fastidious criticism. But if it be really all this, we would then say to the friends of the poor girl, that they ought never to have suffered its

publication. There are, however, a few contradictions in the volume, and even some suspicious traces of book-making, to shake the belief which we yet cannot, upon the whole, avoid entertaining of its authenticity. There is, in the first place, an evident disagreement between the title and the contents of the work. It is *not* the Diary of an Ennuyée:

— “soure, and full of fancies fraile,”

as the editor and his Spenserian motto have characterised it: it is not, as we were thence led to anticipate, the journal of some fine lady, who, after having quaffed the cup of fashionable pleasure to satiety, and drained its intoxicating qualities even to the dregs, can find no excitement strong enough to stimulate the exhaustion of shattered nerves, and no attraction in novelty sufficiently keen to overcome the listless torpor of her idleness and spleen. But it is, on the contrary, the production of an intellectual and accomplished female, who would seem to have been removed by her family to the Continent in the hope of restoring her health, and relieving her thoughts from the heavy pressure of some domestic affliction, by change of climate and scene. Her party travelled by the usual route through France, Switzerland, and Italy; but this tour failed in arresting the progress of her malady, whether bodily or mental, and she sank under her sufferings during their return home through the south of France. We are informed that ‘she died at Autun in her twenty-sixth year, and was buried in the garden of the Capuchin monastery near that city.’ It was during her travels that she kept the Diary before us, which breaks off within only four days of her death. It presents, as the editor justly remarks, ‘a picture of natural and feminine feeling;’ but considering the state and impressions under which it was written, he has evinced, we think, some little levity and insensibility, in the adoption of a burlesque designation for its title.

It cannot be expected that a young lady should, under the most favourable circumstances, be enabled to throw either much novelty or value into her description of foreign scenes, which have become almost as familiar to the generality of her readers as the high road between London and Dover. And in the present case, moreover, the expression of unhappy feelings, in which the volume abounds to excess, has imparted a hue of morbid melancholy to almost the whole of her diary, and considerably detracted from the light and agreeable interest which should be the proper charm of a tourist’s journal. In other respects, however, the literary qualifications of the writer were by no means of the lowest order. We must reprobate the affectation which her diction displays—an affectation that would seem almost generic in the whole tribe of lettered ladies—of interlarding her sentences with scraps and phrases of French and Italian, *usque ad nauseam*, and not always with felicitous application or grammatical precision. But except in this common little

foible, of mannerism, the style of the fair journalist is lively and sufficiently correct. She was evidently a person of cultivated mind and elegant tastes : where her melancholy is for a moment forgotten, her narrative exhibits flashes of animation and gaiety ; and there are several indications in the volume of talent both for humorous sketches of character and graphic delineation of scene. There is often a pleasing turn of poetical fancy about her ; and every one acquainted with the aspect of the Italian cities and the vicissitudes of Italian story, will recognise the beauty and truth of her allusions in the following little passage :

‘ Genoa, though fallen, is still “ Genoa the Proud :” she is like a noble matron, blooming in years, and dignified in decay : while her rival Venice, always used to remind me of a beautiful courtesan repenting in sackcloth and ashes ; and mingling the ragged remnants of former splendour with the emblems of present misery, degradation, and mourning. Pursue the train of similitude, Florence may be likened to a blooming bride drest out to meet her lover ; Naples is like Tasso’s Armida, with all the allurements of the Syren, and all the terrors of the Sorceress ; Rome sits crowned upon the grave of her power, widowed indeed, and desolate, but still, like the queenly Constance, she maintains the majesty of sorrow —

“ This is my throne, let kings come bow to it !” p. 344.

This imaginative vein, indeed, appears to far more advantage in the passing comments of her journal, than in some little poetical pieces which, says her editor, were found in another volume, the companion of her travels, and have by him been interspersed, according to their dates, in the diary. None of these rise at all above mediocrity ; and all of them have reference, more or less immediate, to her personal feelings and state. Perhaps the following lines may be selected as the best in the collection ; they are at least touching for the simplicity of their expression :

‘ It is o’er ! with its pains and its pleasures,
The dream of affection is o’er !
The feelings I lavish’d so fondly
Will never return to me more.

‘ With a faith, O ! too blindly believing —
A truth, no unkindness could move ;
My prodigal heart hath expended
At once, an existence of love.

‘ And now, like the spendthrift forsaken,
By those whom his bounty had blest,
All empty, and cold, and despairing,
It shrinks in my desolate breast.

‘ But a spirit is burning within me,
Unquench’d and unquenchable yet ;
It shall teach me to bear uncomplaining,
The grief I can never forget.’

There is something, however, far too obtrusive and monotonous for the public eye, in the perpetual recurrence to such feelings which we find in almost every page. So far the journal, if we may be forgiven the pun, is much more that of an Ennuyante than of an Ennuyée. Sometimes, indeed, there are little bursts of passion which have all the bitterness of truth. 'How idle to talk of indulging grief: talk of indulging the rack, the rheumatism! who ever indulged grief that truly felt it? To *endure* is bad enough.' And yet the whole diary is the indulgence of a distempered mind: the overflowing of sentiment, which would be laughed at in a novel, and which here leaves a different impression, at once painful and wearisome, only from the belief which it commands of a sadder reality. We find the fair traveller speaking perpetually of her 'languid indifference and pale face;' of 'habitual melancholy;' of 'feverish sleep purchased only by laudanum;' of 'nights full of horrid images, and days of incessant pain and unmitigated anguish.' That the sufferer should have made her sealed journal, in her own words, 'the faithful depository of her recollections, the confidante of her feelings, and the sole witness of her tears,' is not perhaps unnatural. But why have these things been published? There is an indelicacy in the exposure, even anonymously, to careless and indifferent eyes, of personal grief which was meant to be secret, and ought, in the estimation of friends at least, to have been sacred. If the rage for publishing or the thirst of gain was to be gratified, still why were not these passages expunged? The editor tells us that the frequent asterisks which break the narrative mark the places where one or more leaves had been torn away by the writer: it would have done no discredit to his vocation, if he had abstracted many of the remaining passages which could scarcely have been intended for publication.

We have spoken of some suspicious traces of premeditated book-making in the Diary. Its very opening savours of this; afterwards the writer's arrival at Paris leads us into a long and improbable melo-dramatic tale — the story of Genevieve — which she was at the trouble of committing to her journal from the relation of a French gentleman; and at last we meet with the following anticipation of the fate of her Diary, which has full as much the air of prophecy as of deprecation:

'Now if my poor little Diary should ever be seen! I tremble but to think of it! — what egotism and vanity, what discontent, — repining, — caprice, — should I be accused of! neither perhaps have I always been just to others; *quand on sent, on réfléchit rarement*. Such strange vicissitudes of temper — such opposite extremes of thinking and feeling, written down at the moment, without noticing the intervening links of circumstances and impressions which led to them, would appear like distraction, if they should meet the eye of any indifferent person.' — pp. 173, 174.

Yet this may have been, after all, no more than the inconsistency of a young writer, betraying the lurking wish and unconscious little vanity of authorship, with a shrinking dread of the exposure of secret care. But we pass from the scrutiny of personal feelings and motives, into which, in truth, the world have little right to inquire; and we shall proceed to point out some of the passages in the volume which are most deserving of notice. We begin by taking the following, which describes, with sufficient fidelity, the first impressions excited by Paris and some of its environs:

' St. Germain, June 27. — I cannot bear this place, another hour in it will kill me; this sultry evening; this sickening sunshine — this quiet, unbroken, boundless landscape — these motionless woods — the Seine stealing, creeping through the level plains — the dull grandeur of the old chateau — the languid repose of the whole scene — instead of soothing, torture me. I am left without resource, a prey to myself and to memory — to reflection, which embitters the source of suffering, and thought which brings distraction. Horses on to Paris! Vite! Vite!

' Paris, 28. — What said the witty Frenchwoman? — Paris est le lieu du monde où l'on peut le mieux se passer de bonheur; — in that case it will suit me admirably.

' 29. — We walked and drove about all day: I was amused. I marvel at my own versatility when I think how soon my quick spirits were excited by this gay, gaudy, noisy idle place. The different appearance of the streets of London and Paris is the first thing to strike a stranger. In the gayest and most crowded streets of London the people move steadily and rapidly along, with a grave collected air, as if all had some business in view; here, as a little girl observed the other day, all the people walk about "like ladies and gentlemen going a visiting;" the women well dressed and smiling, and with a certain jaunty air, trip along with their peculiar mincing step, and appear as if their sole object was but to shew themselves; the men ill-dressed, slovenly, and in general ill-looking, lounge indolently, and stare as if they had no other purpose in life but to look about them.

' July 12. — "Quel est à Paris le suprême talent? celui d'amuser; et quel est le suprême bonheur? l'amusement."

' Then *le suprême bonheur* may be found every evening from nine to ten, in a walk along the Boulevards, or a ramble through the Champs Elysées, and from ten to twelve in a salon at Tortoni's.

' What an extraordinary scene was that I witnessed to-night! how truly *French*! Spite of myself and all my melancholy musings, and all my philosophic allowances for the difference of national character, I was irresistibly compelled to smile at some of the farcical groups we encountered. In the most crowded parts of the Champs Elysées this evening (Sunday), there sat an old lady with a wrinkled yellow face and sharp features, dressed in a flounced gown of dirty white muslin, a pink sash and a Leghorn hat and feathers. In one hand she held a small tray for the contribution of amateurs, and in the other an Italian bravura, which she sung or rather screamed out with a thousand indescribable shruggings, contortions, and grimaces, and in a voice to which a cracked tea-kettle, or a "brazen candlestick turned," had seemed the music of the spheres. A little farther on we found two elderly gentlemen playing at *sec-saw*; one an immense corpulent man of fifteen stone at least,

the other a thin dwarfish animal with grey mustachios, who held before him what I thought was a child, but on approaching, it proved to be a large stone strapped before him, to render his weight a counterpoise to that of his huge companion. We passed on, and returning about half an hour afterwards down the same walk, we found the same venerable pair pursuing their edifying amusement with as much enthusiasm as before. — pp. 7—9.

We are not disposed to linger with the writer at Paris, nor yet to accompany her through the beaten track of Swiss scenery and threadbare description. Crossing the Alps, therefore, Milan and a scene at the theatre Della Scala may first arrest our attention.

Our Italian friends condoled with us on being a few days too late to see *La Vestale*, which had been performed for sixty nights, and is one of Vignano's masterpieces. I thought the *Didone Abbandonata* left us nothing to regret. The immense size of the stage — the splendid scenery — the classical propriety and magnificence of the dresses — the fine music — and the exquisite acting, (for there is very little dancing,) all conspired to render it enchanting. The celebrated cavern scene, in the fourth book of Virgil, is rather too closely copied in a most inimitable *pas de deux*: so closely indeed, that I was considerably alarmed *pour les bienséances*: but little Ascanius, who is asleep in a corner (heaven knows how he came there), wakes at the critical moment, and the impending catastrophe is averted. Such a scene, however beautiful, would not, I think, be endured on the English stage. I observed that when it began, the curtains in front of the boxes were withdrawn; the whole audience, who seemed to be expecting it, was hushed: the deepest silence, the most delighted attention prevailed during its performance; and the moment it was over, a third of the spectators departed. I am told this is always the case; and that in almost every ballet d'action, the public are gratified by a scene, or scenes, of a similar tendency.

The second time I saw the *Didone*, my attention, in spite of the fascination of the scene, was attracted towards a box near us, which was occupied by a noble English family just arrived at Milan. In the front of the box, sat a beautiful girl, apparently not fifteen, with laughing lips and dimpled cheeks, the very personification of blooming, innocent, English loveliness. I watched her, (I could not help it, when my interest was once awakened,) through the whole scene. I marked her increased agitation: I saw her cheeks flush, her eyes glisten, her bosom flutter, as if with sighs I could not overhear, till at length, overpowered with emotion, she turned away her head, and covered her eyes with her hand. Mothers! — English mothers! who bring your daughters abroad to finish their education — do ye well to expose them to scenes like these, and force the young bud of early feeling in such a precious hot-bed as this? — Can a finer finger on the piano, — a finer taste in painting, or any possible improvement in foreign arts, and foreign graces, compensate for one taint on that moral purity, which has ever been, (and may it ever be!) the boast, the charm of Englishwomen? But what have I to do with all this? — I came here to be amused and to forget: — not to moralize, or to criticise. — pp. 49—51.

This description is, perhaps, *un peu forte*; and here we are bound to remark, that there is at times in this Diary rather more freedom

of expression than is usually found in the untravelled English woman of five-and-twenty. With a love of the fine arts, our fair countrywomen learn to acquire on the Continent a license of observation and criticism, which we would not willingly see substituted for the retiring sensitiveness of their insular manners. When the characteristics of Titian's genius are examined in this Diary, we are told of 'his love of pleasure and his love of woman;' that 'through all his glowing pictures we trace the voluptuary,' and that 'his virgins are rather des jeunes epouses de la veille.' (p. 317.) Most true; but we could have forgiven less accurate criticism from the pen of a young English woman. Thus, too, we are told in another place, (p. 200.) of 'the voluptuous expression' of Canova's figures: even his Graces, by the way, are included in this sweeping denunciation. We had believed it impossible that this divine groupe could have awakened one licentious thought in the most depraved imagination. Who has ever gazed on the originals, the glory of Woburn, or on their miniature copies, for which we are indebted to the exquisite chisel of Sievier, with other feelings than those of pure homage to innocent loveliness?

At Brescia we pause with our fair guide to contemplate an amusing and but too common piece of English character, which she has sketched with point and humour,—the travelled fool of our age and country.

'But Brescia ought to be immortalized in the history of our travels: for there, stalking down the Corso — *le nez en l'air* — we met our acquaintance, L——, from whom we had parted last on the pavé of Piccadilly. I remember that in London I used to think him not remarkable for wisdom,—and his travels have infinitely improved him—in folly. He boasted to us triumphantly that he had run over sixteen thousand miles in sixteen months: that he had bowed at the levée of the Emperor Alexander,—been slapped on the shoulder by the Archduke Constantine,—shaken hands with a Lapland witch,—and been presented in full volunteer uniform at every court between Stockholm and Milan. Yet he is not one particle wiser than if he had spent the same time in walking up and down the Strand. He has contrived, however, to pick up on his tour, strange odds and ends of foreign follies, which stick upon the coarse-grained materials of his own John Bull character like tin-foil upon sackcloth: so that I see little difference between what he was, and what he is, except that from a *simple goose*, he has become a compound one. With all this, L—— is not unbearable—not yet at least. He amuses others as a butt—and me as a specimen of a new genus of fools: for his folly is not like any thing one usually meets with. It is not, *par exemple*, the folly of stupidity, for he talks much; nor of dullness, for he laughs much; nor of ignorance, for he has seen much; nor of wrong-headedness, for he can be guided right; nor of bad-heartedness, for he is good natured; nor of thoughtlessness, for he is prudent; nor of extravagance, for he can calculate even to the value of half a lira: but it is an essence of folly, peculiar to himself, and like Monsieur Jaques's melancholy, "compounded of many simples, extracted from various objects, and the sundry contemplation of his travels." So much for the present of our friend L——. — pp. 58, 59.

At Venice we hear, as usual, of gondolas and canals, St. Mark's and the Rialto, churches, palaces, and prisons, Titians, Canalettes, and Palladio; but we gladly quit them all to follow the writer through the route from thence to Florence. Here the wild and romantic variety of the Apennine scenery, the magnificent approach to Florence, the enchanting view of the city and the Val d'Arno 'at evening from the top of Fesole,' the heavenly repose of the soft clear moonlights of that beauteous region, — all this our fair traveller has well and enthusiastically described. Her notice of the sculptured boasts of Florence, however, has nothing new, and we pass it altogether. So shall we also her whole account of the antiquities of Rome. In such a scene the comments of superficial amateurs and half-learned ladies are peculiarly out of place; and even among commentators of far deeper research, we scarcely know a single traveller who is endurable as a guide through the eternal city — except only Forsyth. Here his inexhaustible stores of classical learning, the surprising accuracy of his architectural knowledge, his acuteness in the detection of error, his fine taste, and his epigrammatic decision, are each in their proper action: we listen to him with respect, and follow in his track with the same unresisting confidence with which Dante yields himself, in his infernal pilgrimage, to the guidance of Virgil:

“Vagliami 'l lungo studio, e'l grande amore
Che m'han fatto cercar lo tuo volume,
Tu se'l lo mio maestro e'l mio autore.”

After him we can submit to visit the ruins of old Rome with few antiquarian ciceroni of our own sex; and certainly we shall not deliver ourselves to the guidance of even the fairest and best of the blues.

The description in this Diary of the modern aspect and society of the city, and of the religious ceremonies of the Holy Week, is a more suitable subject-matter for a feminine pen; and, as usual, the observations of the writer upon the scenery of her journey from Florence to Rome, and from thence to Naples, are full of graphic truth, good taste, and animation. At Naples we plunge with her at once into the fantastic humours of the Carnival.

‘From Avversa to Naples the country is not interesting; but fertile and rich beyond description: an endless succession of vineyards and orange groves. At length we reached Naples; all tired and in a particularly sober and serious mood: we remembered it was the Sabbath, and had forgotten that it was the first day of the Carnival; and great was our amazement at the scene which met us on our arrival —

‘I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed: and all
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost!

‘The whole city seemed one vast puppet-show; and the noisy gaiety of the crowded streets almost stunned me. One of the first objects we encountered was a barouche full of Turks and Sultanas, driven by an

old woman in a tawdry court-dress as coachman; while a merry-andrew and a harlequin capered behind as footmen. Owing to the immense size of the city, and the difficulty of making our way through the motley throng of masks, beggars, lazzaroni, eating-stalls, carts, and carriages, we were nearly three hours traversing the streets before we reached our inn on the Chiaja.

‘I feel tired and over excited: I have been standing on my balcony looking out upon the moon-lit bay, and listening to the mingled shouts, the laughter, the music all around me; and thinking — till I feel in no mood to write.’—

‘The Austrians, who are paramount here, allow masks only twice a week, Sundays and Thursdays. The people seem determined to indemnify themselves for this restriction on their pleasures by every allowed excess during the two days of merriment, which their despotic conquerors have spared them. I am told by M* * and S* *, our Italian friends, that the Carnival is now fallen off from its wild spirit of fanciful gaiety, that it is stupid, dull, tasteless, in comparison to what it was formerly, owing to the severity of the Austrian police. I know nothing about the propriety of the measures which have been resorted to for curbing the excesses of the Carnival; I think if people *will* run away instead of fighting for their national rights, they must be content to suffer accordingly — but I meddle not with politics, and with all my heart abhor them. Whatever the gaieties of the Carnival may have been formerly, it is scarce possible to conceive a more fantastic, a more picturesque, a more laughable scene than the Strada di Toledo exhibited to-day; the whole city seemed to wear “one universal grin; and such an incessant fire of sugar-plums (or what seemed such) was carried on, and with such eagerness and mimic fury, that when our carriage came out of the conflict, we all looked as if a sack of flour had been shaken over us. The implements used in this ridiculous warfare are, for common purposes, little balls of plaister of Paris and flour, made to resemble small confetti: friends and acquaintances pelted each other with real confetti, and those of the most delicious and expensive kinds. A double file of carriages moved in a contrary direction along the Corso; a space in the middle and on each side being left for horsemen and pedestrians, and the most exact order was maintained by the guards and police; so that if by any chance a carriage lost its place in the line it was impossible to recover it, and it was obliged to leave the street, and re-enter by one of the extremities. Besides the warfare carried on below, the balconies on each side were crowded with people in gay or grotesque dresses, who had *sacks* of bon-bons before them, from which they showered volleys upon those beneath, or aimed across the street at each other: some of them filled their handkerchiefs, and then dexterously loosening the corners, and taking a certain aim, flung a volley at once. This was like a cannon loaded with grape-shot, and never failed to do the most terrific execution.’ — pp. 215—218.

This residence at Naples is made the most interesting part of the volume. It is apparent that the poor invalid breathed more freely than usual in its delicious climate. Its balmy air and softened landscapes soothed her spirits and lulled her nervous irritation; and she has dwelt with peculiar admiration and attachment on these southern scenes. Vesuvius, too, was in full eruption during her

stay at Naples; and she has given a lively account of her courageous ascent to the highest practicable point of the mountain. This is the best executed fragment in her work: but it is too long for our purpose; and, instead of it, we shall be contented to give the following short and spirited passage, which fills the imagination more with the characteristic points of Italian scenery than a thousand more elaborate and formal descriptions.

‘ Lucca. — Had I never visited Italy I think I should never have understood the word *picturesque*. In England we apply it generally to rural objects or natural scenery, for nothing else in England can deserve the epithet. Civilization, cleanliness, and comfort, are excellent things, but they are sworn enemies to the picturesque: they have banished it gradually from our towns, and habitations, into remote countries, and little nooks and corners, where we are obliged to hunt after it to find it; but in Italy the picturesque is every where, in every variety of form; it meets us at every turn, in town and in country, at all times and seasons; the commonest object of every-day life here becomes picturesque and assumes from a thousand causes a certain character of poetical interest it cannot have elsewhere. In England, when travelling in some distant country we see perhaps a craggy hill, a thatched cottage, a mill upon a winding stream, a rosy milkmaid, or a smock-frocked labourer whistling after his plough, and we exclaim, “How picturesque!” Travelling in Italy we see a piny mountain, a little dilapidated village on its declivity, the ruined temple of Jupiter or Apollo on its summit; a peasant with a bunch of roses hanging from his hat, and singing to his guitar, or a contadina in her white veil and scarlet petticoat, and we exclaim, “How picturesque!” but how different! Again — a tidy drill or a hay-cart, with a team of fine horses, is a very useful, valuable, civilised machine; but a grape-waggon reeling under its load of purple clusters, and drawn by a pair of oxen in their clumsy, ill-contrived harness, and bowing their patient heads to the earth, is much more picturesque. A spinning wheel is very convenient, it must be allowed, but the distaff and spindle are much more picturesque. A snug English villa with its shaven lawn, its neat shrubbery, and its park, is a delightful thing — an Italian villa is probably far less comfortable, but with its vineyards, its gardens, its fountains, and statues, is far more picturesque. A laundry-maid at her wash-tub, immersed in soap-suds, is a vulgar idea, though our clothes may be the better for it. I shall never forget the group of women I saw at Terracina washing their linen in a bubbling brook as clear as crystal, which rushed from the mountains to the sea — there were twenty of them at least, grouped with the most graceful effect, some standing up to the mid-leg in the stream, others spreading the linen on the sunny bank, some flinging back their long hair stood shading their brows with their hands, and gazing on us as we passed: it was a scene for a poet, or a painter, or a melo-drama. An English garden, adorned at every turn with statues of the heathen deities, (although they were all but personifications of the various attributes of nature,) would be ridiculous. Setting aside the injury they must sustain from our damp, variable climate, they would be out of keeping with all around: here it is altogether different; the very air of Italy is imbued with the spirit of ancient mythology; and though “the fair humanities of old

religion," the Nymphs, the Fauns, the Dryads, be banished from their haunts, and live no longer in the faith of reason, yet still, whithersoever we turn, some statue, some temple in ruins, some fragment of an altar, some inscription half effaced, some name half barbarized, recalls to the fancy those forms of light, of beauty, of majesty, which poetry created to people scenes for which mere humanity was not in itself half pure enough, fair enough, bright enough.

'What can be more grand than a noble forest of English oak? or more beautiful than a grove of beeches and elms clothed in their autumnal tints? or more delicious than an apple-orchard in full bloom? but it is true, notwithstanding, that the olive, and cypress, and cedar, the orange, and the citron, the fig and the pomegranate, the myrtle and the vine, convey a different, a more luxuriant feeling to the mind; and are associated with ideas which give to the landscape they adorn a character more delightfully, more *poetically* picturesque.' — pp. 331—334.

It was among the scenery and in the climate of Italy that the enthusiastic mind of the suffering writer formed the last associations of beauty and delight of which she was susceptible. As she recrossed the Alps in increasing languor and illness, she still clung, with faint transports of pleasure, to these recollections; and the fair images which they prompted seem to have endured almost to the last breath of her ebbing existence. The broken passages which close her journal will not be read with indifference.

'I agree with —, who has just left me, that nothing can be more animating and improving than the conversation of intelligent and clever men, and that lady-society is in general very *fade* and tiresome; and yet I truly believe that no woman can devote herself exclusively to the society of men without losing some of the best and sweetest characteristics of her sex. The conversation of men of the world and men of gallantry gives insensibly a taint to her mind; the unceasing language of adulation and admiration intoxicates the head and perverts the heart; the habit of *être-à-tête*, the habit of being always either the sole or principal object of attention, of mingling in no conversation which is not personal, narrows the disposition, weakens the mind, and renders it incapable of rising to general views or principles; while it so excites the senses and the imagination, that every thing else becomes in comparison stale, flat, and unprofitable. The life of a coquette is very like that of a drunkard or an opium-eater, and its end is the same — the utter extinction of intellect, of cheerfulness, of generous feeling, and of self-respect. * * * *

* St. Michel, Monday: — I know not why I open my book, or why I should keep accounts of times and places. I saw nothing of Turin but what I beheld from my window; and as soon as I could travel we set off, crossed Mount Cenis in a storm, slept at Lans-le-bourg, and reached this place yesterday, where I am again ill, and worse — worse than ever.

'Is it not strange that while life is thus rapidly wasting, I should still be so strong to suffer? the pang, the agony is not less acute at this moment, than when, fifteen months ago, the poignant was driven to my heart. The cup, though I have nearly drained it to the last, is not less bitter now than when first presented to my lips. But this is not well, why

indeed should I repine? mine was but a common fate! like a true woman, I did but stake my all of happiness upon one cast — and lost!
* * * *

‘ Lyons, 19. — Good God! for what purpose do we feel? why within our limited sphere of action, our short and imperfect existence, have we such boundless capacity for enjoying and suffering? no doubt for some good purpose. But I cannot think as I used to think; my ideas are perplexed: it is all pain of heart and confusion of mind; a sense of bitterness, and wrong, and sorrow, which I cannot express, nor yet quite suppress. If the cloud would but clear away that I might feel and see to do what is right! but all is dark, and heavy, and vacant: my mind is dull, and my eyes are dim, and I am scarce conscious of any thing around me.

‘ A few days passed here in quiet, and kind Dr. P** have revived me a little.

‘ All the way from Turin I have slept almost constantly; if that can be called *sleep*, which was rather the stupor of exhaustion, and left me still sensible of what was passing round me. I heard voices, though I knew not what they said; and I felt myself moved from place to place, though I neither knew nor cared whither. * * * *

‘ All that I have seen and heard, all that I have felt and suffered, since I left Italy, recalls to my mind that delightful country. I should regret what I have left behind had I not outlived all regrets — but *one* — for there, though

‘ I vainly sought from outward forms to win

The passion and the life whose fountains are within,

all feeling was not yet worn out of my heart: I was not then blinded nor stupified by sorrow and weakness as I have been since.

‘ There are some places we remember with pleasure, because we have been happy there; others, because endeared to us as the residence of friends. We love our country because it is *our country*; our home because it is *our home*; London or Paris we may prefer, as comprehending in themselves all the intellectual pleasures and luxuries of life; but, dear Italy, we love it simply for its own sake; not as, in general, we are attached to places and things, but as we love a friend, and the face of a friend: there it was “*luxury to be*” — there I would willingly have died, if so it might have pleased God.

‘ Till this evening we have not seen a gleam of sunshine, nor a glimpse of the blue sky, since we crossed Mount Cenis. We entered Lyons during a small drizzling rain. The dirty streets, the black, gloomy-looking houses, the smoking manufactories, and busy looks of the people, made me think of Florence and Genoa, and their “fair white walls,” and princely domes; and when in the evening I heard the whining organ which some wretched Savoyard was grinding near us, I remembered even with emotion the delightful voices I heard singing, “*Di piacer mi balza il cor*,” under my balcony at Turin — my last recollection of Italy: and to-night, when they opened the window to give me air, I felt, on recovering, the cold chill of the night-breeze; and as I shivered, and shrunk away from it, I remembered the delicious and genial softness of our Italian evenings. * * * *

‘ No letters from England.

‘ Now that it is past, I may confess, that till now, a faint — a very faint hope did cling to my heart. I thought it might have been just possible; but it is over now — *all* is over!

' We leave Lyons on Tuesday, and travel by short easy stages; and they think I may still reach Paris. I will hold up — if possible.

' Yet if they would but lay me down on the road-side, and leave me to die in quietness! to rest is all I ask.

' 24. — St. Albin. We arrived here yesterday.

* * * * *

' The few sentences which follow are not legible.

' Four days after the date of the last paragraph, the writer died at Autun in her twenty-sixth year, and was buried in the garden of the Capuchin Monastery, near that city.' — *Editor*. — pp. 350—354.

There is something affecting and mournful in these closing pages, written, as it were, between time and eternity, and yet noting the habitual current of thought, and filled to the last with the daily occurrences of a journey which conducted the young and heart-stricken traveller only to a tomb.

ART. X. 1. *Three Letters to the Editor of the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, from Malachi Malagrowther, Esq. on the proposed Change of Currency, and other Alterations, as they affect, or are intended to affect, the Kingdom of Scotland.* Blackwood. Edinburgh. 1826.

2. *Two Letters on Scottish Affairs, from Edward Bradwardine Waverley, Esq. to Malachi Malagrowther, Esq.* Murray. London. 1826.

WHAT are termed "the public mind" and "the spirit of the age" are things of a strange nature. We own, to our shame, we were once of the number of those who deemed that if "The Drapier's Letters" had been published, even in Ireland, some hundred years after the time when they appeared, neither the genius nor the patriotism of Swift could have given currency to the flat absurdities which abound in almost every page of those celebrated performances. We have lived to humble ourselves in our error, and to confess that we mistook the times in which we live. The extraordinary influence which Mr. Malachi Malagrowther is now exciting upon his compatriots, makes us much fear that at this day, and in philosophic Scotland, there are a pen and a name whose united magic could circulate a belief through a whole people, that their ruin might be wrought by a cargo of depreciated copper-money.

Similar as the letters of Mr. Malagrowther are, in more points than one, to those of the Drapier, their scope and tendency are widely different. Swift's zeal was really directed, not against the projector, Wood, but against the odious tyranny that, in deference to the blind, foolish, one can hardly add selfish, prejudices of a few jealous traders, sought, with the inconsistency which so often marks oppressive sway, to make Ireland at once a tributary and an impoverished province. But the Scotch patriot of the present day lifts a voice, of which he knows well the use and the power, against those improvements of a wise and impartial policy which are only the too tardy fruits of a long and clear experience. When the

popular pulse, which his art has now made to beat so riotously, shall have recovered from its fever, and resumed the accustomed cool and steady movements of the time and the nation, people will be inclined to ask with astonishment, whether it really be true, that fifty years after the publication of the "Wealth of Nations," and almost upon the very spot where its author wrote that work, it has been gravely asserted, that the wealth of *Scotland* depends upon a paper currency; that the introduction of a million and a half of gold sovereigns within her borders will stop her manufactories, lay an embargo upon her commerce, starve the fishermen of her Highlands, make the plough to drop from the hands of her hardy Lowland famers, and, more than all, "*absit omen*," call up again the spirit of her Rob Roy Macgregors, and crowd the great northern highway with a new race of "gentlemen of the road."

Such are the opinions of Mr. Malachi Malagrowther. The question between him and his opponents lies within a narrow compass. A mere political economist would say, that he has provokingly encumbered it, in three goodly sized pamphlets, with those auxiliaries so troublesome in an adversary, wit, sarcasm, and eloquence. For our parts, we do not care to conceal that we read through the whole three letters with our attention so fixed upon the fervid and sometimes rather romantic eloquence, the sarcasm keen and brilliant, but never ill-natured, and the wit which plays on, ever varying and untiring, to the end, that we were quite delighted with the dress, though we were scarcely able to discover what was the substance which lay beneath it. But this sort of toying with the literary beauties of a political writer may never do for our readers; and we shall therefore state, very briefly, how the wizard seeks to work his spell, and why we (and we trust our readers will share our escape) have failed to be caught by his enchantments.

We shall pass over the preliminary complaints touching the unholy interference of the Scotch commissions with the 'old spider' of the Parliament House; we shall take no heed of the lament upon the departure of certain revenue boards, the loss of which, it seems, 'affected materially the condition and even the respectability of the overburdened aristocracy' of Scotland. On these points our author is hit rather hardly by his cousin, Edward Bradwardine Waverley, Esq., of whose performance our limits will not allow us to say more, than that with a good deal of humour, which is not the most playful, and some very elaborate sarcasm, it contains much good sense, and some most annoyingly close references to facts, dates, books, 'persons, and records.'

There is a ghost-like thought (we hardly know how else to designate a notion so visionary), which seems to have haunted Mr. Malagrowther during the whole of his lucubrations — an apprehension that the supply of gold for Scotland, if sovereigns be substituted for small notes, will entail a perpetual charge, from some, we know not what, tendency of gold coin to fly out of a country the

moment after it gains admittance. This spectre appears through the letters in every possible shape and aspect, plain prose, gay raillery, and awful metaphor. It is stated with sufficient clearness in the following passage :

' The branches established by banks in remote parts of Scotland must be given up. The parent banks would vainly exhaust themselves in endeavouring to draw specie from London, and to force it, at any expense, into more fertile districts of Scotland, which, of course, would receive it in small quantity, and pay for it at a heavy charge. But as to the remote and sterile regions, it must be with the Highlands and Isles of Scotland, as it is now in some remote districts of Ireland, where scarce any specie exists for the purpose of ordinary currency, and where, for want of that representative for value, or paper money in its stead, men are driven back to the primitive mode of bartering for every thing — the peasant pays his rent in labour, and the fisher gets his wages in furnishings. Misery is universal — credit is banished — and with all the bounties of nature around them, ready to reward industry — the sinews of that industry are hewn asunder, and man starves where Nature has given abundance!' — p. 51.

All this is no doubt very terrible; and many things still more appalling are said upon the same subject in the third letter; but what, in the name of common sense, does it mean? We shall not here repeat the explanation which we have very lately given at some length, of the manner in which specie is distributed among the different nations of the world: we shall merely observe, that Scotland will procure the specie she requires by selling her produce for gold; and having made this most important concession, (for which it was quite unnecessary for Mr. Malagrowther to waste a word of argument,) we presume to ask, what farther cost *can* a metallic currency entail? The gold is the price of what is sold. Will it be given back for nothing? and, if not, what is to expel it? One cause only can occasion the efflux of specie from a country enjoying a metallic circulation — the want of some commodity which can be procured advantageously abroad, and which can be procured there more cheaply, by exporting the precious metals in exchange for it, than by purchasing it with any other commodity.

Suppose that while England possesses a metallic currency, Scotland begins to substitute sovereigns for her one and two pound notes. Scotland will effect this by sending so much (let us say) of her printed goods as will procure the requisite supply of sovereigns. When this supply shall have been gained, what follows? The exchange of commodities between the two countries no longer consists of a barter of printed goods for gold, but of printed goods for some other articles wanted in Scotland, say hardware and china. Now at what point of time will the influx of specie into Scotland cease? It will cease when Scotland has procured enough to saturate her circulation with the precious metals, that is, when she needs no more. When that period comes, the quantity of the currency in Scotland is, relatively to the wants of Scotland, proportionate to the

quantity which circulates in England; and, both being metallic, their value must be the same. There can be no inducement, therefore, to the traders in either country to send money to the other, or to take money from it, any more than there would be to transmit cash from London to Lancashire, or from Lancashire to London, or any more than there was when a paper currency was the circulating medium in England as well as in Scotland.

It may undoubtedly happen, that the quantity of English goods of every kind wanted in Scotland may be greater than the quantity of Scotch productions required by England. In this case the balance of trade is (in the vulgar and very inaccurate phraseology) said to be against Scotland; and if debts are not due to Scotland from some other countries to which England is indebted to the same amount, gold will pass from Scotland to England. In the first place, however, it is obvious that if Scotland can pay her debts to England by bills on *Hamburgh* or *Amsterdam*, she will not pay them in gold; and in the next place, the least consideration will make it equally obvious, that if she *does* pay her English debts with gold, that gold will be supplied from some other nation with which she carries on the relations of commerce.

If Scotland bought commodities from England with gold, while she was not supplied with gold from any other country by means of international trade, Mr. Malagrowther's predictions would be fulfilled with a witness. But a worse evil than the mere loss of money would befall her, before she could engage in this species of spendthrift commerce. Not only must the curse of universal indolence light upon her, hindering her from producing any articles for the use of her neighbours, and confining her industry to the mere creation of what she could herself consume, but in addition to this, some demon must possess her people, giving them the appetite for foreign products, while bereft of the faculties which would prompt them to acquire those products by giving in exchange the fruits of their own labour. When it shall be shown, that from the beginning of recorded time to this day there has been one such nation of madmen, we may begin to consider, how such can be the fate of the most patient, calculating, industrious, and, withal, enterprising people, who have ever yet tasted the advantages or borne a share in the improvements of commerce and manufactures.

The truth is, that if three or four millions of rational creatures entered into a solemn league and covenant to play this fool's game, their neighbours would not permit them, unless, indeed, they passed a law (and kept it), against the importation of money, and against selling any thing to a foreigner. A very small exportation of money would soon (by lessening the quantity of the circulating medium) so far lower prices compared with the prices of all commodities in contiguous countries, that foreigners would pour in the precious metals to purchase from this devoted people what they had raised for their own use. Providence has so ordained, that

countries of similar climates produce similar commodities; and if Scotland would manufacture no printed goods, or any other commodity, for England or for any other nation, but would yet send her money for English hardware and china, England would send back this money for Scotch corn or Scotch cattle, which could be purchased more cheaply than the corn or cattle of England, in consequence of the change of prices resulting in both countries from the alteration of their respective currencies.

We are not sure that in what we have here urged we may not justly incur the imputation of having laboured at a truism. It seems an absurdity, proved by the mere statement, that a nation can ever exhaust itself of its own money by a universal spirit of prodigality; — in short, that a nation will ever buy with money from one country, without selling for money to some other. But glaring as the error seems, when stated in its naked nature, it lay at the bottom of the whole commercial system which for ages held commerce bound in fetters (a system which even yet has only loosened, not lost, its hold); and it forms the staple theme in the letters of Mr. Malachi Malagrowther.

Auxiliary to this topic are two others, upon the strength of which much reliance is placed. The first is, the immense advantage which Scotland has gained by means of the cash accounts allowed by the bankers, which are supposed to be quite incompatible with the circulation of sovereigns; and the second is, the singular security against runs and failures which is alleged to exist in the Scotch system of banking.

The manner in which cash credits are conducted is thus stated :

‘ A person, either professional, engaged in commerce or manufactures, or otherwise so situated as to render an occasional command of money convenient, obtains a cash account to an extent proportioned to his funds, either by pledging his house, shop, or other real property, or by giving the bank two sufficient sureties to be answerable for the balance, if any, which shall be due to the company when the account is closed. The holder of the cash credit is then entitled to draw on the banker for such sums as he may occasionally need, within its limits. He lodges, on the other hand, with the bank, such cash as he may from time to time receive from the returns of his business, or otherwise. Interest is calculated on the advances drawn from the bank at five per cent., on the customer’s deposits at three per cent. only, and the account is finally balanced twice a-year. The interest varies according to the general rate of the money-market. I have stated it upon the general and legal rate, which it never does or can exceed.’

The great benefits, to trade, of this practice, are obvious enough, and were long ago explained by Adam Smith, in a passage of his work so remarkably resembling the extract we have just made, in substance and almost in language, that if Mr. Malagrowther shall ever read it, we are sure he will be quite startled at the coincidence between his views, *thus far*, of Scotch banking, and those of the great founder of political economy. But according to Adam

Smith, the benefits of cash credits have some reasonable limits; according to the author before us, these benefits are all but boundless. Of this practice he says:

‘The facility which it has afforded to the industrious and enterprising agriculturist or manufacturer, as well as to the trustees of the public in executing national works, has converted Scotland, from a poor, miserable, and barren country, into one, where, if Nature has done less, Art and Industry have done more than in perhaps any country in Europe, England herself not excepted. Through means of the credit which this system has afforded, roads have been made, bridges built, and canals dug, opening up to reciprocal communication the most sequestered districts of the country — manufactures have been established; unequalled in extent or success — wastes have been converted into productive farms — the productions of the earth for human use have been multiplied twenty-fold, while the wealth of the rich, and the comforts of the poor, have been extended in the same proportion. And all this in a country where the rigour of the climate and sterility of the soil seem united to set improvement at defiance. Let those who remember Scotland forty years since bear witness if I speak truth or falsehood.

‘There is no doubt that this change has been produced by the facilities of procuring credit, which the Scottish banks held forth, both by discounting bills, and by granting cash accounts. Every undertaking of consequence, whether by the public or by individuals, has been carried on by such means; at least exceptions are extremely rare.’ — pp. 21—23.

We dare say that many of that class of honest people who talk prose half their lives without knowing it, have laid down these Letters, after an attentive perusal, with the sober belief, that the Scotch banks, by some art magic, have actually supplied the funds by which all these great improvements have been made, and without expending one shilling of their own capital, have saved the speculators from spending a shilling of theirs. Such is most certainly the sum of Mr. Malagrowther’s argument, stripped of rhetoric and poetry, and dressed in plain English. Is it necessary to attempt seriously the dispersion of these visions of a fervid and creative fancy?

Let us, however, examine briefly the advantages really afforded by the accommodation, and see how far the substitution of sovereigns for small notes can interfere with the continuance of this practice.

It is important to distinguish here between the accommodation given by bankers in the discounting of bills, and that which is allowed by the cash accounts. It is not pretended that the former is to vanish from Scotland upon the appearance of gold; and yet the facilities afforded to trade by means of cash accounts, compared with those which result from the discounting of bills, are as a few drops of water to the ocean. The sums belonging to every trader, which pass through his hands, may be considered as divided into two portions; one, that part of the returns of his capital which ha

re-invests in the purchase of the commodities in which he deals ; the other, that portion which he is obliged to keep by him for the purpose of answering daily or hourly demands. The former usually comes to him in the shape of bills, given by those to whom he has sold the articles of his trade. These bills he turns into cash at his banker's, with infinite advantage to himself and to the community, resulting from the increased rapidity with which capital is thus made to circulate : but the other portion, which he retains to meet occasional demands, must be subtracted altogether from his commercial dealings ; and as far as this portion is concerned, the system of cash accounts affords great and valuable accommodation ; but to this portion that species of accommodation must be confined (so long as the issues of the banks do not surcharge the circulation) ; and the whole advantage to the trade consists simply in this : that he pays the banks *5 per cent.* for the perpetual use of their notes, in lieu of this portion of his own money, and that, to this amount, he is enabled to extend his speculations in trade. His gain is precisely the difference between *5 per cent.* and the regular profits of his capital on that amount which he would otherwise be compelled to hold, unproductive, for the purpose of defraying the daily or weekly expenses of his concern.

What proportion this part of a trader's capital may bear to his whole stock in trade must vary according to the nature of his dealings. The proportion which the whole amount of the sums so occupied throughout the whole community bears to the whole stock or capital of the community must be small indeed, when it is considered that these sums cannot comprise any large proportion of the circulating medium. The circulating medium has been by some supposed to be one-thirtieth of the amount of a nation's capital. Some have rated it higher, and some lower. But it needs no calculation to perceive that the amount of capital represented by the sums which are lent on cash accounts, when compared with the whole stock of the nation, even should such cash accounts disappear for ever, must be too small to allow those who give the subject one moment's calm attention to sympathise with the prophetic fears of Mr. Malagrowther.

But why should these cash accounts cease upon the introduction of sovereigns as a substitute for one and two pound notes ? The reason given for an apprehension of this event is a curious one. It is assumed that all profits on such accommodation must be destroyed by this change in the currency. The small notes now in circulation amount, it is said, to 1,500,000*l.* ; and if the gain of five *per cent.* upon this be taken from the bankers, they must be compelled to close their cash accounts against the public. If the whole circulation were about to be made metallic, or if small notes only were advanced upon cash accounts, there might be some plausibility in this reasoning. But a very large portion of the sums lent in this way must necessarily consist of notes of 5*l.* and upwards ; and it is most

certain that the issues of these larger notes will be increased, when the smaller ones are removed to give way to coin. The smaller denominations of the currency are, for a variety of reasons, far more frugally used when they are metallic, than when they consist of bank notes; and we believe we are within the mark in saying, that with a metallic circulation of sovereigns, the gold will be seldom more than as one to four to the paper. Whether or not, under such circumstances, the competition among bankers be likely to ensure a continuance of cash accounts, even including sovereigns in the loans, we would willingly leave it to any "practical man" to determine.

On the security of the Scotch system of banking there can be little difference of opinion, if the terms be once understood. The essence of that system is, that it admits the establishment of large companies with extensive capital, conducting business upon principles fixed and known, and having in many distant parts of the country agencies and correspondents, by means of which the general state of credit throughout the community becomes known to the directors. This, and this only, is the real essence of the system; but by a confusion of ideas, not very uncommon upon these subjects, the adjunct is confounded with the substance, and because the Scotch banks have for a long course of years issued paper money, a paper currency is now said to form an essential part of the Scotch system of banking. We shall not here go over the ground which we have so lately travelled, nor repeat the reasons why no system of banking can secure a currency which consists wholly of paper, from the two great mischiefs incident to it, — ruinous fluctuations in its value while the money dealers are solvent, and total loss of value from time to time, of portions of the currency, by their failure. That this last calamity is less likely under the Scotch system than any other that can be devised, may be fully conceded by those who are still forced to believe, that even under that system the calamity is possible. And it must not be forgotten, that the same causes which contribute to guard against it are such as would make the convulsion more terrible whenever it might occur. It is mere wildness to say, that the spirit of the people, or the interests of all classes in supporting the banks, can preserve Scotland from panics and runs, and failures among those, who in a commercial community deal in things so variable as paper money and commercial credit. There is one appalling fact, which, argue as people may upon mutual credit and ramified interests, recurs to the mind at every step of this discussion; namely, that Scotland, with a paper currency of three or four millions, *payable in gold*, can never, as matters now are, contain *gold sufficient to pay one-fortieth part of that currency*. To our understandings this single fact is decisive of the question. It is said that the Scotch banks invariably support each other in the hour of peril, and that those who apply to a tottering house never refuse the paper of another establishment.

But if the use of gold in England should ever introduce into Scotland a distaste for paper credit at a period of general alarm, and Edinburgh and Glasgow should become the seat of a delirious fit in the nation similar to that which London has so recently suffered, we ask, and with the question we may close our brief remarks upon the Letters of Mr. Malachi Malagrowth, what bank in Scotland would remain for one week with open doors?

ART. XI. *Mission to the East Coast of Sumatra, in 1823, under the Direction of the Government of Prince of Wales Island: including Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Country, an Account of the Commerce, Population, and the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, and a Visit to the Batta Cannibal States in the Interior.* By John Anderson, Esq., late Agent to the Government of Prince of Wales Island, and Deputy-Secretary to Government, and Malay Translator. 8vo. pp. 424. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1826.

LITTLE was known in this country of the island of Sumatra until the year 1778, when Mr. Miller published an account of a particular district of it in the Philosophical Transactions. He was succeeded by Mr. Marsden, who published in 1783 a copious history of the island, which, from its great fertility, its abundance of gold mines, and its general beauty, he considered to be the Ophir of Solomon. It is divided by the equator into almost equal parts, the one extremity being in $5^{\circ} 53' N.$, and the other in $5^{\circ} 56' S.$ latitude. Its northern extremity is in longitude $95^{\circ} 34' E.$, and stretches into the Bay of Bengal. To the north-east it is divided by the straits of Malacca from the peninsula of that name; to the east it is divided by a narrow channel from the island of Banca; to the south it is divided from the island of Java by the straits of Sunda, and the south-western coast is exposed to the Indian ocean. It is 900 miles in length, and its breadth varies only from 100 to 150 miles.

Some commercial intercourse had always existed between Sumatra and Prince of Wales Island, and from the time that the East India Company acquired possession of the latter (1786) it has been their policy to extend that intercourse by every means in their power. In order to accomplish that object, and also to explore the eastern coast of the island, of which Mr. Marsden has given a very loose and imperfect sketch, missions were sent thither in 1806, 1807, 1808, 1818, and 1820, none of which were attended with the desired success. In 1822 a survey of the whole of the east coast was made under the directions of Lieutenants Rose and Morseby, which contributed to promote a more intimate correspondence between that island and Pinang. This excited the jealousy of the Dutch, who were anxious to divert the whole of the trade, if possible, to their own settlement at Malacca, and, it is understood,

deputed agents to the different states on the coast of Sumatra with that view. In consequence of these proceedings Mr. Anderson was appointed by the Governor of Prince of Wales Island to visit all the country between Diamond Point and Siack inclusive, 'for the purpose of anticipating the Netherlands, and keeping the chiefs of that coast faithful to their relations' with the English. He accordingly set out on his mission in the early part of 1823, and we have in the volume now before us the results of his enquiries, which, though they are conveyed in a dry and official manner, are nevertheless possessed of some interest. He has, very unnecessarily we should think, divided his work into two parts. The first contains his journal, in which he notes every thing of importance that occurred to himself or to his companions during his visit to Sumatra. The second part exhibits a summary of his observations on the climate, inhabitants, produce, and manufactures of the country, being in many instances a mere repetition of the matter embraced in the journal of his voyage.

That portion of the coast which Mr. Anderson visited is watered by innumerable rivers, possesses a large population, and abounds with the most valuable productions of the East. No general description can convey an accurate notion of the several states which occupy this part of Sumatra. They seem to have been originally formed by emigrants from Menangkabu, by shipwrecked mariners from the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, by settlers from many of the ports on the Malayan peninsula, from Rhio, Lingin, and various other places. The boldest and the most numerous of these settlers were most probably piratical adventurers, and lawless marauders, who seem to have bequeathed their turbulent and ferocious manners to their posterity.

It is abundantly clear from Mr. Anderson's account that several of these states, though living under separate rajahs, and many of them differing from each other in their dialects and manners, yet perfectly agree in being all cannibals. This is a point beyond dispute. It is said indeed that their appetite for human flesh arises more from a thirst of vengeance than from their preference for such horrid fare. True it is that they generally devour such of their enemies as fall into their hands; but the opportunity of enjoying this impious feast seems to be in many cases the principal inducement for engaging in the military service. Indeed Mr. Anderson mentions an instance of a rajah of one of the states (Tanah Jawa), who when all his captive enemies and condemned criminals are exhausted, sends out his emissaries on the highway to slay, for his table, the first human victim they encounter. At Delli, he relates,

'The sultan's force consisted of about 400 men, one-third of them at least such savages as I have been describing. Their food consisted of the flesh of tigers, elephants, hogs, snakes, dogs, rats, or whatever

offal they could lay their hands upon. Having no religion, they fear neither God nor man. They believe that when they die, they shall become wind. Many of them, however, are converted to Islamism; but the older people, who have been accustomed to feed upon human flesh, and other delicacies of that sort, have an aversion to the Mahometan faith, as they cannot afterwards enjoy themselves, which is their principal consideration.' — p. 35.

It is proper to state, however, that this savage propensity is every day declining; and there is no doubt that, in a few years, increased intercourse with the settlements of the East India Company, and the habits of industry which it must produce, will efface the infamous custom altogether.

In every part of the country which Mr. Anderson traversed, the mosquitoes were so numerous as to cause the most disagreeable annoyance. Besides these insects, there are large red ants, which drop in myriads from the trees upon passengers, and bite severely; and, as if these nuisances were not sufficient, snakes and serpents infest the grass, which swarms also with small leeches, that adhere to the foot of the traveller, and feed upon his blood. The rivers are haunted by alligators of a peculiarly ferocious kind. In the Assahan river, Mr. Anderson had occasion to observe that they were numerous, and particularly bold.

'Hundreds of people have lost their lives by these devouring animals. About an hour after we anchored, a man was pulled out of a low canoe near us, and devoured in a moment; and a few days before, one of the crew belonging to Che Ismael, my pilot's boat, a powerful, stout, young man, who was sitting at the stern of the boat, steering with a paddle, was snatched off. They raise their heads a foot or two out of the water, and pull the people out of the boats. About a month ago, a boat with three horses and six goats, which the Rajah Muda was sending down the river, to be embarked on board a large prow going to Pinang, was attacked by a whole swarm of these ferocious creatures, which surrounded the boat on all sides. Being low and rickety, the horses took fright, and began to kick, on which the boat upset. Another small boat in company instantly saved the three or four Malays who were in the boat; but the horses and goats were devoured in an instant. Near the mouth of the river, where there is a fishing-house, there is an alligator of a most prodigious size, his back, when a little out of the water, resembling a large rock. He remains constantly there, and is regularly fed upon the head and entrails of the large pari, or skate fish, which are caught there. I saw him, and the Malays called him to his meal. He appeared full twenty feet long. Being in rather a small boat at the time, I wished to make all haste away; but the Malays assured me he was quite harmless, so much so, that his feeders pat his head with their hands; a dangerous amusement certainly, but showing the wonderful tameness and sagacity of the creature, naturally so ferocious. He will not allow any other alligator to approach the place; and on that account the Malays almost worship him.' — pp. 125, 126.

In return, however, for these evils, nature is prodigal in the variety and richness of the vegetable productions which she has

scattered over the soil: the earth teems with fruits of the most nutritive and refreshing description, while the atmosphere is scented with the fragrance of flowers and of medicinal herbs, which grow up in profusion.

We think it unnecessary to follow Mr. Anderson in the details of his mission, so far as they relate to the climate, products, the features of the country, and the manners of the people. They do not differ very materially from those which Mr. Marsden has presented, in a much more attractive form, in his description of the more frequented parts of the island. Mr. Anderson has satisfied himself that he has achieved the main object of his mission, by the manner in which he conducted it, and in which it was received by the chiefs and population of the states which he visited. His account of his voyage cannot fail to prove interesting, and eminently serviceable, to those traders who may have occasion to hold intercourse with the eastern coast of Sumatra. In obedience to his instructions, he has collected 'a numerous list of facts,' and has 'recorded those facts in his diaries in the most simple language:' indeed, so minute and so careful have been his enquiries, that his book is rather an inventory of the different articles which the country has for sale, and of the facilities for trade which it presents, than a description of his tour. This form of his diary may be very useful to the East India Company; but the general reader, desirous of extending his acquaintance with foreign lands and the races who inhabit them, will soon turn away fatigued from a work in which literature, music, and antiquities, are treated in the same dry and summary manner as imports, exports, port-charges, currency, boundaries, and revenues.

NOTICES.

ART. XII. *An Encyclopædia of Agriculture*; comprising the Theory and Practice of the Valuation, &c. &c. of Landed Property; and the Cultivation, &c. of the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms, with the latest Improvements, &c. &c. By J. Loudon. 8vo. pp. 1226. 2l. 10s. Boards. London. Longman, Hurst, and Co. 1825.

THERE can be now no longer an excuse for the farmer who is ignorant of any branch almost of the arts and sciences. To be skilful in the means of producing heavy crops; to hit the critical turn of a season for ploughing;

— "quæ cura boum, qui cultus habendo
Sit pecori;"

are matters of every-day knowledge amongst farmers, and it will not be the fault of Mr. Loudon, if they are not henceforth as familiarly conversant with every branch of information which finds the initial of its denomination within the cycle of the alphabet, from anatomy to zoology, both inclusive. And to make sure against such contingencies as the calamity of a dull apprehension amongst his probable readers, Mr. Loudon has cunningly scattered over his pages a vast abundance of choice wood-cuts. The very first graphic specimen presages a strong determination, even at the risk of producing ridicule, to illustrate his subjects sufficiently. The historical fact of a remnant of men and animals saved from the deluge on Mount Ararat being incidentally alluded to, we are treated with an illustration of the scene — a cloud-capt mountain — sea in the distance — rocks and reposing animals. If this were a solitary instance of misapplied explanation, and if such blemishes were not calculated to raise a laugh against a book, which otherwise contains as little as any volume we are acquainted with, of matter that is not interesting and important in proportion to its extent, it would be a very unworthy labour to point them out. Interesting and important we do not scruple to say we believe this volume to be; for though we do not hope to see our farmers made men of science to any very efficient degree, yet, this book will have a valuable collateral use, in inciting to and gratifying intellectual exertion amongst a class who are but too apt to deem it incompatible, in a great measure, with their business. The history of agriculture from the earliest times, and the account of its present state in the different countries of the world, are replete with curious details. The great object being, in agriculture as well as all other practical pursuits, to perform the most with the smallest amount of means, the farmer is instructed in the knowledge of soils by geology; of their vegetable and animal productions by botany and zoology; which necessarily involves an acquaintance with the means of improvement in those respective branches. He is likewise furnished with explanations of the various implements and operations, scientific and mechanical, which are in any way connected with the economy of agriculture. From treating it in this elementary way, our author descends to a minute investigation of agriculture as it is *now* practised in Great Britain, in all its various stages, from the crude period of first possession up to the results of its most refined management. We do not believe Mr. Loudon to have entertained the chimerical notion, that either a good botanist or surveyor, a veterinary surgeon or a carpenter, still less that all these combined in the same individual, could be formed by the study of his book. Indeed, we are not sanguine enough even to expect that any great operative information, with reference to their immediate pursuit, is here communicated to the agricultural class. But what we are certain about is, that a vast variety of congenial knowledge is funded for their use in this volume; and if it were to have no more

beneficial effect than that of infusing a spirit of enquiry into the minds of a set of men, who are but too apt to seek as it were an indemnification for the activity of the body in the sloth of the intellect, we should esteem it as a work of national utility.

ART. XIII. *Junius proved to be Burke*; with an Outline of his Biography. 8vo. pp. 64. Longman and Co. 1826.

OF all the various individuals to whom the reputation of Junius has been assigned, there is no one who seems to us less likely to have deserved it than Mr. Burke. It is not that he was without the literary talent capable of producing compositions quite as popular as the Letters to which that famous signature has been subscribed. The Reflections on the French Revolution show the extent to which Burke could, when he pleased, wield the thunders of eloquence. But then his eloquence was of a style essentially different from that of Junius. The latter was concise, Burke was generally diffuse; one was epigrammatic, the other, if we may use the expression, was uniformly epic in every thing which he laboured for the public eye. Junius pursues his adversary with the rage of a vulture; Burke hunts his opponent with the generosity of a lion. In short, every argument, that could be drawn from internal evidence, only goes to confirm beyond all doubt the truth of Burke's positive and repeated denial, that he was Junius.

The author of the flimsy publication before us has placed side by side passages from Junius and from Burke, which he is pleased to consider as perfect counterparts of each other. We have compared them, and find that they coincide in no one particular. Not only are the ideas dissimilar, but the tone of expression is as different as it is possible to be. We admire the stupidity of the person who could for a moment have supposed them to be otherwise.

It is by no means true, as this pamphleteer has rashly asserted, that Burke was the only writer at first suspected to be Junius. We had occasion to show, in a former Number *, that Lord George Sackville was one of those on whom the suspicion alighted with the greatest degree of certainty; and we have at this day no means of ascertaining whether he ever distinctly denied it. The arguments put forth by Mr. Coventry, in support of his opinion that Lord George was Junius, seem to us possessed of very great weight. That Junius was deeply versed and interested in military affairs cannot be doubted, from the frequency with which he treated of them, and the copiousness of his metaphors, drawn from the profession of a soldier. All Burke's similes, as well as his topics, were strictly of a civil character. Junius was evidently

desirous of revenge, Burke was merely ambitious of renown; and though he was sometimes irritable, yet the milk of human kindness never seemed in him, as it did in Junius, to have been turned into gall.

'All moralists,' says the writer before us, 'agree that the author of an anonymous work has a right to deny it; because no person has a right to question him on the subject.' What an absurd assertion! We deny the fact, and we protest against the doctrine; for if such a rule of morality prevailed, a libeller has only to send his effusions into the world without a name, and neither to his conscience, nor to the violated laws of his country, shall he be responsible! We instance this piece of ethics as a specimen of the reasoning with which this author has favoured us; and in taking our leave of him we may be pardoned for adding, that we have seldom seen sixty-four pages of paper and print more foolishly misapplied, than in conveying to the world the crude and puerile ideas which are embodied in his production.

ART. XIV. *Ulric of Aymer*, and other Poems. 8vo. pp. 55. London. Hatchard. 1826.

If these poems be the production of a young mind, as we suspect they are, they afford a favourable promise of talents which we hope to see more extensively cultivated. The author seems to be conversant with the deeper shades of those feelings which are at all times capable of agitating the human breast, and which never can be exhausted, whatever be the texture of the story with which they are connected, provided they be touched by the wand of a true enchanter. This depth of feeling, or at least the power of reaching it, is the first requisite of a poet, without which facility and beauty of versification are but mere empty sounds.

Ulric of Aymer, which is divided into three short cantos, is founded on the often-told tale of faith plighted, hope delayed, and ultimately disappointed. The suffering, as usual, is on the weaker side, and terminates only in the grave. It is indeed a tale often told, but not more often than is justified by similar incidents in real life, which pass over us without notice. The author slightly glances over such parts of his tale as are merely subsidiary to the principal events of which it is composed, and dwells chiefly upon those scenes that are best calculated to fix the attention. We think that there is a considerable degree of beauty and truth in the following passage:

'Painful the task, not mine to trace
The slow advance of falsehood's race;
Seek ye the latent cause to scan?
One word will answer all — 'tis Man.
He of the mighty universe
Not half the blessing, all the curse,

Sweet Woman's lord, foul passion's prey,
 The slave of gold, and lust, and sway,
 Pampered with power, more jealous still
 If ought resist his craving will,
 With feelings blunted, seared and coarse,
 By habit's long resistless force,
 Knows not, nor dreams, how pure, how kind,
 How firm in right is Woman's mind,
 How high suspicions breathe above !
 How changeless in her early love !
 How slow to blame, content to live,
 How ever ready to forgive !
 How blest when he may proudly bear
 The honours which she must not share !
 How dauntless — when contempt is hurled,
 With him to stand against a world !
 Her's is that beauty of the soul
 Which thinks no evil, — 'tis the whole
 Of that which forms the Christian creed,
 The purity of thought and deed.

‘ As when the whirlwind strikes the oak,
 And some huge limb perchance is broke,
 It still stands rooted where it stood,
 The healthful monarch of the wood,
 Once more, as meets the closing skin,
 All fair without and sound within ;
 Whilst the mild rose-tree, slight to view,
 Which 'neath its sheltering branches grew,
 May seem, the tempest's fury o'er,
 Awhile to flourish as before,
 Till wasting as by inward grief
 It slowly withers leaf by leaf ;
 'Tis thus in love, Man's sorrow rages,
 His heart is rent, and time assuages,
 And Woman thus submissive lies,
 In silence droops, and thus she dies.’

pp. 30—32.

The letter of the forsaken maid is framed in a tone that wins its way at once to the heart. It contains not an image, or even an expression, which disturbs the pathetic and tender flow of her feelings.

‘ “ If sorrow seem these lines to fill,
 Mistake not thou the cause,
 For thee, my pulse is beating still,
 Nor e'er hath known a pause —
 True — the fast tear this page may stain —
 My breast must grieve, 'twill not complain.

“ Would that the weakness of my heart
 My spirit might control,
 And to this feeble breast impart
 The firmness of my soul ;
 I change not, doubt not, dream no ill,
 Love, hope, confide — yet sorrow still.

- “ One word, one little word from thee,
 My love,” — “ my Mary,” — this
 Is all I ask — enough for me
 To gaze on, and to kiss —
 Oh! pressing to my lips that line,
 The purest peace of Heaven were mine.
- “ Now as I write, the glimmering ray
 Plays o’er the distant hill,
 As sinks to rest the closing day,
 ’Tis breathless all and still;
 Such was that fatal eve, and so
 My tears flowed on as now they flow.
- “ Methought as evening’s shadow grew,
 And ocean’s blue more pale,
 Where last mine eye had fancied you
 And caught the sinking sail,
 Another sun would ne’er be seen,
 Eternity seemed placed between.
- “ But other suns in beauty rose,
 To gladden sea and shore,
 This heart alone hath no repose,
 Still weeping as before;
 And now that year is nearly past!
 Oh God, what will be mine at last!
- “ Yet hold — I hoped to carry free
 My reason to the end —
 Oh, have I caused a pang to thee,
 My best, my only friend?
 No, no — ’tis madness of the brain —
 My Ulric must be mine again.
- “ Farewell — beneath the lonely hill
 I go to watch the wave,
 Our kindred names are graven still
 Within the ocean cave —
 There kneeling, weeping, as the dew
 Be mine the tear, the prayer for you.”

pp. 37—39.

We have no room to notice this poem more in detail, or any of the shorter pieces by which it is followed. In an age so prolific of poetasters as the present, it is a rare good fortune to meet with such an unpretending and agreeable little volume of verse as the one before us; and we commend it in the hope that the author will soon again claim our attention by a more important exercise of his talents.

ART. XV. *Literary Gems.* In Two Parts. 8vo. pp. 483. 10s. 6d.
 Edinburgh. M'Lachlan and Stewart. 1826.

THIS is a compilation of extracts in prose, and verse, selected principally from periodical publications, and consisting of controversial,

humorous, philosophical, pathetic, moral, and religious pieces. Some of these pieces are deserving of the preference which the editor has given them, though we hardly think that any of them deserve the title of 'Gems.' We presume that the volume is principally intended for "a parlour-window book," to while away the gloom of a winter's evening, or to provide the coffee-room with a resource for the traveller, after he has conned over the last newspaper from the beginning to the end. For such purposes this volume will be invaluable. Several of the selections are highly amusing; and, whatever be the turn of the reader's taste, whether he be in a playful or a serious mood, whether he desire a satire or a sermon, he cannot fail to find among the contents something to suit his temper.

We cannot, however, agree with the compiler in thinking, that he has wholly excluded from his collections pieces of mediocre merit. On the contrary, however amusing they may be, we think that by far the greater number are possessed but of a very ordinary degree of literary excellence. They may not perhaps be less acceptable to the reader on that account, at least to the general and the hasty reader, who is more likely to be attracted by the matter than by the style in which it is conveyed. If the editor intended his compilation for the use of schools, we regret that he did not exercise a more austere judgment in forming his selections. We should be sorry to see that ill-natured preface to the "Iron Chest" in the hands of any youth; still more should we regret to find him reading the account of the "Atheistical Club," or of Cooke's drunken scenes in Dublin. These are things more apt to beget imitation than aversion, and great care should be taken in presenting them to the observation of an untainted mind. We are ready to admit, that to these and several other papers of equally questionable character, there is a sufficient number of antidotes in this work. Indeed several of the moral and philosophical pieces are eminently instructive, while the poetical extracts evince considerable taste, as well as propriety of feeling.

ART. XVI. *Devotional Verses*; founded on, and illustrative of select Texts of Scripture. By Bernard Barton. 8vo. pp. 252. 6s. 6d. London. Holdsworth. 1826.

MR. BARTON in his preface informs us, that his primary object in constructing these verses 'has not been poetic effect, but the expression and inculcation of what has appeared to him scriptural truth.' This explanation of his intentions in publishing this little volume separates it at once from those works of literature which are subject to the ordinary canons of criticism. At the same time, we must bear testimony to the meek simplicity of expression, and the unaffected melody, by which these verses are in general charac-

terised. They seldom indeed are marked by a high degree of poetic merit, but they are redeemed from the fault of tameness, by the pure sentiments and the tone of universal charity which pervade them. We have not seen any where a happier version of the Lord's Prayer than that which Mr. Barton has given.

- ‘ Father of all ! who dwell’st above,
Thy name be hallowed here ;
As in those realms of peace and love,
Where saints that name revere.
- ‘ Thy kingdom come ; Thy will, alone,
Be done by man below ;
As spirits round thy glorious throne,
Their pure obedience show.
- ‘ Give us this day our daily bread ;—
Not merely outward food,
But that whereon the soul is fed,
The source of heavenly good.
- ‘ Forgive our trespasses, as we
In pardoning love abide ;
Since none forgiveness win from Thee,
Who pardon have denied,
- ‘ And lead us from temptation far ;
From evil, Lord ! restore ;
For Thine the power, the kingdom are,
The glory evermore !

pp. 251, 252.

We have no hesitation in recommending the volume, particularly to those who are much in the habit of perusing the sacred writings. The illustrations which it affords of many of the most beautiful passages in those works will be peculiarly acceptable to minds that have been previously imbued with the sublime morality and the devotional tenderness which the Scriptures are so admirably calculated to inspire.

ART. XVII. *A Visit to the Falls of Niagara in 1800.* 8vo. pp. 313. 1l. 11s. 6d. London: Longman and Co.; and Nichols, Wakefield. 1826.

THE reading world, we fancy, would soon lose its appetite for tours, if they were generally written in the style which Mr. Maude has adopted in the journal before us. He has conceived, that the best mode of conveying to the public a faithful account of his visit to the celebrated Falls of Niagara, was to present them with a mere transcript of his original notes, such as they were made on the spot. He has not taken the trouble to digest or even to arrange them in any thing like a regular order; description, narrative, expenses, route, conversation, characters, are all mixed up together, as if his object had been rather to perplex than to inform or amuse his readers.

We are perfectly aware of the value of memoranda that are made while the impression of the scenery, or any other matter to which they relate, is still vivid upon the mind. Novel objects seen for the first time, produce a stronger degree of interest than they ever can do upon repetition: further acquaintance with them renders them familiar to the observer; and unless he notes down their peculiarities the first moment he meets them, he is apt to describe them but faintly, if not to pass them over altogether in despair. But assuredly if he limit his description to the few features which he catches at the first view, and to the short and hasty phrases which are sufficient to connect in his own memory the whole extent of the landscape which he has explored, he labours to little purpose, indeed, so far as his readers are concerned. Words which to him are pregnant with meaning, because they recall the train of his former ideas, will, to others who have not actually visited the same scenes, be in a great measure unintelligible. Besides, Mr. Maude, who seems to have been a good deal of a traveller, ought to know that notes taken on the spot are by no means sufficient to convey a faithful picture of any scene. They must be properly combined, the shades of the valley as well as the lights glancing on the mountain must be disposed in harmonious order. Even while the hand is retracing the first hasty sketch, the memory will assist it with many interesting touches of contrast, or of subordinate parts that were before unnoticed, but which nevertheless are essential to the perfection of the resemblance.

To persons about to visit the same portions of America which Mr. Maude traversed, his journal, however, cannot fail to prove acceptable and useful. It was written, he informs us, 'to assist his memory;' and we have little doubt, that it will afford to those who may have occasion to go over the same ground many excellent suggestions. But it can never be popular in its present shape, even though it is very handsomely printed, and decorated with eight views well drawn and neatly engraved. If Mr. Maude intends to draw down from their seclusion any of 'the numerous journals which have for many years quietly occupied their places on the well filled and splendid shelves of the Moor-House library,' we hope that he will bestow a little more labour on the re-writing of them. Costly bindings and elegant typography pass for little in these days, when the matter to which they are allied is destitute of intrinsic worth.

ART. XVIII. *Half-a-dozen Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture*, in a Series of Designs for Gate-Lodges, Gamekeepers' Cottages, and other Rural Residences. By T. F. Hunt. 4to. 15s.; or India Paper Proofs, 1l. 1s. London, Longman and Co. 1826.

THE spirit of improvement, which within these last few years has been so active in the metropolis, will naturally soon find its way

into the country; but it is to be hoped, that the arbiters of rural taste may not be so far led away by the specimens of architecture which decorate the new streets, as to introduce imitations of them into their villas. Every one who has attentively observed the peculiarities of English scenery will agree with Mr. Hunt, that what he designates the old domestic style is infinitely better suited to it than that which has been imported from Greece or Italy. 'Of this fact,' he observes, 'Bromley Hill presents a striking example; one side of the beautiful road upon it being disfigured by a most heterogeneous bulk of the latter description, and the other adorned by two lodges of very picturesque character, arranged with great taste, and executed with an attention to detail too rarely exercised.' In the work before us Mr. Hunt has given nine designs of lodges which are eminently creditable to his taste. They are models of the good old English style, comprising every comfort of residence with the most picturesque effect. There is no attempt at embellishment, no ivy mantling the walls, nor woodbine twining round the lattice. The buildings are represented just as they would appear fresh from the hands of the workmen. From their simplicity, and particularly from their perfect correspondence to the tone of our rural scenery, we have no doubt that these designs have only to be examined in order to recommend themselves to universal adoption. The few ancient examples of this style which are to be seen in the country never fail to attract the eye, and to please the judgment, of those who have a true feeling for the beauties of English landscape. One would be surprised to find any thing like penury or vice beneath such simple roofs. Hospitality, cleanliness, substantial opulence, and a stern attachment to freedom, are usually associated with them in idea, and generally found with them in practice, cheered, haply, now and then by a glass of home-brewed ale.

These designs are intended chiefly for entrance-lodges, and the houses of gamekeepers, foresters, and other appendages of a large estate. We were particularly pleased with the fourth plate, which represents a building having the appearance of being constructed on the ruins of a priory, the porch and basement being the only parts remaining of the original. It is strikingly picturesque. Besides the usual rooms and conveniences, it includes a plan for one of those old drinking halls, which formerly both in England and Wales the nobility and gentry were accustomed to build in their gardens, at a small distance from their mansions, with cellars beneath them. "These," says Pennant, "were used as a retreat for the jolly owners and their friends to enjoy, remote from the fair, their toasts and noisy merriment." We can hardly wish to see any hall erected from which the fair should be excluded; but modern hospitality would nevertheless find abundance of convenience in such a beautiful structure as that which is here sketched. There are also designs for a double cottage and a hunting box, which are

well worth the attention of those who may have occasion for such buildings. The plates are in general very neatly drawn on stone, by G. Pyne.

ART. XIX. *Dartmoor ; a Descriptive Poem.* By N. T. Carrington. Large 8vo. pp. 309. 1*l.* 1*s.* London, Hatchard and Son ; and R. Williams, Devonport. 1826.

LET not the reader be alarmed at the number of pages which this volume spreads before him. The poem itself occupies somewhat less than a third part of the book, one hundred pages being devoted to a preface, and an equal number to notes, both announced to be the production of 'W. Burt, Esq., Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Plymouth.' We verily believe that between the poet and his learned commentator there is scarcely a rock or a flower, or even a blade of grass, within the wild precincts of Dartmoor, which has been left uncelebrated. The omissions of the verse are amply compensated by the minute topographical redundancy of the prose ; and as if this were still insufficient, we have eight vignettes and four views, 'drawn and etched by P. H. Rogers, Esq., Plymouth,' intended, we presume, to illustrate the scenery of the poem, but which, we must say, do any thing but accomplish so desirable an object.

Mr. Carrington informs us that his production is not one of those which were rejected two or three years ago by the Royal Society of Literature, when its council gave a premium of fifty guineas to Mrs. Hemans for her poetical effusion on Dartmoor. We assure him, that even if his poem had been presented to that body, and rejected, we would not think the less of it for that reason, as the Society has as yet really done nothing to entitle it to the confidence of the literary world. The subject, though by no means an alluring one, seems to have been taken up with enthusiasm by Mr. Carrington, and it certainly comes out of his hands in a much more animated and interesting form than we could have expected. He takes his reader with him on a fine summer holiday over Dartmoor, describing as he goes along the savage, fantastic, yet engaging peculiarities of that desolate scene. In addition to the accuracy of his local knowledge, he interweaves in his sketches several interesting episodes, and poetic images of no mean order. His blank verse is generally harmonious without touching the extremes of feebleness on one side or of affected energy on the other ; and very frequently we meet with passages which seem to have been polished with particular care, and are distinguished for chaste, classical, and even eloquent expression. We must content ourselves with a single specimen :

'How beautiful is morning, though it rise
Upon a desert ! What though Spring refuse

Her odours to the early gale that sweeps
 The highland solitude, yet who can breathe
 That fresh, keen gale, nor feels the sanguine tide,
 Of life flow buoyantly! O who can look
 Upon the Sun whose beam indulgent shines
 Impartial, or on moor or cultured mead,
 And not feel gladness? Hard is that man's lot,
 Bleak is his journey through this vale of tears,
 Whose heart is not made lighter, and whose eye
 Is brighten'd not by morning's glorious ray,
 Wide-glancing round. The meanest thing on earth
 Rejoices in the welcome warmth, and owns
 Its influence reviving. Hark the hum
 Of one who loves the morn, — the bee, who comes
 With overflow of happiness, to spend
 The sunny hour, and see! across the waste
 The butterfly, his gay companion, floats; —
 A wanderer, haply, from yon Austral fields,
 Or from the bank of moorland stream that flows
 In music through the deep and shelter'd vales.' pp. 31, 32.

Mr. Carrington is already favourably known to the public by his poem on the Banks of Tamar. He has been for several years employed in the important and very laborious office of a school-master. We regret to find it stated in one of the notes appended to his poem that 'he has a very numerous family to support on a scanty income, and that income materially diminished, by the present mania for subscription schools.' We cordially join in the hope that his industrious efforts 'may raise up for him and his family some better patron than they have hitherto found.' It assuredly is no slight commendation in his favour, that 'he has never published a line or sentence calculated to redden the cheek of modesty.'

. THE Reviewer of Moss's Manual might have spared himself the trouble of sending us a detailed answer to the charge of plagiarism advanced against him by a weekly Journal. Those who have read the article inserted in this Review, and who have observed the manner in which it was garbled by the Journal in question, in order to suit the accusation which it has thought fit to make, would think our space very ill bestowed in repelling it. It is obvious that two individuals writing on the same subject, and necessarily employing a great portion of the same materials and sources of information, may often coincide in their remarks without either being indebted for his observations to the other.

THE APPENDIX to the FIRST VOLUME of the NEW SERIES of the MONTHLY REVIEW will be published on the First of May.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ART. I. *Della Vita di Antonio Canova, Libri quattro: compilati da Melchior Missirini: con Note ed Aggiunti.* 2 Volumi. 8vo. Milano. 1824. Treuttel and Wurtz. London.

MANY are the advantages modern times possess over the days of old; and not the least of these advantages is the facility which the press gives to authors of every rank and denomination of producing their wares, be they good or bad, before the view of the public. No more shall the complaint of the Roman poet be repeated of illustrious characters, that

——— “ Omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro;”

for scarcely has the breath departed from any one distinguished either by vice or by virtue, (it matters not which,) by genius or by folly, when forth steps the biographer to blazon to the world the fair or foul deeds of his hero or heroine; nay, many worthy personages, with a regard for their fame unknown to our grandsires, fearing it might suffer (it being frequently of a tender nature) from the rude hands of a careless biographer, and wisely considering that, since money is to be made of their lives, no one can be better entitled to it than themselves, holdly, be they courtezans, players, authors, or soldiers, become their own biographers, and carry off, as they have the best right, all the profit of their evil or good repute.

In such a life-writing age as this, it surely could not be that a personage of such celebrity as Antonio Canova, the modern Phidias, as his countrymen delight to call him, could depart from this mortal stage without “receiving his fame.” Accordingly, this task has been performed by Signor Melchior Missirini, and most heartily do we congratulate the Signor on his good fortune in having had so noble a

subject for the employment of his pen. Though the life of Canova, like the life of almost every man engaged in the cultivation of the sciences or arts, be rather barren of incident; though we there meet no political villany or meanness, no wonderful adventures and hair-breadth escapes, no intrigues destroying the peace of families, or reckless dissipation ruining health and constitution; yet we behold what, we blush not to confess, is more to our taste, genius born in obscurity, and reared up among simple and uncorrupt manners, elevating itself by its native powers to a true conception of what is pure and correct in art, distinguishing itself at its very outset in the world, attaining the very pinnacle of fame, and, what is not the least praise, preserving through life the blameless manners of its native village. This, with the description and history of his works, is what the reader of the *Life of Antonio Canova* has to expect.

Canova was born on the 1st of November, 1757, in Possagno, a large village in the district of Asolano, and province of Trevigi. His family was respectable on both sides; but his grandfather, who was regarded as rich, had injured himself very much by engaging in the cloth-business, of which he understood very little. His father, who was considered to be a good sculptor, died when Antonio was but four years old, and his mother married again, and removed to Crespano. She wished to take the child with her, but he was retained by his grandfather.

The grandfather was of a harsh disposition, and his rigour had such an effect upon the delicate nerves and extreme sensibility of the young Canova, that he grew weary of his life, and sought to put a period to it by precipitating himself from a balcony, but he was fortunately withheld by his grandfather. To the honour of Canova, it is to be observed, that throughout life he retained a feeling of strong affection for that relative, and, when he rose in fame and fortune, assisted him in every manner with his advice and his purse.

He was destined to follow the profession of his family; and as soon as he was old enough to handle the mallet and chisel, he was set to working upon marble; by which means he acquired that great facility, which he always possessed, of managing marble as if it were a softer substance. The old man, who at first had resembled Lucian's uncle, perceiving the precocious genius of his grandson, relaxed in his severity, and attended more studiously to his instruction.

When he was about fourteen, his grandfather himself presented him to Giovanni Falier, a Venetian senator, who was then spending the summer at a seat he possessed in the vicinity of Possagno. Falier was a man of taste and liberality. He was greatly pleased with the specimens of the boy's skill, and foretold his future eminence. Still more pleased with the modest and innocent disposition of the young Canova, Falier thought of placing him with some

better master than could be had at Possagno; and as a tolerable sculptor, named Torretti, had lately quitted Venice, and settled at Pagnano, a neighbouring village, he prevailed on him to receive Canova into his workshop. Torretti was a man of the strictest morals; and early intercourse with such a master, doubtless, did much to cherish and fix the virtuous principles of his pupil.

It was while with Torretti that the future Phidias first felt the shafts of love, which were destined but once more to assail his heart. On a Sunday, when strolling through the country, he encountered a bevy of fair shepherdesses, to the charms of one of whom he instantaneously fell captive. Even in old age he would dwell with delight on the theme of the beauty of this his first love, and describe her "*aspetto bellissimo e virile*," and the "*due ciglia e due occhi pur neri che facevano tremare di meraviglia*." Though he was so young, his grandfather would have consented to his marriage; but fate had higher things in store for him; and on Torretti's return to Venice, Canova accompanied him thither.

Torretti shortly after died, and Canova continued to labour, for a very small remuneration, in the workshop of Giovanni Ferrari, the nephew and pupil of the deceased. Finding, however, his situation disagreeable, and that he had no leisure for improvement, he communicated his sentiments to his grandfather; and the worthy old man, pleased with his regular life and his rapid progress in his studies, disposed of a small farm, the only one he had left, and assigned the purchase money, which was 100 Venetian ducats, for the maintenance of the young Canova for the space of a year; and this was the only benefit he ever derived from his paternal property.

He now arranged it so with Ferrari, that he should employ one half of the day at sculpture, and devote the other to drawing and modelling from nature. His first patron, Falier, still continued his kindness to him, and he now wished to have the honour of giving him the first work to execute. He therefore engaged him to execute, in statuary marble, two baskets of fruits and flowers, which he performed with the most admirable fidelity to nature. They are now upon the staircase of the Palazzo-Farsetti at Venice.

Falier was so well pleased with this work, that he engaged him to execute another of a higher character — a group of Orpheus and Eurydice. Resolved to follow nature alone, Canova retired to his native village to form his models; and there, by the kindness of an old friend of his family, he procured a youth and a maiden to stand naked, that he might model his figures from them. His virtue and modesty was such, that when about to model the Eurydice, he inscribed on the base of the clay a *memento mori*. These models, though taken separately, he contrived to groupe with the greatest skill, making, from time to time, visits on foot to Venice, to study in the Scuola del Nudo. Nothing could exceed the satisfaction which this work gave, the poets declaring that as Orpheus with his lyre had reclaimed savage men, so this statue of him would soften

the rudeness of the statuary of these times, and bring the art to its full perfection.

Canova's fame in Venice was now high, and he executed several other works, the principal of which was a groupe of Dedalus and Icarus, highly praised by Count Stolberg in his Travels. He had gained 100 zecchini by his Dedalus, and with this sum he determined to set out for Rome, there to study the noble models of antiquity, of which he had as yet seen nothing. His patron, Falier, on being informed of his project, recommended him to the Cavalier Zulian, who was going as ambassador from the republic to the Holy See. Zulian offered to use his interest to procure him an annual pension from the state, provided he would engage to devote himself during four years to taking copies of the antique, to be sent to Venice. To this proposal Canova spiritedly replied, "that though his desire to see Rome was strong, and though to copy the antique was extremely useful, yet he would not consent that his country should spend a ducat on him, when there was no hope of its receiving any real advantage from it; that, according to his ideas, copying was like translation, it caused a man to despair of ever becoming original." Zulian was offended with what he considered the presumption of this language, and he set off for Rome without Canova, who, however, arrived there shortly after in company with a Flemish painter.

Zulian received him with kindness, and it may easily be conceived with what avidity the young sculptor ran over the Apollo, the Laocoon, and the other celebrated monuments of antiquity; but what filled him with the greatest admiration were the Colossi of the Quirinal, to which he repaired every morning at dawn, and there, by measuring, drawing them, and meditating on them, he acquired in his eye and hand that proportion which was his guide in every future work.

Zulian now proposed that he should have a cast of his Dedalus brought to Rome, to be exhibited; and while this was doing, Canova, in company with the architect Antonio Selva, took a journey to Naples, to visit the wonders of Pompeii.

A false taste in sculpture, on the causes of which our author enters at some length, had long prevailed in Italy, and the Dedalus, on its arrival, was very severely criticised and condemned by the artists. But Gawin Hamilton, a Scotch artist then at Rome, became his zealous defender and adviser; and La-Grève, director of the French Academy at Rome, and De Chêne, another French artist, expressed themselves in the highest terms of admiration of the groupe, and with difficulty could be persuaded to believe that it was taken from nature, and was not a copy. Hamilton continued his friendly admonitions; and, at his suggestion, the ambassador provided Canova with a workshop and materials, where his first work was an Apollo in the act of crowning himself; with which,

however, he was but ill satisfied, not judging that it could enter into competition with works of eminence.

His conscience now reproached him with having left imperfect at Venice a statue of the Marquis Poleni, and as he always rigidly kept his word, he returned thither, and completed the statue; but, whether from haste or carelessness, it did not exceed his early works, and it pleased him so little, that he would afterwards scarcely acknowledge it to be his.

On his return to Rome, which he now selected as his second country, Canova decided on his style, which he determined should be a style composed of nature and of the antique. His notion was, to study nature with the eyes of the ancients, and viewing her as they did, to present to the world models which should not so much pourtray her mere form, as embellish her with ideal art. Nor was he ambitious of pursuing the heroic so far as to neglect the charms of simplicity; above all, he wished his compositions to be wrought with the most exquisite taste, and with that gracefulness of which he felt the elements in his own bosom.

With these ideas, and having now received a pension from the Venetian republic, he commenced a new work, which represents Theseus sitting on the Minotaur; it was completed and exhibited at Rome in 1785, is now at Vienna, in the collection of the Count de Fries, and has been engraved by Morghen. This groupe was highly extolled by persons of true taste, and procured the artist the friendship of many eminent persons, especially of Volpato, the great engraver, who treated him as a son. This Volpato had a very pretty daughter, whose charms the young Canova found irresistible. He laid siege to her heart and won it, and Volpato consented to their union; but, as Petrarch says, "*amoroso stato dura picciolo tempo in cor di donna*," Miss Dominica Volpato did something exceedingly like jilting our sculptor; she, in short, gave him to understand that she had changed her mind, and Canova generously suggested an excuse for her to make to her father for violating her agreement, and the affair ended. This, Signor Missirini judiciously observes, was all the better for Canova, as the celebrated Cocchi, in his Discourse on Marriage, strongly deports from entering into that holy state all excellent professors of the three arts of design; and Canova afterwards expressed his satisfaction at having remained single, as matrimony would have impeded him in his pursuits. The young lady had a hankering after the arts, for she some years after married the eccellentissimo Morghen. Canova was, however, deeply affected; and, to divert his melancholy, he went to Carrara, to provide marble for the mausoleum of Pope Clement XIV., which he was engaged to execute, and thence he proceeded to Genoa.

It were vain to attempt a description of this mausoleum, or of that of Clement XIII., which he afterwards executed; suffice it to

say, that they raised him to the very pinnacle of fame. While employed on these great works, he also executed some minor ones. He commenced a groupe of Venus placing a garland on the head of Adonis, but he abandoned it, not satisfied with the composition, as Signor Missirini assures us, and not because the figures were naked, for Canova always held that nudity was the true language of statuary. The developement and defence of this opinion by the writer, at p. 74., is just, and well worthy of being perused. Another work which he executed at this period was a *Psyche*, for Sir Henry Blundel; and it is gratifying to observe that our countrymen were among his principal patrons.

Being now at ease in his circumstances, and on intimate terms with many distinguished personages, Canova determined to apply himself sedulously to the improvement of his mind, as his opportunities of acquiring knowledge had been hitherto very limited. He therefore commenced the study of the French and English languages, regarding these as the most necessary for him, on account of his great intercourse with foreigners, and of the excellent productions in these languages. He also engaged a person to read to him while at work, and by this means stored his mind with knowledge. His favourite books appear to have been Plutarch, (in which he was chiefly struck with the character of Phocion,) and Cesarotti's translation of Homer. Inspired by these, he modelled several basso-relievos of the scenes which had most operated on his imagination, such as the death of Priam, Achilles delivering up Briseis, Socrates drinking the hemlock, the return of Telemachus to Ithaca. In these basso-relievos he studied and imitated the ancients, rejecting the modern mode of attempting to introduce the effects of painting. He therefore banished all perspectives, false plains, fore-shortenings, and such like artifices, and gave a specimen of a chaster, simpler, and purer style.

His health meanwhile gave way beneath the weight of such continued labour, and he fell dangerously ill. He was all alone at this time, as his aunt, whom he had brought to live with him, had been obliged, for her health, to return to her native air; but the affection of his young friend D'Este, and of an excellent woman, named Luigia Giulj, whom, with her husband, he had taken to reside with him and manage his domestic affairs, recovered him; and a few months which he spent at Venice restored him completely.

In this part of the work there is a digression, extremely well worth reading, on Canova's models and his mode of treating his marbles. It is too long for us to attempt giving any abstract of it: we shall only remark, that he always formed his models of the same size as he intended his finished figures to be, and that he regarded the workmanship of his statues as of equal importance with the attitudes, the invention, the character, and the grace. For this purpose he invented a variety of new tools, having a particular implement for every part of his art.

Canova was, as might be expected, treated with the highest marks of honour in Venice and in his native village; which he revisited; and on his return to Rome, he applied himself closely to his art, producing numerous works of the first order. He, moreover, urged by emulation, devoted himself to the study of painting, and amused himself and his friends by passing off his works on the artists as pieces of the old masters. His principal productions in sculpture executed at this period were, the monument of the Cavalier Emo at Venice, a Magdalene, now at Paris, and Cupid and Psyche.

In consequence of the occupation of Rome by the French, and the distress and wretchedness brought by them upon Italy, he determined to travel; and, in company with his friend and patron Rezzonico, he made the tour of Germany, visiting Vienna, Munich, Dresden, and Berlin; in all which places he was received with distinguished honour. On his return, he settled at Possagno, and there painted his noble picture of the Taking Down from the Cross. In this piece, Mary, John, Joseph, and Nicodemus appear in the act of adoration; and above is the Eternal Father, whose glory illuminates all the figures. 'Terrible in his majesty,' says Missirini, 'and a conception worthy of the lofty mind of Dante, is this his idea of the apparition of the Eternal Father. The strength and power of Him who created heaven and earth are impressed on that countenance, placid, at the same time, and serene, which fills one at once with awe and love.'

A better order of things being now re-established at Rome, and the papal throne occupied by the late pontiff, Canova returned to that city, and resumed his former pursuits with greater ardour than ever. His first work was a groupe of Hercules and Lichas, of the height of 15 palms. The action of this groupe is taken from the Trachiniæ. Hercules is represented at the moment when, becoming furious from the effect of the poisoned vesture, he grasps the unhappy youth by the hair with his right hand, and by the foot with his left, and is in the act of hurling him into the sea. He next produced a Perseus, with the head of Medusa in his hand, so well described in Forsyth's Letters.

While he was engaged on his colossal statue of the King of Naples, he was invited to Paris by Buonaparte, then First Consul; but, reluctant to leave Rome, and depart from his usual mode of life, he long interposed objections, until at length urged by the principal persons at Rome, and by the Pope himself, he set out for France, and was received by Buonaparte at St. Cloud with the greatest kindness and consideration.

'The ingenuous artist implored permission to use the natural candour and simplicity of his character, and then proceeded to represent how Rome lay languishing in indigence, caused by the severity of the times; how the pontifical palaces were stripped, and the ancient monuments abandoned to ruin, the revenue reduced most extraordinarily, and every branch of commerce interrupted.'

"I will restore Rome," said the First Consul: "I am anxious for the welfare of humanity; but, in the meanwhile, of what are you in want?" — "Of nothing," replied the sculptor, "but of obeying your commands." — "You shall make my statue," returned Buonaparte, and dismissed him. — Vol. i. p. 168.

Three days after, Canova returned to St. Cloud with his materials, and being admitted to the breakfast of Napoleon and Josephine, said, "it grieved him that a person like the First Consul, so overwhelmed with business, should remain idle while he was making the model."

"We shall not fail to do something," replied Buonaparte; and Canova, without loss of time, commenced modelling; and in five days he had the model completed in a size nearly gigantic. During all this time the Consul sometimes read, sometimes amused himself jesting with Josephine, sometimes conversing with the artist on political subjects. Among other topics they spoke of the spoliation of Rome, of the monuments of Grecian art; and Canova could not restrain his zeal, but expressed his grief for the enormous loss which Rome had experienced, saying, "Think not that I and the Italians alone are afflicted at this; the French themselves, who have a deep sense of the dignity of the arts, partake of our grief;" alluding to a piece published at Paris on that subject by Quatremère de Quincy.

Speaking then of the removal of the bronze horses from Venice, "Sir," said Canova, "the subversion of that republic will afflict me as long as I live."

His sincerity and love of his country were so pleasing to Buonaparte, that he took great delight in his society, and treated him with a degree of familiarity which caused considerable jealousy.

With respect to the head of Napoleon which he was modelling, "I must confess," said he, "that this countenance is so well adapted for sculpture, that, had I met it in an ancient statue, I should have thought that it had belonged to one of the most illustrious men who adorn ancient history. Were it drawn by an able artist, it would, I think, be admirable; but still it does not strike me as one which would be very agreeable to the gentle sex." Buonaparte smiled.

Having completed his model, he was entertained by the most distinguished personages and by the foreign ministers, both on account of his great reputation and of the favour of the First Consul. David, and the other distinguished artists, also showed him the greatest attention. He was presented to the National Institute, of which he was a member; and at Neuilly, the seat of Murat, he saw his own groupe of Cupid and Psyche, on which he bestowed some farther labour. He took his leave of the First Consul on the day he received the ambassador from Tunis, and Napoleon said, "Go, salute the Pope for me, and tell him that you heard me recommend the setting the Christians at liberty."

On Canova's return to Rome, every place through which he passed vied in doing him honour. His reputation was now so high, that commissions poured in on him from all parts of Europe, most of which he was obliged to refuse, partly as being now resolved in his future works to follow the bent of his own genius, and not the ideas of others; partly as having his mind now fully occupied with the monument of the Archduchess Cristina and the colossal statue of Napoleon. The latter he formed in the heroic costume, such as it appears in the statues of some of the Roman emperors.

In the year 1810, Buonaparte being seated on the Imperial throne, and wishing to have Canova at Paris, to enjoy the advantage of his advice with respect to the different monuments of art which he designed to form the eternal splendour of his reign, made the Intendant-General of the Imperial household write to invite him to that city. Canova received this letter at Florence, and returned an answer full of expressions of gratitude for the honour intended him, but signifying his invincible repugnance to quit Rome, which he regarded as the proper place for an artist, and where he had so many unfinished works on his hands; at the same time expressing his readiness to comply with the wishes of the Emperor, and go to Paris for some time. He accordingly arrived at Fontainebleau in October, 1810, where he was received with the utmost kindness by Napoleon. As he took care to take notes of the conversations he had with the Emperor, and as every thing connected with that individual is interesting, we shall extract some of the most remarkable passages.

"I was introduced, the morning after my arrival, by Marshal Duroc to Napoleon, who was at breakfast with the Empress. The first word he said to me was that he thought I was grown thin. I replied that that was the effect of my constant labour, and I thanked him much for the honour he had done me in calling me to him, to give my labour and opinion on the objects of the fine arts. At the same time, I frankly declared the impossibility of my abandoning Rome, and explained my reasons to him.

"This is," said he, "the capital; you must stay here, and you will be well." — "You are, Sire, the master of my life; but if it pleases Your Majesty that it should be employed in your service, you will permit me to return to Rome when the works, on account of which I am come —" He smiled at these words, and said, "This is your centre — here are all the capital works of antiquity. Nothing is wanting but the Farnese Hercules; but we shall have that too." — "Let Your Majesty," replied I, "leave something to Italy. These ancient monuments form a chain and collection, with an infinite number of others, that cannot be transported from Rome or from Naples." — "Italy may indemnify herself by excavations," said he. "I will excavate at Rome. Tell me, has the Pope spent much in excavation?" I then explained to him how little he had spent, on account of his poverty, though he had a generous heart; but that, notwithstanding, by his love of the arts and rigid economy, he had succeeded in forming a new museum.

"We then spoke of the colossal statue which I had made of him, and he appeared to wish that it had been apparelled. "Not God himself," said I, "could have ever made a handsome work, if he had undertaken to represent Your Majesty dressed as you are in the French fashion, with boots and breeches. We, like all the other fine arts, have our language of sublimity, and the language of statuary is the naked, and such a dress as is proper to our art." I here adduced many examples taken from poetry and the ancient monuments, and the Emperor appeared nearly convinced, but then proceeding to speak of the other equestrian statue of him which I was modelling, and knowing that it was clothed, he asked, "Why do you not make this one naked?" — "Because," said I, "it must be represented in the heroic costume;" observing, at the same time, that it would be unseemly for him to be represented naked on horseback, and in the act of commanding an army; that this was the costume of the ancients, and of the moderns also; that the former kings of France were represented in this manner, and also Joseph II. at Vienna. "I will go to Rome," said he; and I replied, "That country deserves to be seen by Your Majesty." I described to him then some of the magnificent works of the ancient Romans, especially the *Via Appia*. "What wonder," said he, "the Romans were the masters of the world." — "It was not power alone," said I; "but Italian genius and our love of what is great. Let Your Majesty but consider what the Florentines, with so small a territory, have done, and what the Venetians also have accomplished. The Florentines, by the impost of a single soldo on each pound of wool, ventured to erect that wonderful dome; and that single tax sufficed for building a fabric that exceeds the strength of every modern power. They then had executed by Ghiberti, in bronze, the gates of St. Giovanni, for 40,000 zecchini, which would now be worth several millions of francs. Behold how industrious and how lofty-minded they were at the same time!" — Vol. ii. pp. 11—14.

In another conversation Napoleon exclaimed, "What a great people were those Romans! Certainly they were a great people till the second Punic war. Cæsar, Cæsar was the great man," continued he; "not Cæsar alone, but many other emperors also, as Titus, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius. The Romans were always great, till the time of Constantine. The popes did ill to keep up discords in Italy, to be always the first to call in the French and Germans." Canova interceded for Rome and the Pope. "They resist me," said he. "What? I am the master of France and Italy, and of three parts of Germany — I am the successor of Charlemagne. If the popes of the present day were like those in his time, matters would soon be accommodated. Even your Venetians broke with the Pope. I wish," said he, "to settle with the Pope, but he is altogether German;" and, saying this, he looked at the Empress. "I can assure you," said she, "that when I was in Germany, we used to say that the Pope was altogether French." "He would not," continued Napoleon, "expel the Russians and English from his states; and for this we have broke with him." Canova ventured to defend the Pope. "He has even pretended to excommunicate me. Does he not know that at length we might become like the English and Russians?"

Speaking of the Venetian policy of never continuing a General long in his command; "No doubt," said the Emperor, "the prolongation of command is a very dangerous affair. I myself often said to the Directory, that if they wished to be always at war, some one would soon arise who would command them."

The Empress having a slight cold, Canova assumed the liberty of saying that he thought she took too little care of herself, and that she should not go to the chase in an open carriage, a thing so dangerous to a woman in a state of pregnancy. "You see," said Napoleon, "every one is surprised at it; but women," touching his forehead with his fore-finger, "women will have every thing their own way. Only think, she wants now to come to Cherbourg, which is so many leagues off; but I say she should take care. But are you married?" Canova replied, "No, Sire; I was frequently on the eve of marriage, but many combinations of circumstances have kept me at liberty; and, moreover, the dread of not meeting a woman who would love me as I should have loved her, has prevented me from changing my condition, and has kept me free, to devote myself entirely to my art." — "Ah! women, women," said Napoleon with a smile, and continued his breakfast.

Canova's opinion of Buonaparte, on the whole, was, that he was not naturally of a tyrannical disposition, but that he had been spoiled by those who flattered and concealed the truth from him.

Having executed a bust of Maria Louisa, Canova took his leave of the Emperor, whom he was fated never again to behold. His next visit to Paris was of a different and more glorious nature, to reclaim, in 1815, after the dethronement of Napoleon, the monuments of art of which the French armies had plundered Rome. In performing this task he experienced considerable difficulties. The Bourbons abhorring, as they professed, the principles of the republicans, still had no repugnance to retain their illegal gains. They stood on the treaty of Tolentino, by which the Pope, to save the city from being sacked, consented to surrender the monuments of ancient and modern art. In vain was it urged by the papal envoy, that the terms of that treaty had been broken by the Directory, when they sent their emissaries to Rome to excite revolt, to give them a pretext for occupying that city and suppressing the papal government. The Bourbons were deaf to all this, till the English, and afterwards the Austrian, ministers interfered, and the government at length reluctantly consented to restore the monuments.

Having succeeded so completely in his mission, and sent the works to the charge of his friend D'Este, Canova resolved on making a visit to London. He was here received with every honour, and presented to the Regent, who conferred on him a gold snuff-box set with jewels. But what most gratified him was the sight of the marbles of the Parthenon; and it delighted him to find, that though unacquainted with the works of Phidias, he had wrought after the

same principles, and pursued the same route, with that divine artist. He thus expresses himself in a letter to Quatremère :

“ I have seen the marbles that came from Greece. Of the bas-reliefs we had already some idea from engravings from casts, and from some pieces of marble ; but of the figures *en grand*, in which the artist can display his knowledge, we knew nothing. If these are really works of Phidias, or wrought under his direction, or if he has put the last hand to them, they show clearly that the great masters were true imitators of *la bella natura*. They had nothing affected, nothing exaggerated or hard, that is to say, none of those parts which may be called conventional or geometrical. I conclude that those numerous statues that we possess, with those exaggerations, must have been executed by those sculptors who made copies of the fine Grecian works, to transmit them to Rome.”

On his return to Rome, his grateful countrymen vied with each other in doing him honour. The Pope conferred on him the ancient title of Marquis, and an annual pension of 3000 scudi ; and the Roman senate, in a most ample diploma, expressed their high sense of his merits, and of the honour he shed upon Italy.

His first work after his return was a statue of Washington, seated, and writing his last instructions to the Congress of the United States. This statue Canova, who was a warm admirer of liberty and of Washington, wrought *con amore* ; and it now adorns the Capitol of the city named from that illustrious man.

Influenced now by that love of the spot where had passed the days of his childhood and youth, — days ever remembered with affection, particularly by a heart so unsophisticated as his, — Canova resolved on erecting at his own expense, in Possagno, a temple to the Holy Trinity, which should prove a lasting source of honour and emolument to the inhabitants, by the concourse of strangers which it should draw thither, and extend his own fame, by bearing testimony to the bold and generous spirit with which he emulated the ancients. He therefore took his model from the Parthenon and the Pantheon, blending these two stupendous wonders of architecture, and thence forming a pile at once ancient and modern. Of this temple he laid the foundation on Sunday, 11th July, 1819, amid an immense concourse of people assembled from all the neighbouring districts : but he lived not to see his noble design perfected : he died in Venice on the 13th of October, 1822, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, of a disease of the stomach, leaving to his brother and heir a strict injunction to complete his unfinished work, and assigning, after the death of his brother, an annual revenue to its support.

Canova was in his person thin but handsome. In his youth he had been rather delicate, but he afterwards grew strong and healthy. His eyes were lively and penetrating, his countenance pale, his forehead large and serene. The soul which animated his frame was one of the first order, and the idea of beauty was never absent from it : purity, chastity, and modesty, distinguished every act. He held,

as we have before observed, the naked to be the sublime of his art; but he viewed the unveiled female form with feelings such as those with which we may conceive a superior being to contemplate the most lovely of the creations of the Deity. To one of his pupils, who, through an affectation of modesty, would not even touch the arm of a female statue, he said,

“ I abhor, as I do sin, indelicate subjects, for an artist should never degrade his modesty; an indecent subject can never be a handsome one. Still is the language of the art the naked: you should imitate it, but yet unite modesty and nudity. If you cannot do that, if you have so abject a soul as to introduce your internal corruption into the innocent region of the fine arts, take some other path. Nudity is divine; it is a part of the works of the hand of God himself. If there were any parts which God did not wish should be in our bodies, he had not created them; and we should not be ashamed to imitate what he has made, but always with modesty, and with that veil of propriety which nature requires, not in the innocence of her creation, but in the wickedness of her corruption.”

To conclude Canova's character, he was a sincere lover of his country, and truly and unaffectedly pious.

Signor Missirini's work contains a great deal of useful information for artists and connoisseurs, but it is rather heavy. He is too much given to a school-boy quotation of passages of the ancients; and, like many writers of the 16th and 17th centuries, thinks the character of no action or sentiment established till he has fortified it by classical authority. His moral reflections are just and correct, and need not the support of Cicero and Plutarch. In this country, at least, to use the words of Sir James Mackintosh, we take all these things for granted. The style, if it be permitted to us foreigners to judge, is elegant and harmonious. The work is divided, *more antiquo*, into books and chapters, which give it an air of stiffness that really does not belong to it. We may take this occasion to express our regret that the press of Italy offers, in our days, so very few contributions to the stock of European literature. We often anxiously turn to that quarter for some specimen of its living intellect, but seldom succeed in meeting with any thing worthy of being brought under the notice of English readers.

ART. II. *Physiologie des Passions; ou, Nouvelle Doctrine des Sentimens Moraux.* Par J. L. Alibert, Premier Médecin Ordinaire du Roi, &c. &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. Paris. Imported by Treuttel and Wurtz. 1825.

M. ALIBERT is a Parisian physician of considerable eminence, who, besides holding a station among the medical counsel of his sovereign, has for many years been occupied with far more extensive usefulness, in the superintendence of the Hospital of St. Louis. Having there industriously accumulated the fruits of scientific observation and experience, upon the various maladies which so vast an establish-

ment could not fail to exhibit, he has gained much celebrity in France by his medical writings, and especially by his treatises on disorders of the skin. But it would appear, by the publication of the volumes before us, that M. Alibert is not satisfied with confining himself to labours thus purely professional, and with enjoying the well-earned reputation, *sui generis*, which these have obtained for him. As if desirous of limiting the general axiom of our great moral poet, that

“ The proper study of mankind is man,”

he professes to consider enquiries into the physiology of the human mind as forming more particularly the province of the medical student. ‘ *Les médecins surtout,*’ says he ‘ *ne doivent pas rester étrangers a cet ordre de recherches;*’ and, accordingly, we are left to conclude that the present treatise is intended more especially for the illumination of the younger members of his own profession, as well as for the reasoning world at large. That the phenomena of mind, and the reciprocal action between them and our material organs, are fitting objects of contemplation for the physician, who shall be found to doubt? But the result of some attention to such researches does not necessarily involve the capability of effecting fresh discoveries in the constitution of the human mind; and the volumes before us are at least an example, that an eminent and learned physician may prove but a very superficial and indifferent metaphysical reasoner.

The measure of M. Alibert’s ability for the task which he has undertaken may be ascertained, without going beyond the ‘ Preliminary Considerations on the sensible System,’ which he has prefixed to his ‘ *New Doctrine of Moral Sentiments.*’ This introductory dissertation he has divided into two parts: on the *external* and *internal* life of the sensible system, and the intellectual attributes which belong to each. Under the first head he enumerates curiosity, attention, and perception: under the second he classes reflection, memory, imagination, conscience, and will. A classification more confused and unphilosophical than this, or a series of definitions more meagre and unsatisfactory, more contradictory and inaccurate, than he has attempted to embody under it, we never remember to have encountered. We shall need to take only one example to justify our censure, fixing upon his article on imagination. He has previously told us, (p. ix.) that ‘ *il est même curieux de voir comme chaque-esprit se sert par préférence d’une faculté particulière de l’entendement: les uns de l’imagination, les autres de la mémoire,*’ &c. And yet, after thus placing these faculties in opposition, he proceeds to assure us, (p. liii.) in the outset of his definition of imagination, that it is not always very easy to distinguish it from memory. He then marvellously discovers of imagination, that ‘ *there is really something inventive in this intellectual attribute, which gives us a remarkable superiority over all other animals;*

and he arrives, farther on, at the epigrammatic conclusion, that it is 'une mémoire exaltée, embellie par le sentiment !' This unmeaning conjunction of smart phrases is a sample of his whole philosophy ; and such is the vague and indefinite manner in which he employs any expression, for the sake of effect, in enquiries which peculiarly demand that the consistent use and rigid meaning of every word shall be scrupulously weighed. He sets out with confusing imagination and memory : he altogether omits to distinguish that every act of memory must include an idea of the past, while imagination does not *necessarily* imply any idea whatever of time ; and even when he attempts to separate the two faculties, he treats imagination throughout as a simple power of the mind. But the veriest smatterer in metaphysics will not require to be told that imagination is not a simple, but a complex, mental faculty, to which memory can lend one only of many aids. As the same power which gives birth to the creations of the poet and the painter, imagination presupposes conception, which enables us to form a notion of former objects of perception out of which to make a selection ; abstraction, to separate the selected materials from the circumstances previously connected with them ; and judgment, to select those materials, and combine them in new arrangements.

Having afforded this slight specimen of M. Alibert's illogical definitions, and of his loose employment of language on a subject in which even its most precise and careful usage, as an instrument of thought, is not always a security against inaccurate reasoning, we shall not be expected to waste elaborate criticism upon his 'New Doctrine of Moral Sentiments.' We shall, however, indulge the curiosity of our philosophical readers, by offering a brief *catalogue raisonné* of the contents of his two volumes ; and we shall carefully abstain from engaging in the lengthened analysis of a scheme of physiology which mistakes a mere novel and gratuitous hypothesis for rational and lucid enquiry, and substitutes nothing but speculation and assertion for argumentative induction and proof.

After his preliminary dissertation on the sensible system, M. Alibert proceeds to develop his new doctrine, in some general considerations on moral sentiments. In these we are soon led to discover that his system consists only in a new variation and multiplication of the old theory of final causation, as a law and object of metaphysical enquiry. He does not, like Des Cartes, ascribe the operation of all the passions to a single mechanical principle : neither is he contented with referring to self-interest, like Hobbes, or to self-love, like Rochefoucault and others, as the sole spring of human action : still less is he satisfied with any of those various other theories of philosophers, which attempt to account for all our actions from one single and universal impulse. He alludes to some of these in no very measured terms of respect when he declares, that 'Les ouvrages qu'on a publiés jusqu'à nos jours sur la théorie de notre nature morale sont entachés de beaucoup d'erreurs. Les

plus hautes doctrines de la philosophie ont été avilies par des hypothèses mensongères.' It is with amusing self-complacency that we find him, immediately, and as if unconsciously, after this sweeping denunciation, himself labouring to swell the number of these very assumptions, which he has so truly characterized. Rejecting, with contempt, every theory of a single compelling and mechanical law of human conduct, he has discovered truth by the multiplication of error; and behold the satisfactory result of his profound speculations — that man is a mechanical creature, not of simple, but of a complex moral structure; not a being guided by one ruling fatality, but an animal of **FOUR GENERAL INSTINCTS**. But here we must permit M. Alibert to explain, as he best may, the details of his new doctrine of moral sentiments.

' There are many other systems remaining for refutation. The field of conjecture is so vast, that every one seems desirous of depositing in it the tribute of his reveries and of his errors. They who disdain mechanical theories have endeavoured to find the source of our most tender sentiments, of our finest actions, in that one of our affections which regards our fellow-creatures the least; in a word, in self-love. But without repeating in this place all the arguments that oppose an assertion so unworthy of human nature, it appears to me that we may consider the moral effects of the phenomena which occur in our living frame under a point of view more noble, and more worthy of our ulterior destinies.

' Avoiding superfluous details, we may place upon a surer basis the scientific theory of those interesting facts, of which it is our purpose to treat in the present work. If we only consider a little what man is in his general moral composition; if we only investigate the universal action of his moral economy, we shall at once perceive that there exist in every living being* four innate tendencies (*penchans innés*) which may be regarded as the primordial laws of the animal economy. In the different situations of life, all that we experience, all that we think, all that we execute, has reference to these four primitive impulses; from whence proceed, as from their natural source, all the phenomena of the sensible system.

' The first of these interior and, as they may be called, irresistible tendencies, is that, by which the animal opposes a re-action to the causes of destruction, and resists the dangers which surround him. It is a power of perpetual activity, by aid of which the living being appropriates and applies to itself all the substances necessary to the support and duration of its existence: it may be termed the *Instinct of Preservation* (conservation). It may even be remarked of this important power, that

* *Tout être vivant.* Every living human being? So meant, we presume, though not so limited in expression. But it is not easy to render accurately that which is in itself both vague and inaccurate; and the task of translating M. Alibert's language is rather a perplexing one. To convert his phrases into English, and yet leave his meaning in precisely the same uncertain light in which he has himself placed it, may be likened to copying in chiaroscuro; but the clear obscure is not equally the excellence of painting and of metaphysics.

the wants by which animals obey it are in some degree coercive. Nature interdicts them from every artificial desire which might endanger the functions inherent in their organisation. Under the influence of the most imperious necessity, the tiger satisfies his thirst of blood; the goat crops the herbage which grows on the declivities of our mountains. The bird picks the grain as nature produces it. Man alone perfects and endlessly improves the food which serves for his sustenance. His will guides him in extending the uses which he shall make of it. He accepts or refuses the benefits with which Providence gratifies him. He adds to these gifts, or modifies them at his pleasure, by a skilful and productive industry. As vegetables do not possess the faculty of locomotion, the nutritive juices flow directly towards them. The rivulet winds and approaches to water the flower which cannot move. It may be said that the less perfect a being is, the more exertion does nature make to preserve it.

The second tendency to be remarked is that by aid of which the living being enlarges and strengthens his native faculties, and in some measure perfects the works of nature. This is the *Instinct of Imitation*, with which no individual could dispense. It may even be said that this law is one of the most solid foundations of social life. Our ideas, our sentiments, our manners, our duties, all the acts of our organisation operate by reciprocal and mutual instruction, which never fails to stamp on each man and on each nation a particular physiognomy and character. Hence is it that so many individuals plod in a beaten track, and are for the most part the slaves of national customs. We shall explain more at large the theory of this imitative faculty which offers the most interesting details.

There is a third tendency which impels us to seek out our congenials, to correspond with them by mutual sympathy, to commune with their thoughts by speech, by cries, and by other signs of universal recognition, to throw into common, if I may so say, our actions, our exertions, our pains, and our pleasures: it is this which we shall designate as the *Instinct of Relation*. It is common to animals who assemble, who move, and who live in troops, who travel as it were in caravans. It is by such a social instinct that the harmony of this universe is established and preserved. We owe to it our sweetest and most natural pleasures. It is the first craving of our souls. To be insensible to it, we must either be in a state of disease or of depravity. The misanthrope himself cannot overcome the desire of making a parade of his frank and noble character, of his disinterestedness and fidelity; and all this proves sufficiently that he is still bound by the relations of which he is the object.

Finally, what living being can evade the strong impulse of the *Instinct of Reproduction* which has given birth to the noblest and most generous of the human passions? This is the power which nature has most multiplied and diversified; for it is that by which every thing is renewed and perpetuated. This power is inexhaustible, it is in the world which we see, and in that which is veiled from our inspection. Nothing is exhibited with more attraction. The universe is, as it were, enchanted by its presence; it is sometimes prodigal, sometimes sparing of the fire which it scatters; it appears at once perpetual, and periodical, slow as the lingering round of ages, or rapid as the flash of lightning: nothing equals its mobility and its perseverance. — Vol. i, pp. 6—10.

Having thus broached his new and fanciful doctrine of the physiology of moral sentiments, M. Alibert hastens, without a shadow of argument, to use his four instincts, that he may classify under them, in so many divisions of his work, the various passions which he assumes to emanate from each. He here gives a striking example of that unhappy misapplication of arrangement, which Bacon, in allusion to physiological researches, has stigmatised as entailing the most pernicious results.* For inverting, or rather totally disregarding, all rational and inductive research, he has assumed the positive existence of four instincts, that he may range all the passions under these primordial laws, as he calls them, of the sensible system. He first supposes the existence of these primordial laws that he may derive the passions from them; and then uses this imaginary derivation to account for the operation of the passions. In this manner, his system vibrates from vague hypothesis to vague conclusions, and back again from his second error to his first. He argues in a circle, and vainly imagines that he is in pursuit of truth, when he is only chasing one fallacy with another through an endless round of confusion.

But to continue our catalogue of contents. Under his first head — *The Instinct of Preservation* — M. Alibert ranges the following passions, and offers a dissertation on each: Self-love (*égoïsme*), Avarice, Pride, Vanity, Fatuity, Modesty, Courage, Fear, Prudence, Sloth, Ennui, and Intemperance. Upon what principle M. Alibert has pressed Ennui at all into the number of human *passions*, or by what process he deduces intemperance from the instinct of preservation, we presume not to conjecture, and he has altogether failed to explain. Under his second division — *The Instinct of Imitation* — he classes only Emulation, Envy, and Ambition. His third head — *The Instinct of Relation* — has a far more numerous train of passions: Benevolence, Friendship, Esteem, Respect, Consideration, (how do these three differ?) Contempt, Ridicule, Pity, Admiration, Enthusiasm, Gratitude, and Ingratitude, Hatred, Resentment, Vengeance, Justice, and the Love of War, of Glory, and of One's native Country. The fourth head — *The Instinct of Reproduction* — is exhibited in the passion of Love, in all its varieties, Conjugal, Maternal, Paternal, and Filial. The subject is rather a delicate one: but we should fain enquire, if any of our worthy Doctor's theories were worth investigation at all, in what manner he connects the last of these affections — Filial Love — with the instinct of *reproduction*?

We have here given the titles of our author's numerous essays; but how to characterise their contents we really know not. For,

* "Quamquam si ordinis hoc solum vitium esset, non mihi fuerit tanti. Ordo enim ad illustrationem pertinet, neque est ex substantiâ scientiarum. At hæc ordinis inversio defectum insignem peperit, et maximam philosophiæ induxit calamitatem." *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, l. iii. c. 4.

after patiently acquainting ourselves with the *laws* of M. Alibert's new system of moral sentiments, we are seriously and utterly unable to comprehend either the precise objects of his dissertations upon the passions, the results which he would deduce from his precious discoveries, or any feasible, rational, or practical application which he would make of his imaginary principles. We can unravel neither the purpose nor end of his work, except that it be to proclaim the universal machinery of the *four human instincts*. There is really nothing but a few pages of declamation to be found under the head of each passion: — but in despair of rendering his design intelligible by any commentary, we shall translate two or three passages from one of the best of the essays, — that on Conjugal Love, — that our readers may judge for themselves of the general composition of the book. We have here endeavoured in good faith to select the most favourable specimens which we could find of the author's style and habits of reflection.

Marriage is a social convention by which two individuals of different sex place in common between them the pleasures as well as the sorrows inseparable from their existence. They ally themselves to each other the better to resist that inexorable destiny which seems to pursue humanity through the toilsome path of life. I need not say that reproduction is the primitive object of this union: it is at the same time the sweetest and most natural relation. The first impulse of hearts thus drawn together is to commingle their possessions, their wishes, their projects, their hopes: can any contract be more important, any engagement more useful than this, which makes love a duty, or rather a religion?

The practice of designating under one name the man and woman who form this interesting association sufficiently implies that their souls should thenceforth be blended into one, that their interests are identified, and that they are no more to be separated. Marriage must then be considered as an institution to the asylum of which two existences recur for mutual support, — as the entwining together of two destinies, — as the harmonious connection of two beings who are sheltered under the same roof, who breathe the same air, who are nourished by the same food, to perpetuate the same race, and to obey in admirable concert the all-powerful instinct of reproduction.

It is doubtless not easy to preserve excitement in a connection from which the law of obstacles has been removed; but there remains a community of interests, and a frequency of intercourse, which repair the absence of this law, and often yield the most exquisite enjoyments. The power of habit cements the union of the sexes, even where there is otherwise too great a disparity between the sentiments and characters of the parties. Hearts that have once been mingled are not readily severed, especially when they have been united in real tenderness, and in that long familiarity which is one of the strongest bonds of human sympathy. It is difficult to conceive how strong the link which binds a wedded pair becomes by the habit of seeing each other and of regarding in common the dearest interests of life. Nay more, this link is often harder to break asunder than that of love itself: it would seem that, by the effect of time, the tastes, the will, the inclinations of the

parties become amalgamated, as it were, with each other ; and one could not separate a pair who had been tormenting each other all their lives without the violent infliction of pain upon both.

‘ It was, however, indispensable that the association of marriage should be declared inviolable and sacred, and that the obligation of fidelity should be rigorously insisted upon, in order to ensure lasting peace between two persons, often united only by suitableness of fortune, by the effect of chance, by the accident of frequenting the same society, and frequently also by that natural disposition which we have to satisfy the want of some object of affection with more promptitude than discernment. It was necessary, farther, that the pleasures resulting from this union should be proclaimed virtuous, and adorned with the title of legitimacy. This expedient supplies the loss of that illusion, and the absence of that famous law of obstacles which, as I have said elsewhere, only delays our pleasures to increase their charm and duration.

‘ The happiness of wedded life must be the gift of Heaven ; it is the Creator himself who has consecrated this holy and innocent union. Let him who removes the young female from the protection of the paternal roof reflect well that he is only the depository of the treasure confided to him ! Let him remember that he has torn her from the tears of a mother who has resigned her with reluctance. Will he betray the confidence of the tender father who has conducted her to the altar, who has deprived himself for him of the support of his old age, and who must thenceforth bury himself in painful solitude ? Will he devote to affliction the pure and spotless virgin, who has passed under his roof to embellish his house with all the charm of the domestic virtues ? Ah ! let him rather be the constant support of her who comes like a fruitful branch to refresh the fertility of his family with a new race ! Let him return her love ! Let him not poison the happiness of her youth ! Let him encircle her with cherishing assiduity, and prove himself the indefatigable guardian of her happiness.

‘ Marriages would always be happy, if Heaven had necessarily assigned to each man here below the only woman who could sympathise with the peculiar nature of his organisation ; if congenial beings were always sure of meeting each other on the journey of life ; and if, in the harmony of this vast universe, they were drawn to each other naturally, like bodies subjected to the irresistible law of attraction. The well-known and ingenious allegory of Plato declares that, in the beginning of time, husband and wife came together into the world and composed only a single animated creature. But in a fit of anger, Jupiter separated into two a whole so harmonious and so perfect. Since that time, each is vainly in search of his own proper half on earth ; and the union of the sexes is almost always consigned to the sport of chance.

‘ It might be useful to form a code for marriage, and to found it upon the deep study of the human heart. Its object should be to instruct the married pair how to prolong the charm of the connection by which they are bound. Woman, by her modesty, may preserve her influence over man, who protects her by his power. She should be careful to maintain, in her domestic life, all the advantages of the law of obstacles. She should throw over all the charms with which it has pleased nature to adorn her that holy veil, which covered her when she was introduced into the temple of Hymen : she should continue pure

to the last day of her existence. Decency and reserve should form the coquetry of marriage.

Nevertheless, in a moral point of view, every thing should be in common in marriage, even to the thoughts. Hence is it that hearts should be congenial in this delightful union. There are so few souls which respond to each other! To produce analogous tastes, it would be proper, perhaps, to vary the education of women according to the condition and character of the husbands for whom they are destined. This doubtless would be the safest means of ensuring to them a happiness, which should be retired and concealed, as it were, in the details of domestic life. Love has been painted with a veil: it is thus, said a woman of much talent to me, that Hymen should be represented. In fact, every thing is changed, every thing is tarnished, in the best assorted physical union. Even beauty, by the mere effect of possession, loses half its illusion. It is only defects which are permanent, and which would soon chill the conjugal association, without that exhaustless charm of the graces, which can alone triumph over the ennui consequent upon too great a uniformity of impression.

Man shines in his family by the force of his mind and the extent of his genius. Courage is in him the ornament of love. His devotion is the more pure and disinterested as it is the accompaniment of his power. Woman responds to these high qualities with all the tender sentiments wherewith nature has graced her. She appears to desire only to enchain her husband by the sacrifices which she imposes on herself. She adds more importance to the sacred tie which binds her. She knows, moreover, how to throw into its habitual relations a retiring charm, a kind of temperance, a perfume of virtue, which prolongs the youth of her attractions, as well as the happiness of her station.—Vol. ii. pp. 403—409.

Among his dissertations, M. Alibert, to illustrate the character and direction of some of the passions, has interspersed various episodical pieces. Of these make-weights, by which he has contrived to swell his meagre treatise into two volumes, we cannot speak more favourably than of the subject-matter itself of his researches. These digressive pieces appear to us not only very much misplaced in a philosophical work, but in themselves utterly destitute of intrinsic value, useful application, or good taste. In this last particular of good taste, indeed, our author's volumes altogether display a lamentable deficiency. His thoughts are steeped and saturated in the pedantry of the schools; and his book is written with the affectation of perpetual reference to the systems of Grecian philosophy, as if these still engrossed and divided the attention of the world. He has endeavoured to conceal the poverty and extravagance of his speculations under the mantle of classical antiquity; and the inappropriateness of the costume serves only to increase the ridicule of the exhibition. He declaims incessantly of Socrates and Plato, Epictetus and Epicurus, Diogenes and Zeno. Of the last of these philosophers, "meditating under the portico of Athens," with a head like a bull, we have a most ridiculous plate; and, among his episodes, our author fails not to introduce

a sober dialogue upon intemperance between Epicurus and Pythagoras, which he calls a Philosophical Vision, and an equally grave and ponderous absurdity, called the Banquet of Plutarch and his Family.

Even his strictly narrative episodes are composed in the same strain of rhapsody ; and the incidents related in them are for the most part full of improbabilities and devoid of interest. In no respect do any of these apply very aptly or remarkably to the elucidation of our author's subject ; and they are merely bad adumbrations of sentimental stories, set off, to catch the eye, with some wretched plates. The introduction and admixture, in large proportions, of such worthless matter would alone be sufficient to degrade M. Alibert's work from the dignified rank of a philosophical treatise, even were his enquiries into the physiology of the passions, or the final causation of moral sentiments, far more worthy than they are of serious attention and critical examination. But, in truth, the book altogether is alone worth noticing as the inconsistent failure of a writer of some celebrity and considerable professional talents ; and the new doctrine of moral sentiments which it advances is no farther deserving of observation, than as a curious addition of one more to the number of those wild and utterly hypothetical speculations which have, in various ages, provoked the just ridicule of the world towards their authors, and at the same time reflected so much unmerited contempt upon the real value of metaphysical researches.

ART. III. *The Lusiad*, an Epic Poem, by Luis de Camoens. Translated from the Portuguese, by Thomas Moore Musgrave. 8vo. pp. 585. 1l. 1s. London. Murray. 1826.

GREAT poets, it has been observed, arise, and great poems are written, in periods when mighty political events agitate the tranquil waters of society, and powerful minds of every description emerge and display themselves in all their strength and vigour. Thus, amidst the stormy scenes of the Persian invasion and the Peloponnesian war was formed the tragic theatre of Athens, and the noblest pieces of Sophocles and Euripides were first represented in a city which had the foe without and the plague within ; the civil commotions of Florence gave birth to the *Divina Commedia* ; and the *Paradise Lost* was planned at a time when all the energies of Britain were called into action by the powerful excitements of political and religious struggles. Other poets have appeared after the great commotions have subsided : the *Æneis* was composed when Rome, after having made her last effort for liberty, sank still and exhausted into the repose of slavery ; the *Gierusalemme Liberata*, when Italy had just fallen into the degradation from which she has never since emerged, and *Os Lusíadas*, the work now under con-

sideration, when Portugal, after a gallant independent existence of centuries, was on the eve of becoming a province of Spain, and of losing her most glorious conquest, her Indian empire, for ever.

Independent of its own merits, which are high, the poem of Camoens has a charm for readers of a generous nature from the circumstance of it so frequently calling up before them the recollection of the gallant and high minded poet, who in dangers and in toil, in sickness and in poverty, could still dwell on the glorious days of Portugal, and could seek to alleviate suffering by consigning to fame those illustrious men whose worthless and heartless descendants could view with cold indifference the warrior and the poet sinking into the grave in cheerless poverty. Milton, the only other epic poet who alludes to himself in his work, interests far less, for his theme was consolatory, and while he sung the loss of Eden, his thoughts must every instant have been directed to that happy period when Eden was to be restored, and those who suffered for virtue during their earthly trial were to be rewarded by the enjoyment of eternal bliss. Milton, moreover, was comparatively at ease in his worldly circumstances, and admired and esteemed by no mean portion of the British nation. But Camoens had nought to console him; in India persecuted, at home neglected; all the glorious anticipations of Portuguese triumphs under their youthful and valiant monarch Sebastian, with which he opened and closed his poem, fatally disappointed in the field of Alcazar; the view, most galling to a patriot, of his beloved country becoming a province of her ancient foe, her glorious victories over whom form the most animated portion of his work, ever present to his mind; and nought save conscious virtue, and the confidence of never-dying fame, to cheer and console him in the gloom of poverty and old age.

Critics have doubted whether Camoens was fortunate or otherwise in his choice of a theme. Some have regarded his subject and plan as superior to that of the *Æneis*, while others have thought him hapless in his choice, in having selected a story so barren of incident as the Discovery of India. For our part, we doubt much whether any great poet can with justice be said to have been unhappy in his choice of a subject; we rather think that, with very few exceptions, poets of eminence will be found to have selected the very best that were within their reach. The man on whom Heaven has bestowed great poetic powers, when he feels the flame of genius within him struggling for vent, looks round for some great and important action, the narration of which he may employ as a frame, and insert in it the copious knowledge and the mighty and glorious images with which his soul is pregnant, and the fittest and most appropriate soon presents itself. Where could Homer, for example, in the tales of preceding times have found an event in itself more important, as affording greater room for the embellishment of episode, than the Trojan war? The two other great events of the heroic age, the Argonautic expedition and the Theban war,

could not equal it; and it had the further advantage from its comparative lateness in point of time, by means of reference to the latter and other events, to transport the mind of the reader into periods of still more remote antiquity, and thus to bestow the gratification which results from mental excursion into times dimly gleaming through the cloud of years. In like manner, when Virgil felt the epic muse within his breast, no subject could be found more adequate than the origin of that mighty empire, which from the smallest beginnings had grown to such exceeding power, and now pressed nearly the whole civilised world beneath its sway. And what theme could equally with *Paradise Lost* have suited the mighty muse of Milton? Of the happiness of Tasso's choice, no critic has ever doubted; and when we reflect that the object of Camoens was to celebrate the glories of his native land, her chivalrous conflicts with the Moor and with the Castilian, her gallant warriors, and her illustrious kings, it would not perhaps be possible to point out any action, in the narration of which so many opportunities would be afforded to the poet for recurrence to the honours and the deeds of former years, as that expedition and those discoveries which form so bright an era in the annals of Portugal.

The beauties of the *Lusiad* are numerous: a sweet, rich, and harmonious versification clothes and adorns the noblest sentiments, the clearest narration, and the most picturesque and beautiful descriptions. The march to battle, the shock and conflict of hostile armies, the confusion, hurry, and dismay of discomfited hosts, are drawn with a strength and fidelity hardly to be attained but by him who has himself been an actor in the scenes of glorious war; and we may safely oppose the battle of Aljubarrota, in the fourth canto, to any similar description in ancient or modern poetry, in Homer or in Walter Scott. No storm in either the *Æneis* or the *Odyssey* exceeds the Tempest in the sixth canto in terror and fury; and one of the most beautiful pieces of poetic art is the skilful device of making it to be immediately preceded by the gallant and romantic "galley story" of Villosa. And the gardens of Alcina, Armida and Adonis, to say nothing of those of Alcinous, can boast no pre-eminence over the island of Venus, which, however faulty the fiction may be in other respects, is one of the most beautiful pieces of poetry in existence. The sublime fiction of the Spirit of the Cape is universally known and admired; the pathetic episode of Ignez de Castro has awakened many a sigh; but to us the most attractive portions of the poem are the trumpet-toned strains, in which are sung the gallant deeds of Lusitania's heroes and kings, and their glorious contests with their Moorish and Castilian foes for empire and independence. It is impossible to read the third, and fourth, and eighth cantos, without finding a strong feeling of national glory, liberty, and independence excited in our breasts, and a zeal kindled for the maintenance of those laws

that, to use the powerful language of the only poetical translator of Camoens, were

“ Framed ere the hard earned drops of victory
On our forefathers’ helm-hacked swords were dry.”

This is the great merit of the *Lusiad*, it is intensely national : the *Iliad* is not more so ; and no poem is so highly calculated to excite and cherish strong national and public feeling.

No poem unites greater beauties and greater faults than the *Lusiad*. The former we have noticed, and the latter shall not be concealed. It is hardly necessary to mention the incongruous machinery which Camoens has employed : no apology, though Mickle labours hard, can ever be admitted for it ; for do as we may, we can never bring our imagination to tolerate the absurd and repugnant mixture of Paganism and Christianity which composes it. We say we cannot bring our imagination to tolerate the machinery employed by the Portuguese poet, and the reason is, because that system was not, at the period when he wrote, the object of popular belief ; for we hold the objections of critics to machinery of the latter kind to be utterly frivolous. We have always felt a contempt for those who could like Johnson object to the noble popular mythology of Tasso, peruse unaffected the “wonders which he sung,” and coldly condemn the enchanted forest :

“ Where each live plant with mortal accent spoke,
And the wild blast upheav’d the vanish’d sword.”

Neither the age of Camoens nor Camoens himself believed the mythology of the *Lusiad* : the idea that the gods of antiquity had been devils was the established and orthodox faith, and the allegorising system of the poet could not therefore look for credence ; but it is widely different in the case of a credited popular mythology : it falls in with the ideas of the people at the time, and posterity must, if it would fully enjoy the poetry of a former age, by an effort of imagination transport itself back to that period. We must, in fact, to be in a condition of receiving all the pleasure which the poetry of another age and another clime is capable of giving, possess that mobility (if we may so call it) of imagination which will enable us to transport ourselves to other scenes, and mingle with other men, to become familiar with other modes of thinking and acting, to view nature with other eyes, and, forgetting the knowledge and philosophy of our own times, to embrace for a time the religion and physics of other ages. When reading the Greek and Latin classics we must in idea become Greeks and Romans, we must learn to believe in gods of human form and of different sexes, who take an immediate concern in the affairs of mortals, have human passions, have their favourites and enemies among men, are jealous of honours, and desolate countries for neglected sacrifices. Thunder and lightning we must cease to regard as

the discharge of the electric fluid : we must esteem the fire-wreathed bolts of the Sire of gods and men flung to announce his favour or to testify his wrath ; the rainbow must become a glorious arch made to support the steps of the messenger of the Queen of Heaven, and woods, lakes, seas, and mountains, must be peopled with lovely female forms. We must attach the utmost importance to the due performance of funeral rites, cheerfully acquiesce in the decrees of destiny, and regard as impious the man who acts in opposition to the will of Heaven and the voice of oracles. When in this mood we shall read the classics in some sort as the ancients read them, we shall find that the *Iliad* could not with propriety end earlier than it does, and we shall take more interest in the fourth and the six last books of the *Æneis* than when we read them with all our modern ideas of honour and chivalry about us : we shall blame *Æneas* less in the former, and sympathise with *Turnus* less in the latter. In like manner, when reading the *Jerusalem*, we must for the time become Italians and Catholics of the fifteenth century, forget the blind superstition, the brutal ferocity, and the savage ignorance of the Crusaders, and the great superiority of the Mohammedans in civilisation, in knowledge, and in virtue, and regard the latter as the allies of the infernal powers, the foes of God, and the former as the chosen warriors of heaven, as men who were to be received into supernal glory for shedding their blood in this sacred cause. We must even lower our conceptions of the Divinity so much as to believe him to be interested in the recovery of the spot, where had been deposited the mortal body to which he had once deigned to unite himself ; we must view angels and devils in material forms, and potent magicians whose wands and spells could controul the elements and change the face of nature, and then we shall be in a proper frame for receiving the exquisite pleasure which the *Jerusalem* can give. What we have instanced in these poems is true of others ; and it is the want of this command of imagination, or the not exercising it, which has given birth to so much tasteless criticism, particularly in France, the most unimaginative region under heaven. But no command of imagination will ever enable the person who is acquainted with classic lore to believe for an instant in the machinery of Camoens. We therefore regard it, though nothing can be more beautiful than the poetry in which it is invested, as forming an intolerable blemish in the poem.

Another great fault in the Lusitanian bard is a frequent, a pedantic, and a wearisome habit of allusion to the mythology, the history, and the usages of classical antiquity. Whether speaking in his own person, or in that of others, Portuguese, Moor, African, or Indian, it matters not, all are equally familiar with classical subjects. It is impossible, however, for the reader not to feel that these exotic ornaments chill the most glowing bursts of martial and patriotic eloquence, weaken the most pathetic appeals, and de-

stroy the reality of the most vigorous descriptions. Ignez de Castro seeks to soften the heart of the king by citing the instances of Semiramis and the founders of Rome; the enmity of Queen Teresa against her son produces an exclamation to Progne and Medea, and the honour and fidelity of Egas Moniz furnishes occasion for allusions to the cruelties of Scinias, the bull of Perillus, and the mutilations of Zopyrus. How noble is the appearance of the Spirit of the Cape! how awful and how affecting his prophetic denunciation of the misfortunes that awaited the Portuguese on his coast! Yet how soon is the whole illusion dispelled when, in reply to Gama's question, he commences his mythological narrative of his love for Thetis, and his transformation by the gods into the Cape of Tempests.

Of the island of Venus it is difficult to speak: the exquisite charms of the versification make it one of the most delicious parts of the poem, while the fiction itself evidently founded on one of the coarsest and most indelicate transactions in life, the sensual and gross debauchery which sailors plunge into on coming into port after a long voyage, is utterly inconsistent with all our notions of propriety and delicacy. Yet, whoever reads the concluding stanzas of the ninth canto must surely acquit Camoens of any intended offence against manners and decorum; and the language is throughout more chaste than that of either Spenser or Tasso. It is, indeed, but an additional proof of what almost every page of the poem shows, that Camoens had a genius of the first order, but that in judgment and taste he was sadly defective. Let us, however, on this point, hear the observations of one of his countrymen, Don José Maria de Sousa Botilho, editor of the splendid edition of the *Lusiad* published not long since at Paris.

“ The most beautiful fiction of the island follows, where Venus prepares to receive the discoverers of India, whom she protects, and to afford them repose and rewards for having achieved their glorious enterprise; which proves (if this question be of any importance) that this island is conceived by the poet not to have been in the Indian seas, but near the termination of the voyage of Gama. This bold invention is adorned with all the graces of poetry. In no place does the poet let his fancy run with greater warmth or more voluptuous elegance. The description of the country and of the gardens, the circumstances of the meeting of the Portuguese with the nymphs, and all the preparations for this feast of delight, present the most agreeable pictures that the rich and amorous imagination of Camoens could invent, and that Tasso himself could imitate, but not excel. It is a subject of admiration, that in the painting of these delights the poet gives offence to no noble or delicate sentiment, but, on the contrary, rouses the mind to generous sentiments by the explanation which he gives of this enchanting allegory. Those who criticise him certainly have not compared him with other poets, or they would have seen that there is no one who could, like him, adorn these paintings with the most lively and inflaming colours, without giving any offence to good taste. The character of Camoens, which united to a tender heart the greatest strength of mind, and which

will always distinguish him from all other poets, displays itself here in the mode in which he introduces this fiction into his poem, and in the pure good taste with which he treats it."

The first English translation of the great poem of Camoens was made about the middle of the seventeenth century by Sir Richard Fanshaw, who had been in the Peninsula in a diplomatic capacity, and had there acquired a knowledge of the literature of Spain and Portugal. The translation is in the ottava rima stanza, and is a curious specimen of the mode so prevalent in this country at that period, of debasing the simplest, and purest, and gravest writers of ancient and modern times, by travestying their sentiments in vulgar and familiar language; as Sir Roger L'Estrange, for example, makes Tacitus mention *some gentlemen who had feathered their nests in the civil wars*.

In somewhat more than a century after Fanshaw, Mickle published his translation (as he styled it) of the *Lusiad*, in rhyming couplets, the heroic measure of the day, and a very noble piece of poetry it certainly is; but surely no translator ever took such liberties with his author, or reckoned on such unacquaintance with the original in his readers as he. His additions, transpositions, and other licenses will surprise any one versed in the original, or who will take the trouble of comparing his translation with that of Mr. Musgrave, which, if it has no other merit, has that of considerable fidelity.

Mr. Musgrave's translation, our readers will hear, perhaps not without some astonishment, is in *blank* verse, and such blank verse! Heaven defend us from ever encountering the like again! for Mr. Musgrave knows no more of the structure of English blank verse than he does of the composition of Sanscrit Slokas. The sweep of Miltonic verse is as unknown to him as if it had never been; and he thinks that if each line contains just ten syllables and no more, nothing farther is required to constitute good metre. Accordingly, there is in general a period, comma, or other stop at the end of his lines, and in reading them we feel as if we were reading couplets which had lost their rhymes. Into this fault Mr. Musgrave appears to have been led by his fidelity to the original; for as the Portuguese lines generally have a pause at their termination, and as each line may generally be rendered by an English one, the translator naturally fell into the error of constructing his blank verse in a similar manner. The first stanza will exemplify this.

" As armas, e os Barões assinalados,
Que da occidental praia Lusitana,
Por mares nunca de antes navegados,
Passaram ainda além da Taprobana;
Em perigos e guerras esforçados,
Mais do que prometia a força humana,
Entre gente remota edificaram
Novo reino que tanto sublimaram :"

‘ Arms and the heroes of illustrious fame,
Who from the western Lusitanian shore,
Remote unnavigated seas explored,—
Far beyond Taprobana’s distant isle,—
And ’midst the perils of advent’rous war,
With more than human constancy endured,
In eastern climes a mighty empire raised
And aggrandiz’d by great and glorious deeds :’

Stop for stop with the original ; — an advantage had the translation been in rhyme, — a considerable blemish in blank verse.

The reason assigned by Mr. Musgrave for the employment of blank verse is plausible : ‘ I rest, says he, ‘ the justification of the choice which I have made, on the assumed admission that the *Lusiad* is an epic poem, and on the concession that blank verse is suited to a poem of this description.’ But a translation should, as far as possible, be a perfect image of the original ; and blank verse will never adequately represent the terseness, vivacity, and brilliancy of rhyme. The complete failure of Mr. Doyne, whose blank verse is, at least, equally good with that of the present translator, in a blank-verse translation of Tasso, should have warned Mr. Musgrave of the folly of attempting to render the modern poetry of the South in blank verse. Even much as we admire Carey’s version of Dante for its combined spirit and fidelity, yet we cannot help regretting that these qualities were not — perhaps could not be — preserved in union with the brilliancy of the *terza rima*, which contributes to lighten the horrors of the *Inferno*, and to enhance the glories of the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*. We shall now give some specimens of Mr. Musgrave’s style of translation, and they shall not be selected from his worst passages. The following is Don Emmanuel’s Dream :

‘ “ When the last rays of light
Vanish’d, and night the glitt’ring stars unveil’d,
Inviting to repose, while they complete
Their heavenly course ; reclining on his couch
Of gold, and lost in vivid fantasies,
With restless perturbation he revolv’d
What royal pow’r and lineage requir’d,
Till welcome sleep stole on his closing eyes,
But left his ardent mind still vigilant ;
For when exhausted nature sunk to rest,
Morpheus in various forms to him appear’d.
Fancy’s illusions rais’d him far above
This nether globe’s terrestrial atmosphere,
And from this elevation he beheld
New worlds peopled with nations strange and rude.
In wide perspective tow’rds the distant realms,
Where renovated light is daily born,
Two pure transparent rivulets he saw,
Which from two ancient lofty mountains flow’d.
Rapacious birds, and savage animals,

Exclusively possess'd this wild domain,
 Where woods impervious all access denied
 To man, and all the arts of social life.
 Rugged and inaccessible, except
 To brute creation, these two mountains bore
 Unquestionable signs, that, since the fall
 Of our first parent, human footstep ne'er
 Had there been trac'd. In fancy he perceiv'd
 Rise from the streams, and tow'rd's himself their course
 Direct, two aged venerable men, —
 Of rustic semblance, but majestic mien.
 The limpid element in pearly drops.
 Descended from their hoary locks, and bath'd
 Their tann'd and swarthy limbs; a length
 Of beard gave each a reverential grace;
 The noble front of each was tasteful crown'd
 With chaplets form'd of unknown plants and flow'rs.
 One with fatigue seem'd more oppress'd, and like
 A weary traveller o'ercome with toil;
 His native stream thus by its current show'd
 More distant was the source from whence it springs:
 So fled Alpheüs from Arcadia
 T' embrace in Syracuse his Arethuse.
 The gravest of these personages then
 In these prophetic terms the King address'd:
 "O thou, for whose dominion and crown
 A wide-extended portion of this globe
 Is still reserved, we, — though great in fame,
 And to the yoke of pow'r still unsubdu'd, —
 To thee confess the time is not remote,
 When tribute large from us thou shalt command.
 I am th' illustrious Ganges, and my source
 Is cradled in the realms of Paradise.
 This is the Royal Indus, who derives,
 From yonder mountain which thou see'st, his birth.
 Not without long and sanguinary wars
 Shall we submit; but, shouldst thou persevere,
 A train of victories till then unseen,
 Shall give these regions to thy scepter'd rule.
 More to disclose deign'd not this river-god,
 And from his sight both vanish'd instantly." pp. 161—163.

The reader will, we think, easily in this passage perceive the faults of Mr. Musgrave's system of versification. We give the following beautiful stanza in the original, to point out a confusion of tenses, which we have more than once noticed in the translation: it is in the last canto, where the goddess has been narrating the death of St. Thomas the Apostle of India.

"Choraram te Thomé, o Gange e o Indo,
 Chorou-te toda e terra que pisaste;
 Mais te choram as almas, que vistindo
 Se hiam da sancta fé que lhe ensinaste:

Mais os Anjos do ceo cantando e rindo
Te recebem na gloria que ganhaste.
Pedimos te que a Deos ajuda peças,
Com que os teus Lusitanos favoreças."

' Thee shall the Ganges and the Indus mourn,
And ev'ry nation which thy hallow'd feet
Have trodden; yet still more shall they lament,
Whose new-illumin'd souls thou hadst inspir'd
With holy faith. But 'midst the heavenly choir
With hymns and joyful smiles thy great reward
Shalt thou receive. Thee we implore, that thou
With God wilt intercede, his aid divine
The Lusians to vouchsafe.'

p. 402.

These specimens are, we apprehend, quite sufficient to show that Mr. Musgrave's work can lay claim to very little merit as a poetical translation. We deem it, indeed, a book that has very little chance of ever being much read: the original poem itself is so completely national, that we fear it is very unlikely ever to be a favourite, except among those who are akin to the heroes it celebrates, or those, and they can be but few, who, by the command of imagination which we have already spoken of, can for a time become Portuguese in feeling and idea.

We cannot conclude without noticing the improper and unmeaning appellation which this poem has got from its translators. The name given by Camoens to his great work is "*Os Lusíadas*." The Lusians, Lusitanians, or Portuguese, a patronymic from *Lusus*, and the Latin accusative plural of *Lusíades*, and consequently the Portuguese nominative. This name conveys a perfect idea of the subject of the poem, which is not the single expedition of Vasco da Gama, but the exploits of all the Portuguese heroes and kings, from the earliest times to the days of the poet: this is what makes it the most national poem in Europe, and this will, in spite of its many blemishes, ever render it the delight of the land that gave birth to the patriotic and chivalrous bard, and ensure it a long career of fame in the extensive western empire which lay waste and uncultured when Camoens lived and wrote.

ART. IV. *Private Memoirs of the Court of Louis XV.* By Madame du Hausset, Lady's Maid to Madame de Pompadour. 8vo. pp. 182. 7s. 6d. London, Hunt and Clarke. 1826.

OUR attention has been directed to these Memoirs, by a tolerably good translation of them which has been recently published in this country. The original work was printed at Paris, so long ago as 1809, in the *Mélanges d'Histoire et de Littérature*, edited by Mr. Craufurd, a gentleman to whose liberality, diligence, and taste, we owe the preservation of several valuable documents that might otherwise have never been brought to light. He received the MS.

of this little work from M. Senac de Meilhan, who obtained it by a fortunate accident. Calling one day on M. de Marigni, (the brother of Madame de Pompadour,) he found that gentleman employed in burning papers. "This," said he, taking up a large packet which he was about to throw into the fire, "is the journal of a waiting woman of my sister. She was a very estimable person, but it is all gossip : to the fire with it." His friend begged for mercy on this bundle, saying that he was fond of anecdotes, and that he should be sure to find some in it which would interest him. M. de Marigni then gave it to him, and it was thus saved from destruction.

Indeed, even if we had not the respectable testimony of Mr. Craufurd, as to the authenticity of these Memoirs, we could entertain no doubt on that point after perusing them. They certainly should not have been entitled 'Private Memoirs of the Court of Louis XV.,' for they relate almost exclusively to the court of Madame de Pompadour, the celebrated mistress of that dissolute monarch. True it is, that during her ascendancy the King was little more than the instrument of her will. He consulted her, or rather, being of an indolent and impatient disposition, he complained to her, whenever the usual course of his pleasures was interrupted by the cares of government. She was "a good listener," she heard every thing with exemplary sensibility, pitied the sovereign and soothed him by turns, artfully suggested the means of extricating him from his embarrassments, and under the pretence of interesting herself solely in the happiness of her lover, she absolutely ruled the King and the kingdom of France. She exercised a controul over every employment in the state, from the prime minister down to the meanest officer of police; and it was well known that even the Queen and the Dauphin could not dispose of a single situation, without procuring it through the assistance of Madame de Pompadour. The circle that moved round her might, therefore, to a certain extent, be justly described as the Court of Louis XV., but it was so only in an indirect, inferential, and unacknowledged way; it was a powerful and an illegitimate cabinet within the court rather than the court itself, an influence behind the throne, and as such it should have been considered.

Madame du Hausset, though of a respectable family, conceived it to be no disgrace to become one of the favourite's waiting women. Upon this point, and indeed many others connected with the moral virtues, she seems to have had a very accommodating disposition, her great and only object being the acquisition of money. As a domestic she seems to have been, as M. de Marigni described her, a "very estimable person," devoted to the interests of her mistress, and a complete gossip. She was, however, by no means destitute of discretion, penetration, shrewdness, and the never-failing character of her sex, curiosity. Brought up in her early years in the country, she had received a very imperfect education, of which her Memoirs evince abundant proofs. They are written in a

loose and often an ungrammatical style; the anecdotes are thrown together without any thing like arrangement or connection, and as to dates, they are wholly out of the question. She, therefore, improperly calls her work a Journal. It is a mere memorandum-book in which conversations, incidents, letters, and stories are set down without the least regard to order.

We suspect that some portions of these Memoirs were written by another hand than that of Madame du Hausset, but we doubt not with her sanction. Indeed there is sufficient internal evidence in almost every page of the work to sustain its authenticity. It was natural enough, that Madame du Hausset, dependent as she was upon Madame de Pompadour, should wish to speak lightly of her faults, and paint her character in the most engaging colours. Yet there is certainly no effort of this kind. She writes often with *naïveté*, and generally without any other apparent object than to record what she has witnessed, heard, or overheard, according to the impression which it made upon her at the moment. It seems that in the apartments allotted to the favourite at Versailles, the same that were previously occupied by Madame de Mailly and her sisters, and afterwards by the contemptible Madame du Barri, there was adjoining the principal chamber a little recess in which Madame du Hausset usually sat, and where she 'heard every thing that was said in the room, unless it was spoken in a low voice.' In this situation, she scruples not to confess, she always placed herself for the express purpose of hearing every thing that passed in the chamber, where her mistress commonly received the King, the ministers, and every body who came to pay court to her. There was a private closet to which Madame de Pompadour withdrew with her visitors, when any point of more than ordinary importance was to be discussed. This closet of course shut out the waiting woman from the knowledge of many things, which, if they had been imparted to the world, might materially affect the dignity, if not the veracity, of some of the histories of the reign of Louis XV. which we have seen. Indeed, so far as these Memoirs go, they deprive many events in that reign of the epic solemnity and consistency with which historiographers have invested them. Great and adequate causes are usually sought for by philosophic writers, in order to account for measures emanating from kings or their governments, whereas, in the majority of cases, if the true materials for the enquiry be accessible and consulted, it will be found that personal caprice, interest, or passion, is the real source of action in every sphere of life, from the cabinet to the cottage.

For instance; it has been represented in historical works, that M. de Machault, who was Secretary of State for the Marine, was compelled to resign his office by a clamour that was raised against him for endeavouring to carry into effect a plan of finance based on the general reduction of the income of the clergy. The church was said to have taken the alarm, the *piety* (!) of the King

was practised upon, and Machault was obliged to yield to the storm ! This is all very fine ; but let us hear Madame du Hausset's unvarnished representation of the matter. The reader will smile at the simplicity with which she speaks of Madame de Pompadour 'giving away the seals' of office, precisely as if that courtesan had been the regent of the kingdom.

' Madame de Pompadour had a great friendship for three ministers ; the first was M. de Machault, to whom she was indebted for the regulation of her income, and the payment of her debts. She gave him the seals, and he retained the first place in her regard till the attempt to assassinate the King. Many people said that his conduct on that occasion was not attributable to bad intentions ; that he thought it his duty to obey the King without making himself in any way a party to the affair, and that his cold manners gave him the appearance of an indifference which he did not feel. Madame de Pompadour regarded him in the light of a faithless friend ; and, perhaps, there was some justice on both sides. But for the Abbé de Bernis, M. de Machault might, probably, have retained his place.' — p. 4.

This requires some further explanation, which we shall find in a different part of the volume. It is long and gossiping, but really very curious, as it clearly shows that Machault made use of the occasion in order to measure his strength with that of Madame de Pompadour, and that in the contest he was defeated.

' The people heard of the attempt on the King's life with transports of fury, and with the greatest distress. Their cries were heard under the windows of Madame de Pompadour's apartment. Mobs were collected, and Madame feared the fate of Madame de Châteauroux. Her friends came in, every minute, to give her intelligence. Her room was, at all times, like a church ; every body seemed to claim a right to go in and out when he chose. Some came, under pretence of sympathising, to observe her countenance and manner. She did nothing but weep and faint away. Doctor Quesnay never left her, nor did I. M. de St. Florentin came to see her several times, so did the Comptroller-General, and M. Rouillé ; but M. de Machault did not come. The Duchess of Brancas came very frequently. The Abbé de Bernis never left us, except to go to inquire for the King. The tears came in his eyes whenever he looked at Madame. Doctor Quesnay saw the King five or six times a-day. " There is nothing to fear," said he to Madame. " If it were any body else, he might go to a ball." My son went the next day, as he had done the day the event occurred, to see what was going on at the Castle. He told us, on his return, that the Keeper of the Seals was with the King. I sent him back, to see what course he took on leaving the King. He came running back in half an hour, to tell me, that the Keeper of the Seals had gone to his own house, followed by a crowd of people. When I told this to Madame, she burst into tears, and said, " Is that a friend ?" The Abbé de Bernis said, " You must not judge him hastily, in such a moment as this." I returned into the drawing-room, about an hour after, when the Keeper of the Seals entered. He passed me, with his usual cold and severe look. " How is Madame de Pompadour !" said he. " Alas !" replied I, " as you may imagine !" He

passed on to her closet. Every body retired, and he remained for half an hour. The Abbé returned, and Madame rang. I went into her room, the Abbé following me. She was in tears. "I must go, my dear Abbé," said she. I made her take some orange-flower water, in a silver goblet, for her teeth chattered. She then told me to call her equerry. He came in, and she calmly gave him her orders, to have every thing prepared at her hotel, in Paris; to tell all her people to get ready to go; and to desire her coachman not to be out of the way. She then shut herself up, to confer with the Abbé de Bernis, who left her, to go to the council. Her door was then shut, except to the ladies with whom she was particularly intimate, M. de Soubise, M. de Gontaut, the ministers, and some others. Several ladies, in the greatest distress, came to talk to me in my room: they compared the conduct of M. de Machault with that of M. de Richelieu, at Metz. Madame had related to them circumstances extremely to the honour of the Duke, and, by contrast, the severest satire on the Keeper of the Seals. "He thinks, or pretends to think," said she, "that the priests will be clamorous for my dismissal; but Quesnay, and all the physicians, declare, that there is not the slightest danger." Madame having sent for me, I saw the Maréchale de Mirepoix coming in. While she was at the door, she cried out, "What are all those trunks, Madame? Your people tell me you are going." — "Alas! my dear friend, such is our Master's desire, as M. de Machault tells me." — "And what does he advise?" said the Maréchale. "That I should go without delay." During this conversation, I was undressing. Madame, who wished to be at her ease on her chaise-longue. "Your Keeper of the Seals wants to get the power into his own hands, and betrays you; he who quits the field, loses it." I went out. M. de Soubise entered, then the Abbé, and M. de Marigny. The latter, who was very kind to me, came into my room an hour afterwards. I was alone. "She will remain," said he; "but, hush! — she will make an appearance of going, in order not to set her enemies at work. It is the little Maréchale who prevailed upon her to stay; her keeper (so she called M. de Machault) will pay for it." Quesnay came in, and, having heard what was said, with his monkey airs, began to relate a fable of a fox, who, being at dinner with other beasts, persuaded one of them that his enemies were seeking him, in order that he might get possession of his share in his absence. I did not see Madame again till very late, at her going to bed. She was more calm. Things improved, from day to day, and De Machault, the faithless friend, was dismissed. The King returned to Madame de Pompadour, as usual. — pp. 87—90.

So much for M. de Machault. Let us now see how his colleague in power, M. d'Argenson happened to quit office about the same time.

'I learnt, by M. de Marigny, that the Abbé (de Bernis) had been, one day, with M. d'Argenson, to endeavour to persuade him to live on friendly terms with Madame, and that he had been very coldly received. "He is the more arrogant," said he, "on account of Machault's dismissal, which leaves the field clear for him, who has more experience and more talent; and, I fear, that he will, therefore, be disposed to declare war till death." The next day, Madame having ordered her chaise, I was curious to know where she was going, for she went out but little, except to church, and to the houses of the ministers. I was told that she was

gone to visit M. d'Argenson. She returned in an hour, at farthest, and seemed very much out of spirits. She leaned on the chimney-piece, with her eyes fixed on the border of it. M. de Bernis entered. I waited for her, to take off her cloak and gloves. She had her hands in her muff. The Abbé stood looking at her for some minutes; at last, he said, "You look like a sheep in a reflecting mood." She awoke from her reverie, and, throwing her muff on the easy chair, replied, "It is a wolf who makes the sheep reflect." I went out: the King entered shortly after, and I heard Madame de Pompadour sobbing. The Abbé came into my room, and told me to bring some Hoffman's drops: the King himself mixed the draught with sugar, and presented it to her in the kindest manner possible. She smiled, and kissed the King's hands. I left the room. Two days after, very early in the morning, I heard of M. d'Argenson's exile. It was her doing, and was, indeed, the strongest proof of her influence that could be given.' — pp. 90, 91.

The dismissal of M. d'Argenson, then, was caused by his refusal to live on friendly terms with Madame de Pompadour, or, in other words, to do daily homage to her for his office, and to surrender all his patronage and influence into her hands, for this is the plain English of Madame du Hausset's 'friendly terms.' The historians of Louis XV. have been at a loss to account for the sudden disgrace of a minister who had served his sovereign as Secretary at War for fourteen years, to whom that sovereign had been warmly attached, and during whose administration many useful improvements were introduced into the constitution of the army, and many public works of utility were undertaken and completed. The truth seems to be, that Madame de Pompadour was jealous of his influence with the King, and she particularly detested his *chère amie*, Madame d'Estrades, who not only acted as his spy, but, ugly as she was, attempted, and very forcibly too, to appropriate to herself the King's affections. The issue of this affair was that Madame d'Estrades was openly accused of purloining a letter addressed by the King to Madame de Pompadour, and as her accuser was also the same thing as her judge, she was exiled without any sort of ceremony.

There is another event which has sadly puzzled the historians, the alliance by which Louis united with Austria against Prussia. Various causes have been assigned for this policy, but the true one was either not known, or deemed not sufficiently worthy of the dignity of history. What is Madame du Hausset's report of this matter?

'The King disliked the King of Prussia, because he knew that the latter was in the habit of jesting upon his mistress, and the kind of life he led. It was Frederick's fault, as I have heard it said, that the King was not his most steadfast ally and friend, as much as sovereigns can be towards each other; but the jestings of Frederick had stung him, and made him conclude the treaty of Versailles.' — p. 108.

If our space permitted, we might point out several other facts of this description, which are strangely distorted by historians, but

which assume their natural shape and air in these unpretending Memoirs. But we must now present the reader with a few of the most curious anecdotes which Madame du Hausset has related, and as she has observed no sort of order, we must follow her example. The following disclosure concerning the practices at the French Post-Office is not altogether new, but it confirms the rumours and suspicions that have been long afloat on that subject.

‘ Two persons — the Lieutenant of Police and the Postmaster-General — were very much in Madame de Pompadour’s confidence ; the latter, however, became less necessary to her from the time that the King communicated to M. de Choiseul the secret of the Post-Office, that is to say, the system of opening letters and extracting matter from them : this had never been imparted to M. d’Argenson, in spite of the high favour he enjoyed. I have heard that M. de Choiseul abused the confidence reposed in him, and related to his friends the ludicrous stories, and the love-affairs, contained in the letters which were broken open. The plan they pursued, as I have heard, was very simple. Six or seven clerks of the Post-Office picked out the letters they were ordered to break open, and took the impression of the seals with a ball of quicksilver. They then put each letter, with the seal downwards, over a glass of hot water, which melted the wax without injuring the paper. It was then opened, the desired matter extracted, and it was sealed again, by means of the impression. This is the account of the matter I have heard. The Postmaster-General carried the extracts to the King, on Sundays. He was seen coming and going on this noble errand as openly as the ministers. Doctor Quesnay, often, in my presence, flew in such a rage about that *infamous* minister, as he called him, that he foamed at the mouth. “ I would as soon dine with the hangman as with the Postmaster-General,” said the Doctor. It must be acknowledged that this was astonishing language to be uttered in the apartments of the King’s mistress ; yet it went on for twenty years without being talked of. “ It was probity speaking with earnestness,” said M. de Marigny, “ and not a mere burst of spite or malignity.” — pp. 6, 7.

M. de Marigny seems to have agreed with Madame du Hausset in the character which she uniformly gives of that excellent physician throughout her Memoirs. He was indeed a courtier to a certain extent, and profited of his circumstances, but he seems to have preserved, even in the height of his career, an unsophisticated mind. He was the acknowledged founder of the science of political economy, and a man of distinguished talents. He seems to have treated Madame du Hausset with great kindness and consideration ; indeed, she had the talent of winning the confidence of every body who had any intercourse with her. To such an extent was this trait in her character improved by her manner of appearing to see, hear, or remember nothing, that Madame de Pompadour one day said to her, “ The King and I have such implicit confidence in you, that we look upon you as a cat, or a dog, and go on talking as if you were not there.” She was in this respect quite the mirror of a lady’s maid ! She relates, however, a little domestic scene, which considerably advanced her in the familiarity of the King.

' In the middle of the night, Madame came into my chamber, *en chemise*, and in a state of distraction: "Here! Here!" said she, "the King is dying." My alarm may be easily imagined. I put on a petticoat, and found the King in her bed, panting. What was to be done? — it was an indigestion. We threw water upon him, and he came to himself. I made him swallow some Hoffman's drops, and he said to me, "Do not make any noise, but go to Quesnay; say that your mistress is ill; and tell the Doctor's servants to say nothing about it." Quesnay, who lodged close by, came immediately, and was much astonished to see the King in that state. He felt his pulse, and said, "The crisis is over; but, if the King were sixty years old, this might have been serious." He went to seek some drug, and, on his return, set about inundating the King with perfumed water. I forget the name of the medicine that he made him take, but the effect was wonderful. I believe it was the *drops of General Lamotte*. I called up one of the girls of the wardrobe, to make tea, as if for myself. The King took three cups, put on his robe de chambre and his stockings, and went to his own room, leaning upon the Doctor. What a sight it was, to see us all three half naked! Madame put on a robe as soon as possible, and I did the same, and the King changed his clothes behind the curtain, which were very decently closed. He afterwards spoke of this short attack, and expressed his sense of the attentions shown him. An hour after, I felt the greatest possible terror, in thinking that the King might have died in our hands. Happily, he quickly recovered himself, and none of the domestics perceived what had taken place. I merely told the girl of the wardrobe to put every thing to rights, and she thought it was Madame who had been indisposed. The King, the next morning, gave secretly to Quesnay a little note for Madame, in which he said, *Ma chère amie must have had a great fright, but let her re-assure herself — I am now well, which the Doctor will certify to you.* From that moment the King became accustomed to me, and, touched by the interest I had shown for him, he often gave me one of his peculiarly gracious glances, and made me little presents, and, on every New Year's Day, sent me porcelain to the amount of twenty *louis d'ors*. He told Madame that he looked upon me in the apartment as a picture or statue, and never put any constraint upon himself on account of my presence. Doctor Quesnay received a pension of a thousand crowns for his attention and silence, and the promise of a place for his son. The King gave me an order upon the Treasury for four thousand francs, and Madame had presented to her a very handsome chiming-clock, and the King's portrait in a snuff-box.' — pp. 24—27.

What Madame du Hausset gained by this incident in the graces of the King she nearly lost at a subsequent period of her life, by accepting a mission that gave her too intimate an acquaintance with his foibles, and was little honourable to any of the parties engaged in it. Those who have read the scandalous chronicle of the life of Louis XV. must remember that one of the foulest stains upon his moral character was the Parc-aux-Cerfs. This was a seraglio, superintended by an elderly lady, in which, after the fashion of eastern despots, the King had opportunities provided for him of indulging his passion for variety. One of the most serious accusations which Madame de Pompadour made against the Comte d'Argenson was, that

he favoured the publication of a libel in which she was represented as the *gouvernante* of the Parc-aux-Cerfs, and the pander to her lover's fickle appetite. This charge has been since renewed against her, and not without reason. Madame du Hausset scarcely attempts to defend her from it. 'Madame de Pompadour,' she observes, 'did, indeed, try to conceal some of the King's weaknesses, but she never knew one of the sultanas of that seraglio.' It was not necessary that she should know them, in order to justify the accusation: it was sufficient if she encouraged the existence of such an establishment, and even ministered to the base depravity of which it was the theatre. That she was guilty of this, Madame du Hausset furnishes abundant evidence. The apparent inconsistency of such conduct on the part of a mistress is done away, when we know that Madame de Pompadour's charms very soon ceased to captivate the King. He more than once called her a *macreuse*. She had no better mode left for retaining the lover in her chains than by favouring the Parc-aux-Cerfs; for as the sultanas were generally females selected for their youth and beauty from obscure families, she had no fear that any one of them would supplant her in a dominion where she ruled more by her mental accomplishments, and by her talents for intrigue, than by any other attractions. She was constitutionally cold, and though she used artificial remedies to supply her defect, she never succeeded. The following anecdote displays her character, and that of the King, in an odious light. As we have already mentioned, it was near ruining Madame du Hausset, by letting her know too much of the sovereign's licentiousness. The minuteness and the unblushing ease with which she relates her proceedings in such an affair are perfectly *French*.

'Madame called me, one day, into her closet, where the King was walking up and down in a very serious mood. — "You must," said she, "pass some days in a house in the avenue of St. Cloud, whither I shall send you. You will there find a young lady about to lie in." The King said nothing, and I was mute from astonishment. "You will be mistress of the house, and preside, like one of the fabulous goddesses, at the *accouchement*. Your presence is necessary, in order that every thing may pass secretly, and according to the King's wish. You will be present at the baptism, and name the father and mother." The King began to laugh, and said, "The father is a very honest man!" Madame added, "beloved by every one, and adored by those who know him." Madame then took, from a little cupboard, a small box, and drew from it an aigrette of diamonds, at the same time saying to the King, "I have my reasons for it not being handsomer." — "It is but too much so," said the King: "how kind you are;" and he then embraced Madame, who wept with emotion, and putting her hand upon the King's heart, said, "This is what I wish to secure." The King's eyes then filled with tears, and I also began weeping, without knowing why. Afterwards, the King said, "Guimard will call upon you every day, to assist you with his advice, and at the critical moment you will send for him. You will say, that you expect the sponsors, and a moment after you will pretend to have received a letter, stating, that they cannot come. You will, of

course, affect to be very much embarrassed; and Guimard will then say, that there is nothing for it, but to take the first comers. You will then appoint as godfather and godmother some beggar, or chairman, and the servant-girl of the house, and to whom you will give but twelve francs, in order not to attract attention." —

"Guimard," continued the King, "will tell you the names of the father and mother; he will be present at the ceremony, and make the usual presents. It is but fair that you also should receive yours;" and, as he said this, he gave me fifty louis, with that gracious air that he could so well assume upon certain occasions, and which no person in the kingdom had but himself. I kissed his hand, and wept. "You will take care of the *accouchée*, will you not? She is a good creature, who has not invented gunpowder, and I confide her entirely to your direction: my Chancellor will tell you the rest," he said, turning to Madame, and then quitted the room. "Well, what think you of the part I am playing?" asked Madame. "It is that of a superior woman, and an excellent friend," I replied. "It is his heart that I wish to secure," said she; "and all those young girls who have no education will not run away with it from me. I should not be equally confident were I to see some fine woman belonging to the court, or the city, attempt his conquest." — pp. 47—50.

Madame du Hausset executed her mission with official diligence, and, on her return to Madame de Pompadour, the King presented her with a large gold snuff-box containing fifty louis; but she adds, 'This little adventure, which initiated me into the King's secrets, far from procuring for me increased marks of kindness from him, seemed to produce a coldness towards me, probably because he was ashamed of my knowing his obscure amours. He was also embarrassed by the services which Madame de Pompadour had rendered him on this occasion.' And well he might have been!

If the following conversation be correctly reported, it clearly shows that Louis XV. had a strong presentiment of the then approaching Revolution:

'One day, the King came in very much heated. I withdrew to my post, where I listened. "What is the matter?" said Madame de Pompadour. "The long robes and the clergy," replied he, "are always at drawn daggers, they distract me by their quarrels. But I detest the long robes the most. My clergy, on the whole, is attached and faithful to me; the others want to keep me in a state of tutelage." — "Firmness," said Madame de Pompadour, "is the only thing that can subdue them." — "Robert Saint Vincent is an incendiary, whom I wish I could banish, but that would make a terrible tumult. On the other hand, the Archbishop is an iron-hearted fellow, who tries to pick quarrels. Happily, there are some in the parliament upon whom I can rely, and who affect to be very violent, but can be softened upon occasion. It costs me a few abbeys, and a few secret pensions to accomplish this. There is a certain V—— who serves me very well, while he appears to be furious on the other side." — "I can tell you some news of him, Sir," said Madame de Pompadour. "He wrote to me yesterday, pretending that he is related to me, and begging for an interview." — "Well," said the King, "let him come. See him; and if he behaves well, we shall

have a pretext for giving him something." M. de Gontaut came in, and seeing that they were talking seriously, said nothing. The King walked about in an agitated manner, and suddenly exclaimed, "The Regent was very wrong in restoring to them the right of remonstrating: they will end in ruining the state." — "Ah, sire," said M. de Gontaut, "it is too strong to be shaken by a set of petty justices." — "You don't know what they do, nor what they think. They are an assembly of republicans; however, here is enough of the subject. Things will last as they are as long as I shall." — pp. 36, 37.

The present court of France seems to be involved in a similar manner between the ultra church-party and the long robes. Charles X., like his ancestor, adheres to the clergy; and it depends very much on their discretion whether the revived church and the restored state may not soon again be exposed to danger more formidable, because likely to be more permanent in its effects, than those which they have already undergone. The present King and his family have been severely instructed by a long course of adversity, from which, we fear, after all, they have derived little benefit. Warnings to sovereigns are of little use: they are blinded by the little selfish circle which surrounds them, and which would be the first to abandon them in the hour of peril. Louis XV. and his ministers saw what was about to happen, but they took no pains to avert the tremendous evils of the Revolution. Madame du Hausset gives a very remarkable anonymous letter which was addressed to the King on the state of the country. It is written in a manly, yet moderate and reflecting tone, and evinces a thorough knowledge of the condition of public affairs. It laments that the sovereign had accustomed himself to become invisible to his subjects, and was every day more and more assimilating himself to the emperors of the East, who relied for their security upon their troops — a trust which, when the soldiers felt their own strength, they were exceedingly likely to abuse. The finances were in the greatest disorder: the great majority of states had perished through this cause. The ministers, since the dismissal of D'Argenson and De Machault, were without genius and capacity: they provided only for the wants of the day, but there was no spirit of government in their acts. A seditious flame had sprung up in the very bosom of the parliaments, which was aggravated by the attempts that were made to suppress it.

"Forgetting," pursues this French Junius, "the maxims of Louis XIV., who well understood the danger of confiding the administration to noblemen, you have chosen M. de Choiseul, and even given him three departments; which is a much heavier burden than that which he would have to support as Prime Minister, because the latter has only to oversee the details executed by the Secretaries of State. The public fully appreciate this dazzling minister. He is nothing more than a *petit-maitre*, without talents or information, who has a little phosphorus in his mind. There is a thing well worthy of remark, Sire; that is, the open war carried on against religion. Henceforward there can spring up no new

sects, because the general belief has been so shaken, that no one feels inclined to occupy himself with difference of sentiment upon some of the articles. The Encyclopedists, under pretence of enlightening mankind, are sapping the foundations of religion. All the different kinds of liberty are connected; the Philosophers and the Protestants tend towards republicanism, as well as the Jansenists. The Philosophers strike at the root, the others lop the branches; and their efforts, without being concerted, will one day lay the tree low. Add to these the Economists, whose object is political liberty, as that of the others is liberty of worship, and the government may find itself, *in twenty or thirty years, undermined in every direction, and will then fall with a crash.*" — pp. 80, 81.

This prophecy was literally fulfilled about the time specified; for if the letter was written, as would appear to have been the case, about the year 1758 or 1759, the general spirit of revolt that broke out in 1789, and the consequences to which it led, most amply justified the speculations of this sagacious and bold politician. We shall adduce another instance of the prophetic spirit which seems to have prevailed in society at the time, more extensively than the historians of the Revolution have taught us to suppose.

' Calling, one day, at Quesnay's, I found him there. They were talking of M. de Choiseul. "He is a mere *petit-maître*," said the Doctor, "and if he were handsomer, just fit to be one of Henry the Third's favourites." The Marquis de Mirabeau and M. de la Rivière came in. "This kingdom," said Mirabeau, "is in a deplorable state. There is neither national energy, nor the only substitute for it—money."—"It can only be regenerated," said La Rivière, "by a conquest, like that of China, or by some great internal convulsion; but woe to those who live to see that! The French people do not do things by halves." These words made me tremble, and I hastened out of the room.' — pp. 140, 141.

Amid all her grandeur, it is pretty certain that from the day Madame de Pompadour quitted her husband for Versailles, she never enjoyed a single hour's happiness. Her vanity was flattered by the homage that was paid her, but the higher she rose in her flagitious ascendancy, the wider she extended her influence, the more did she multiply the sources of her uneasiness and chagrin.

"I pity you sincerely, Madame," said I, "while every body else envies you."—"Ah!" replied she, "my life is that of the Christian, a perpetual warfare. This was not the case with the women who enjoyed the favour of Louis XIV. Madame de la Vallière suffered herself to be deceived by Madame de Montespan, but it was her own fault, or, rather, the effect of her extreme good nature. She was entirely devoid of suspicion at first, because she could not believe her friend perfidious. Madame de Montespan's empire was shaken by Madame de Fontanges, and overthrown by Madame de Maintenon; but her haughtiness, her caprices, had already alienated the King. He had not, however, such rivals as mine; it is true, their baseness is my security. I have, in general, little to fear but casual infidelities, and the chance that they may

not all be sufficiently transitory for my safety. The King likes variety, but he is also bound by habit; he fears éclats, and detests manœuvring women. The little Maréchale (de Mirepoix) one day said to me, 'It is your staircase that the King loves; he is accustomed to go up and down it. But if he found another woman to whom he could talk of hunting and business as he does to you, it would be just the same to him in three days.' " — pp. 64, 65.

What a painful confession for a woman to make, who had sacrificed every thing that ought to have been dear to her for this splendour, which proved, upon experience, to be so empty and joyless. The probability is, that she would not have retained her situation so long as she did, if the King had not affected to imitate Louis XIV. as nearly as possible; and for this purpose a woman of a fine figure and an accomplished mind was necessary, in his idea, to be to him what Madame de Maintenon was to his predecessor. His heart, as she truly conjectured, never was concerned in this *liaison*, but a Pompadour was essential to his vanity, and to the amusement of his indolence. In the uncertainty of her condition, Madame de Pompadour had recourse to La Bontemps, a celebrated fortune-teller at Paris, and the misery of her mind may be estimated from the confidence which she reposed in the promises of that artful sibyl. Madame du Hausset gives a characteristic account of a visit which her mistress paid to La Bontemps, and of the pains which she took in order to disguise her features for the occasion. She had a false nose, made of bladder, stuck a wart under her left eye, painted her eyebrows, and concealed her hair under a night-cap. The fortune was told, by means of coffee-dregs left in a cup, in the usual way, that is to say, in a manner that nobody could understand, though Madame du Hausset and her mistress thought otherwise. "When shall I die, and of what disease?" asked Madame. "I never speak of that," answered the priestess: "see here, rather—but fate will not permit it. I will show you how fate confounds every thing," pointing out to her several confused lumps of the coffee dregs. "Well, never mind as to the time, then; only tell me the kind of death." The sibyl looked in the cup, and said, "You will have time to prepare yourself." They had the happiness to find the next morning that every particular of their visit to La Bontemps was known to the police of Paris.

Madame de Pompadour also patronised, it seems, the famous charlatan, Count de St. Germain, who, for a considerable time, made all the old women of France believe that he had been living in this world of ours for the short space of two thousand years. The elixir by which he prolonged his own life he could impart at pleasure to others. One day he called on his servant to attest a fact that had occurred a thousand years ago: the man replied, "I have no recollection of it, Sir; you forget that I have only had the honour of serving you for five hundred years. By means of the phantasmagoria, and other applications of experimental philosophy, the

Count excited the wonder of the ignorant, who, at that time, comprised numbers in every class of life. Had he lived a century or two earlier, he would have been condemned as a magician. The secret of his imposture was really the superiority of his acquirements beyond most cavaliers of his time.

‘ One day, at her toilet, Madame said to him, in my presence, “ What was the personal appearance of Francis I. ? He was a King I should have liked.” — “ He was, indeed, very captivating,” said St. Germain ; and he proceeded to describe his face and person as one does that of a man whom one has accurately observed. “ It is a pity he was too ardent. I could have given him some good advice, which would have saved him from all his misfortunes ; but he would not have followed it ; for it seems as if a fatality attended princes, forcing them to shut their ears, those of the mind, at least, to the best advice, and especially in the most critical moments.” — “ And the Constable,” said Madame, “ what do you say of him ? ” — “ I cannot say much good, or much harm of him,” replied he. — “ Was the court of Francis I. very brilliant ? ” — “ Very brilliant ; but those of his grandsons infinitely surpassed it. In the time of Mary Stuart, and Margaret of Valois, it was a land of enchantment, — a temple, sacred to pleasures of every kind ; those of the mind were not neglected. The two Queens were learned, wrote verses, and spoke with captivating grace and eloquence.” — “ Madame said, laughing, “ You seem to have seen all this.” — “ I have an excellent memory,” said he, “ and have read the history of France with great care. I sometimes amuse myself, not by *making*, but by *letting* it be believed, that I lived in old times.” — “ You do not tell me your age, however, and you give yourself out for very old. The Countess de Gergy, who was ambassador to Venice, I think, fifty years ago, says she knew you there exactly what you are now.” — “ It is true, Madame, that I have known Madame de Gergy a long time.” — “ But, according to what she says, you would be more than a hundred.” — “ That is not impossible,” said he, laughing ; but it is, I allow, still more possible, that Madame de Gergy, for whom I have the greatest respect, may be in her dotage.” — pp. 98—101.

The Count was said to be a bastard son of the King of Portugal. He was generally dressed very simply, but in good taste : his diamonds outshone even those of the King, and nobody sported a watch, snuff-box, and rings of such costly workmanship. Madame du Hausset speaks of his ruby sleeve-buttons as perfectly dazzling. He died, to the great astonishment of his disciples, in 1784.

In order to diminish the scandal that was caused by seeing Madame de Pompadour with the title of Marchioness at Court, and her husband, M. le Normand d’Etioles, Farmer-General at Paris, she made repeated efforts to get him sent as ambassador to Constantinople. The charms, however, of a Paris life, the opera, and an opera-dancer, with the odd name of Mademoiselle Rem, detained him in the capital, and nothing would induce him to leave it. It was said afterwards that he married Rem ; and the following witty epigram, which was much in vogue, celebrated his nuptials :

‘ Pour réparer *miseriam*
Que Pompadour fit à la France,
Le Normand, plein de conscience,
Vient d’épouser *republicam*.’ p. 120.

These Memoirs break off rather abruptly towards the decline of Madame de Pompadour’s life, without affording us the means of ascertaining the year when the waiting-woman ceased to write. We have necessarily passed over many anecdotes which serve to give a zest to the book, and, indeed, often effect a higher purpose, by unveiling, though with a delicate hand, the interior of an apartment centering in itself much of the intrigue, servility, profligacy, and levity which characterised the reign of Louis XV.

ART. V. *Religions de l’Antiquité*, considérées principalement dans leurs Formes Symboliques et Mythologiques; Ouvrage traduit de l’Allemand du Dr. Frédéric Creuzer, refondu en partie, complète et développé par J. D. Guigniaut, Ancien Professeur d’Histoire, et Maître de Conférences, à l’Ecole Normale, Membre de la Société Asiatique de Paris. Vol. I. 8vo. Treuttel et Wurtz, à Strasbourg, Paris, et Londres. 1825.

No subject possesses more interest for the reflecting mind, none furnishes more abundant materials for philosophic speculation, than the consideration of the various systems of religion which have in remote periods prevailed among nations distinguished by intellect and cultivation. When we cast our eyes over ancient Greece, Italy, or Egypt, or when we contemplate at the present hour the extensive regions of India and the surrounding countries, we are amazed at the various extravagant forms representing the beings which are held to preside over the universe, and before whom the worshipper bends down in adoration. Yet we feel it impossible to believe that minds so cultivated as we know those of the higher classes in these nations to have been could have really believed in the existence of beings formed like these their uncouth and monstrous images. It avails not to say that these images were the conception of the ignorant and the vulgar, to which the enlightened conformed. The inspection of an image, the very extravagance of its shape and attitude, must convince us that more was meant than meets the eye, and that a deep sense lies concealed beneath the external grotesqueness of form. The many-headed and many-handed deities of India, the Artemis of Ephesus, the Pan of Arcadia, suggest, at the first glance, the idea of a hidden sense.

The later Platonists, men, perhaps, too much depreciated, saw this clearly, and in their controversies with the Christians adopted this system of explication in defending the apparent absurdities of Paganism, but, owing to a want of knowledge, and an endeavour to explain every thing, they not unfrequently exposed themselves to the ridicule of their opponents, and to the sneers of modern

writers. But the system was founded in truth : the grotesque forms of the deities, and the wildness of the adventures and actions attributed to them, were the inventions of sages seeking, through the medium of the senses, to instruct the vulgar.

In no work has this system been more fully developed, or more ably supported, than in that of which we are now to give an account. Mr. Creuzer, one of the ablest and most learned men of the most learned nation, has, during a long course of years, devoted himself to the consideration and comparison of the various religious systems of the ancient world, and the result of his labours has been given to the world in the work of which the present volume is the first *livraison* of a French translation, with most valuable notes and elucidations by M. Guigniaut.

That all ancient religions were *symbolical*, that is, instructed by means of sensible objects, is the system of Mr. Creuzer. He supposes persons of superior cultivation to have appeared among rude and barbarous tribes, and he asks how they were to convey to them religious and moral ideas of a higher and purer kind than they had hitherto possessed ; reasoning would be out of place, for logic they have no capacity ; there remained, therefore, but one way, that of appealing to their senses. ‘ The pure light of intellectual notions should first be reflected in natural objects, and in some sort put on a body not to dazzle by excessive brightness the weak eyes of these rude men.’ The teachers accordingly devised the symbol and figure ; the great power of superior beings was represented by images furnished with a multitude of arms ; their superior wisdom by numerous heads ; the prolific power of nature by a female image hung with numerous breasts ; and an image with three eyes denoted the superintendence of the Deity over the heavens, earth, and sea.

According to the belief of the rude and ignorant savage every thing was endowed with life and animation ; the refined distinction of matter and spirit was unknown, — the tree and the stone lived after their way, and flowers, trees, and rocks could sympathise with dying heroes or unhappy lovers. With inanimate *power* he was unacquainted ; every effect was produced by the animated *person* ; the teacher therefore worked on this principle in the construction of theogonies and cosmogonies ; to the great agents were ascribed human forms and human passions ; love and enmity actuated, and the process of generation gave origin to the world and all it contains ; each thing was destroyed by *death*, and from the bosom of death sprang forth life. Personification, from which, at the present day, the philosopher cannot totally emancipate himself, was then the natural language of the understanding, a yoke which antiquity bore without difficulty, and delighted to cover with flowers.

Mr. Creuzer proceeds to explain the distinction between symbol and mythos, and classifies the different kinds of them. The mythos frequently originated in the explanation of a symbol, as that of the sphynx, which in Egypt was a symbol of wisdom, in Greece a mis-

treasure of enigmas, with a tale of legendary horrors attached to it. Of the *mythi* there were several kinds, as the astronomical, the theological, the philosophical, the physical, the moral, and the historical. The *mythos*, which always employed the vehicle of language, compared with the symbol which was fixed and silent, Mr. Creuzer beautifully and fancifully likens to the brilliant butterfly, which, sporting in the rays of the sun, displays the rich colours of his light wings, while the symbol resembles the chrysalis which had concealed beneath its hard envelope the gaudy lover of the flowers, before his wings had unfolded themselves.

In the fourth chapter of the introduction the different forms of belief, and the essential parts of worship, especially in polytheism, are discussed. At the very dawn of history two forms of worship present themselves, perfectly distinct from each other, the rude and variable religion of the pastoral and nomadic tribes, and the more regular and decorous worship of the agricultural nations. When these, from any cause, happen to come in contact, the religious system of each undergoes a modification, and the nomades, in receiving from the agriculturists a purer system of religion, and the benefits of civilisation, lose, at the same time, their former independence, and the monarchical form of government in the hands of kings or priests arises. This civil and religious constitution may be observed in India, and all the ancient countries of the East. In Greece alone it could not connect itself with the monarchical form, yet even there it in some sort maintained itself by means of the wide-spread worship of Bacchus. For even in Greece the conqueror of the East, the monarch *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, retained his ideal throne.

Another consequence resulting from this union of different tribes was the distinction of knowledge and doctrines into esoteric and exoteric; the agriculturists retaining to themselves such dogmas as they considered too high and too abstruse for their less informed associates, and prohibiting all access to the mysteries, in which they were taught, to the impure. In Greece, time and the political constitutions wrought a great change in this matter, but in the East the distinction of castes, founded on a complete difference of origin and manners, was perpetuated in some sort by the exclusive use of certain languages and writings peculiar to such and such a tribe; and among the Orientals of the present day traces may be discerned of artificial languages fabricated expressly by the initiated to conceal from the profane the knowledge of the secret doctrines.

In these early systems of religious instruction by symbol, the substance was every thing, the form nothing; but the love of the beautiful, which so distinguished the inhabitants of Greece, early commenced to operate on the images of the gods and the *mythi* of their actions; and the change is thus beautifully described in the present work:

‘Endowed with a wonderful and truly creative imagination, the Greeks out of that supreme unity which is named the Divinity formed a multitude of gods, the ideal images of human nature, distinct and perfectly determinate personages, represented with all the characters of action and passion. Greece, with its families of gods who under the names of heroes and heroines mingled with humanity, and with its various legends of deities or men, is the real mother of Mythi, a fruitful mother, of whom Homer may, perhaps, be esteemed the most worthy son. The entire nation, subdued by the genius of this great poet, soon forgot, at the sight of his new and brilliant Olympus, the sublime but half-veiled lessons which it had heretofore received from the priests of the East; faith, poetry, sculpture, every thing regulated itself by this model, thenceforth to be the national one: before its light every other faded away. The ancient hymns, it is true, continued to resound on the mountains of Phrygia and of Thrace in the holy orgies; the religious worship of Syria and of Phenicia ceased not to prevail in the bosom of the cities of Greece, but the sense of these sacred songs, and the secret of all these august ceremonies, were no longer understood. Dedalus had waked from their long repose the ancient idols of Egypt; the Greek as he knelt before them gave them motion and life; and soon the great goddess of Ephesus divesting herself of her Asiatic robes, and the whole mysterious train of symbols with which she was laden, sped her course over the mountains a lively and active huntress. It was no longer the old quietude, no longer contemplation which formed the dominant point of the religion of the Greeks, it was action, action wholly human and sensible; and the eloquent mythos succeeding the mute symbol, religion became purely external; every thing was sacrificed to the pleasures of the imagination and the taste, and to the beauty of forms, their meaning or their origin being no longer regarded.’ — Tome i. pp. 101, 102.

We should wish, were it possible, to lay before our readers the masterly and philosophical sketch which, follows, of the attempts made by the philosophers and the directors of the mysteries to bring back the popular mind from the seduction of the poetic mythos to the calm and solid symbol, the parent of serious and improving meditations, and the historical deduction of the employment of the symbol, emblem, and allegory, down to modern times. But our limits are confined: we have an extensive field to traverse; and those who feel the interest we do in these matters will doubtless seek the fountain-head. We shall therefore pass to the consideration of the first book, containing the religion of India.

According to the profound, and, as we think, just hypothesis of Mr. Creuzer, the religion of each country has been impressed with the character of the region in which it has originated, or into which it has emigrated; and the picture he draws of the cradle of the religious system of India is indeed fascinating, and almost excites longings after the distant and early period of the world when sages, with a rich and sublime scenery in their view, devised a theology for the vulgar, a theology abounding in symbol, sublime in doctrine, but, alas! sadly mixed with error, and bearing in its bosom the

seeds of corruption. The mention of the lofty range of Himalaya, whose summits tower in a height unattained by Chimborazo, of the stately forests that invest its sides, and the flowery vallies that repose at its feet, resounding with the songs of birds, and exhaling perfumes which are wafted by the mild and tepid zephyrs, casts an air of poetry over the opening part of this first book. But it is to the delicious vale of Cashmire, the Thessaly of India, that our attention is chiefly directed, that valley formed by the chain of the Himalaya, which thence extends itself east and west, forming the Paropamisus and Imaus of the ancients.

‘It is here we must seek the cradle of the nations of India. Hence have proceeded the gods, the genii, and the men and all the primitive mythology. From this point also the four great rivers run, which, in their course, diffuse along their banks, in the most opposite directions, fertility and coolness. There also rises the famous Mount Merû, wherein lies the concealed power of a god, or the god himself is buried. On this mountain dwell four strong animals, (the horse, ox, camel, and deer,) as well as the four great rivers. It is, finally, in this region that men of learning in modern times have sought the terrestrial paradise.’ *—Tome i. pp. 135, 136.

The language of our author, when treating of the religion of India, is bold, and he speaks of it in terms of praise which may stagger those who know it only by the reports of writers merely acquainted with its outward and visible part. These, ignorant of its symbolical and allegorical nature, and viewing the utter degradation of its professors and the dissoluteness of their morals, regard it as a system which could only have emanated from the enemy of mankind. But for the moral degradation of the Hindoos of the present day, other causes, besides religion, may be assigned; and their Mohammedan compatriots, who profess a religion certainly no encourager of immorality, seem not to regulate their conduct by a more exalted standard. It is but too true, we fear, that the influence of religion in the world, either for good or for evil, is slight indeed, compared with that of government or custom.

‘If there is a country on earth which may justly claim the honour of having been the cradle of the human race, or at least the theatre of a primitive civilisation, the successive developments of which may have carried into the ancient world, and perhaps beyond it, the benefits of knowledge, that second life of humanity; if there is a religion which explains itself, as it were of itself, by the powerful impressions of nature, and by the free inspirations of the mind, whose forms and conceptions, at once simple and profound, joined to a vast and bold system, explain in their turn, with some success, the dogmas and the symbols of the greater part of other religions; that country assuredly is India; that religion the same which still meets our view,

* See particularly a valuable article on the Shah Namah; by Jos von Hammer, in the ninth vol. of the *Vienna-Jahrbücher*.

flourishing upon the banks of the Ganges, with its priests, its temples, its altars, its sacred books, and its poetry, its observances, and its doctrines. Always ancient and always new, India is standing over its own ruins, like an eternally luminous focus, where the scattered rays which, for a long period, have enlightened or fascinated the world, arrive and concentrate themselves.'—Tome i. pp. 133, 134.

In this religion every thing is vast, sublime, rich, and varied, like the region in which it sprung. Influenced, at its origin, by the forms of external nature, it every where reproduces these forms, and symbols, mythos and allegory appear in endless and perplexing variety. Each deity is a personification; a crowd of symbolical attributes surround his image, or adhere to his mythos. The simple truths of astronomy are brought down to earth, and clad in the forms and garb of its inhabitants; and Surya, the sun, as a hero, pursues his course through the heavens, encountering and subduing monsters in his road. A Brahmin thus draws the image of the world: He first describes a huge serpent, forming a circle, to enclose the whole design. The serpent is the well known emblem of eternity. On the serpent reposes a tortoise, the symbol of strength and of the preserving powers. On the tortoise stand four elephants, figures of wisdom, which sustain the earth; on which are eight other elephants, supporters of the heaven, divided into its seven swergas, or region of the planets; and on the summit of Meru, which traverses and connects the three worlds, shines the mysterious triangle, the symbol of the Yoni and of creation. So ludicrous appears a symbolical representation, when misunderstood, that this sublime description has, since the days of Locke, formed a standing jest among the metaphysicians of Europe; a circumstance which should teach modesty and hesitation to those who, in the religion and philosophy of ancient nations, meet with narrations and images new and unaccountable to themselves.

The origin of the religion of India loses itself in the night of antiquity. We possess not its history, and the numerous books in which it is contained present it to us as a grand system, complete in all its parts, where lofty doctrines, pure morals, and profound ideas exhibit themselves beneath an endless variety of forms and expressions. Yet these traditions seem to preserve the memory of three distinct periods, marked by important changes in religion. We shall take a slight view of these three periods.

The most ancient religion, as would appear from the sacred books of the Hindoos, is that which was coëval with creation and revealed by Brahma, the Creator of the world, and agent of the eternal and invisible and inconceivable Brahm the supreme, and Author of all being. Brahma, the first person of the Hindoo trinity after the creation of the world, took flesh and dwelt among men, and communicated to them the law which the Eternal had revealed to him in the four vedas, corresponding to the four castes into which the Hindoos are divided. Mankind were then innocent; no bloody

victims stained their altars; their offerings were pure — the milk of their flocks and the first fruits of their husbandry. But this simple mode of worship could not endure; mankind gradually deteriorated, and the temples of Brahma no longer exist. The religion of Brahma gave place to that of Seeva, a system formed entirely on the personification of the material forms of nature, bearing natural but indecent emblems, celebrated with raving orgies, and all the delirium of wild extravagance; of which a portion was introduced into Greece by some of the Seevaites as they retired before the prevailing sects of Vishnoo; for Seeva is the Bacchus, the Dionysos (Deva Nisha) of the West. The wild religion of Seeva was combatted by the milder system of Vishnooism, which endeavoured to bring back religion to its primitive simplicity and purity; but the worship of the Lingam was too firmly established, and Krishna could only succeed in taming and modifying it. Thirty-six years after the death of Krishna, the reformation was followed up by Buddha, who introduced also a change in the political system; for in all the other sects; and in every change and reform, the priesthood was confined to one class; but in Buddhism any one who felt the high calling in his bosom was at liberty to assume the office of an instructor and of a priest.

Many and bloody were the civil wars engendered by religion in Hindoostan. The contest between Seevaism and Vishnooism was long and protracted, and ended at length by each modifying the other; the sectaries of each assigning the second place to the god of the opposite faction, and the two religions dwelling in harmony together. But the combat with Buddhism was for life or death, and its event the expulsion or slaughter of all the followers of that system, which no longer appears throughout the spacious regions of India. It boasts, however, a more extensive dominion, and in Ceylon and India, beyond the Ganges, it is dominant, and it extends its branches to Tartary, China, and Japan.

According to the prevailing doctrine of India, there is one God, supreme, self-existing, infinitely wise, good, and powerful, who is named Brahm, and who, being unrevealed, has neither temple nor image. This eternal being determining to create the world, first revealed himself as Brahma, the creator; next as Vishnoo, the preserver; and, lastly, as Seeva, or Mahadwa, (the great god,) the destroyer and restorer. The earth is the symbol of Brahma, the water, of Vishnoo, and fire, of Seeva. These are the three great gods of India, concerning whose birth numberless mythi are related; and these three form the Trimurti, (three forms,) the trinity of the Hindoos.

This system is simple, and rests on a profound metaphysical basis, the celebrated EMANATION, according to which unity precedes and produces every thing; from it flow nature and all her phenomena. The gods like the world and all its parts are nothing but emanations, revelations or forms of the Divinity, which is one and infinite: they are the laws, the agents by which the world was made

and is governed, and with the world, when time is no more, they will be once more assumed into the unity of the divinity.

But the sensible and material religion unites itself in many points with this abstract and metaphysical doctrine. The Deity and his powers are; as it were, reflected in the different parts of nature, and the symbols and emblems taken from nature simply and naturally typify the acts of the Deity. When Brahm first determined to create, he established the law of production by the union of the sexes. His first emanation was that creative energy called Sacti or Maya, the mother of all beings, first virgin and woman, the mother of the Trimurti, which she conceives by Brahm. And the principle of production by the union of the sexes pervades every part of the immense religious system of India. Hence the widespread use of the gross but expressive symbols of the Yoni and the Lingam, hence the prevalence of the religion of Seeva, the creator and destroyer, the devouring and reviving fire, the lord of life and of death, who was adored with all the unbridled license of sensual rites and wild enthusiasm.

But the religion of Vishnool assumes a purer and a milder form. Preservation is his act, and virtue his delight. When vice prevails on earth Vishnool becomes incarnate to check it. As a dwarfish Brahmin he humbles the pride of Bali; as Ram, the hero of the Ramayuna, he subdues the impious Ravana; and as Crishna, his eighth and most glorious avatar or incarnation, he distinguishes himself as a glorious warrior and a beneficent king. His last victory was in the war celebrated in the Mahabharat; after which, weary of the earth, he re-ascended to heaven, leaving his sublime instructions with his inconsolable friend Arjoona. The tenth incarnation, the Calkiavatara, is yet to come. At the end of the present Yooga or age, Vishnool will appear mounted on a courser of brilliant whiteness, with a sword gleaming like a comet, to put a final end to all vice and iniquity on earth; the serpent Sesha will vomit forth torrents of fire, the earth will burn, but the seeds of things will be collected in the lotus, in the fruitful bosom of Bhavani, a new creation will commence, and a new world of purity and innocence will arise.

‘ If in the immense variety of forms and images, of facts, scenes, and recitals, which compose the entire exterior and as it were the body of the system (of Vishnoolism), we endeavour to seize the fundamental idea which is the soul of it; it appears to us that this idea, to give it a modern name, is nothing but that of Divine Providence consecrating itself to the safety, support, and regular and necessary development of the creation. The world, an emanation of God, a fleeting form of the great whole, cannot be for an instant deserted by its author, but evil immediately shows itself and spreads its ravages. Hence these dreadful catastrophes of the earlier times; hence these reiterated attacks of the giants, the ministers of the evil principle; hence these terrible conflicts in which the earth, mankind, the inferior gods themselves, are ready to succumb, when, at the appointed era, the good principle re-

appears, in a figure appropriate to his mission, and decides the conflict in favour of his servants.' — Tome i. pp. 212, 213.

The system of Vishnooism is therefore essentially moral, and the entire religion of India rests on the principles of the unity of an Eternal Being; but it is so divided and subdivided, mythos is so heaped on mythos, and symbol on symbol, that to arrive at the true internal sense, through such an array of mythic personages, is a work of toil and difficulty; a work to be performed by few, while the great body of worshippers is consigned to the practice of gross and debasing rites, and the worship of indecent emblems. Pass we therefore to the consideration of a simpler, a purer, and more elevating system, the divine (shall we call it so?) religion of light, the ancient system of Persia.

The same chain of mountains which was the cradle of the religion of India also saw the birth of that of Persia; but the natural features of the country in which each was developed produced a corresponding difference in the nature and form of each. Aderbidjan was the country of the civilised race which descended from Caucasus, and introduced a purer system among the original natives of Iran. Aderbidjan abounds in springs of naphtha; its soil is surcharged with bitumen; this substance floats on the surface of the lakes; and when, in the middle of a dark night, it casts forth flames, it presents a spectacle highly calculated to affect the imagination. Rude men, who were still incapable of ascending to the natural causes, might easily attribute this appearance to the apparition of a divinity. This is a simple and natural reason for the worship of fire, and the adoption of the religion of light. A second reason may be, the geographical features of the country, which are chiefly composed of mountains, and which, as we shall see, greatly influenced the character and religious ideas of the people. Hence, in the religious system of Persia, the mountain Alborj is of great importance. It is, according to that system, the navel of the earth, the mountain of mountains, which rises to heaven, and from whose summit have descended all the holy prophets commissioned to communicate the pure light to mankind.

Let us now represent to ourselves these mountaineers contemplating the vast spectacle which displays itself before their eyes, and we shall conceive how they were led to the simple ideas of infinite space, and of infinite duration. They soon observed, that time is limited by day and night, which form between them the grand opposition of light and darkness; hence, the first germ of the three fundamental principles of their religion, which was, in its origin, entirely local and natural, first, unlimited duration, and then light and darkness, Ormuzd and Ahriman, the first as author of the light, the second as its enemy (day and night). Next, the ideas of light, considered as good, and darkness considered as evil, spontaneously unfolded themselves. Now a war-like people could not fail of beholding a combat in the perpetual vicissitude of these two principles. The country which contains the children of the light, and where the sun reveals himself by his beneficent operations,

is the land of Ormuzd, *Iran* : beyond and behind the mountains is another region, a country of darkness and of malignity, the land of Ahriman, *Tooran* : there in the deserts, in the Steppes wander the barbarous nomades, the eternal enemies of Iran.'—Tome i. pp. 320, 321.

Let us now, from the Zendavesta, take a view of this religion, which thus originated.

The Supreme Being, or unlimited Duration, Eternity, the Eternal, Zervane Akerene, before the existence of the two principles, reposed in his own essence : he first gave origin to the light, Ormuzd, and, by a necessary opposition, the darkness, Ahriman, immediately came into being, which last God has not willed, but tolerated, and that for a moral purpose.

Each of these great principles has his kingdom. The realms of Ormuzd are vast, and contain a multitude of celestial or terrestrial beings, divided into different classes. Three orders of spirits are there to be observed ; first, the seven immortal Amschaspands, of whom Ormuzd himself is one, then the twenty-eight *Izeds*, and last, the numberless Fervers. The Amschaspands form the court of Ormuzd, and preside over the elements, the metals, the seasons, the earth, and its inhabitants ; the second of the Amschaspands is Bahman, the king of light. The *Izeds*, in like manner, form the court of each Amschaspand. They preside over the divisions of the day and the year. They are some male, and some female ; and the most remarkable among them are Mithra, or Meher, who gives to the earth the blessing of day, and independent of him, Khorshid, the sun. The Fervers are the ideas, the models of all things. They are formed from the essence of Ormuzd, and are its purest emanation. They exist by the living word of the Creator ; they live, and by them lives the entire of nature. They are placed in heaven to be wakeful sentinels against the attempts of Ahriman ; and they bear to Ormuzd the prayers of pious men, whom they protect and refine from all evil. On earth united to bodies, they unceasingly combat the evil principle : every being, even Ormuzd, has its Ferver ; the Fervers form the ideal world : all the rest is the real (the created) world. 'The doctrine of the Magi is a true idealism, but with a character essentially moral. Each Parsee has his ideal prototype, his pure model, which he must endeavour to express and to realise ; who inspires and directs him in all his actions, and who serves him for a guide in his pilgrimage upon earth.'

The realm of Ahriman corresponds to that of Ormuzd : seven Devs (Ahriman included) answer to the seven Amschaspands ; and an infinite number of inferior Devs are subordinate to these. They were produced by Ahriman, after his fall, and made in his own image for the destruction of the kingdom of Ormuzd. Each superior Dev is opposed to one Amschaspand, and each of them is the author of some vice or evil. They are served by their inferior Devs : they assume the appearance of animals, and sometimes of men, and combat the Amschaspands and their *Izeds*. When Or-

muzd gains his final victory he will destroy them all, without exception, though, as some think, Ahriman will still continue to exist, though deprived of empire.

In the cosmogony, Ormuzd created light, and gave existence to all beings, by pronouncing the word *Honover*, which he never ceases to pronounce. While he was engaged in creation, Ahriman rushed from the south into the planetary region, produced his Deys to thwart and combat the servants of Ormuzd. Man must range himself on the side of the celestial Izeds, and, by accomplishing the law, must struggle against the satellites of Ahriman.

Death ends the struggle; but the fate of the good and the bad is different after death. When a man dies, the Deys approach to take possession of him: if his life has been bad, he becomes their prey, if good, the Izeds come to his aid. He is then led to the bridge Tchinvad, where he is judged by Ormuzd, with Bahman as his assessor, and he either passes the bridge to the land of happiness, or remains to expiate his crimes. Last comes the general resurrection: the good and evil rise with their bodies: the former are ranged beneath Ormuzd, the latter with Ahriman, and are with him precipitated into the abyss of melted metal: the earth burns, the mountains dissolve in torrents, the souls of the good pass over these burning waves to efface the impurities yet adhering to them. At length all nature is renewed; no more darkness, no more Hell: Ormuzd reigns supreme and alone; and Ormuzd with the Amshaspands, and Ahriman with the great Deys, join in offering a sacrifice to the Eternal.

Such is the picture which the sacred books of Persia give of the system of Zerdusht, the purest and most exalted religion ever invented by man. Let us now, in the words of our author, compare it with that of India, which, proceeding from the same source, was differently developed.

If we endeavour to compare the religion of Persia with that of the Hindoos, we shall find that the salutary dualism which reveals itself at the bottom of every religion, was, if not effaced, singularly modified and softened down in the system of India. The dogma of a union with the Deity considered as a state of holiness, as the highest degree of beatitude in this world and in the next, has become in that country the national one, and dualism has met its death in the bosom of that belief, which envelopes at once religious worship and morals. The entire system of religious worship is directed towards repose; life is reckoned to consist in contemplation, in the sacrifice of personality, in the complete absorption of the man in God: to attain this, every pious Hindoo should direct his efforts. With the Persian it is quite different: here a dualism is triumphant which allows no rest in this life: here are displayed energy, resistance, moral and physical activity. This is the reason why the people of Iran were lively, animated, full of fire and action, like the elements, the principal object of their worship; and hence, for a long period, while they remained faithful to that

character, they ruled as masters over Asia, where, for a series of ages, they held the first rank.'—Tome i. pp. 337, 338.

The fertile valley watered by the Nile was the seat of a religion essentially the same as those of India and Persia, and, like them, modified by local circumstances. As soon as the sea retired, and the gulf became a rich and fruitful valley, rude fishers and boatmen became the first inhabitants, and the river, its plants, and animals, became the earliest objects of their worship. Soon an agricultural race, of a purer and more rational faith, and farther advanced in civilisation, appeared among them from Ethiopia: the ignorant fishers of the Nile yielded to the gentle sway of knowledge and cultivation; and Egypt, like India and Persia, saw the system of castes prevail among its inhabitants. But this was in a period far beyond the range of history. In the earliest record, the book of Genesis, Egypt is represented as a great and civilised empire, whither resorted merchants and caravans, and in which corruption, the companion of luxury, had begun to display itself.

The Egyptian dualism consisted of Osiris and Isis, the benefactors of mankind on the one part, and of Typhon, the malignant being, on the other. The valley of Egypt was regarded as belonging to the good deities, who, according to the popular faith, had reigned there, and given all blessings, especially agriculture, to the people. But the barren and sandy regions, and the pestilential marshes, were the domain of the malevolent Typhon, the personification of every kind of evil. To him was attributed every noxious blast that blew from the desert, every deleterious exhalation that rose from the fens: the sea that swallowed the fructifying Nile, and whose waves were the terror of mankind, was regarded as Typhon, and the poisonous and destructive insects and animals that infested the country were his ministers. But the terrible Typhon was worshipped to avert his vengeance; and his small temples, or rather chapels, rose beside the magnificent fanes of Osiris and Isis.

The Osiris of Egypt, like the leading divinity of every other country, appears in a great variety of characters. Now he meets us as the model of a great and good king, the pattern by which each Pharaoh, each Egyptian monarch, was to regulate his life; now as the Nile, the bestower of fertility and happiness upon Egypt; again as the Sun, the author of the year, and the regulator of the labours of agriculture. His symbolical marriage with his sister Isis was typified by the lotus, whose calyx represented the bosom of the great mother within which Osiris and Isis, as the stamen and pistil, formed their mystic union; and the lotus, thus the symbol of creation, appears every where in the sculpture of Egypt, and enjoyed there, as in India, a high place in mythology.

Two circumstances must be remarked as characteristic of the religions of antiquity: the one, that they always present in a historical form what in modern times is given in abstract reasoning and chains of ideas; in other words, they personify, as already

observed, and put every thing in action; hence the numerous dynasties of gods that occur in the history of Egypt, all expressive of physical and metaphysical ideas. A second circumstance is, that they have all a material and an intellectual side, and in the religion of Egypt, Osiris, the Sun, the Nile, &c., represent the material principle, while Hermes or Thoth is the personification of the intellectual life, the ideal of the priest, the minister of science and religion. In all these religions we may discern the philosophical or ideal system of the higher castes mingled with the material and symbolical system invented for the vulgar; body and spirit unite and mingle; the highest idealism is combined with the grossest materialism; on one side all is pure, spiritual, and elevating, on the other sensual, coarse, and debasing.

Like all the Oriental sages, the priests of Egypt held the doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul. They taught that when a soul wished to quit the bosom of the Supreme Father, it was committed in charge to demons who conducted it along the zodiac to earth, and there clothed it in the garment of mortality. It was then forced to remain on earth for a space of three thousand years, during which time it is united to a variety of different bodies of men and inferior animals, until, having purged off the stains which it had contracted, it re-ascends to its former abode by the Gate of the Gods, situated in Capricorn, as it had descended by the Gate of Men, placed in Cancer.

When the soul quits the human body, its first mansion on earth, it descends to Amenthis, the kingdom of Isis and Osiris. It there remains so long as the body to which it had been attached remains undissolved, and the number of *merensomatoses* (metempsychoses, the usual term employed, expresses a contrary idea,) may therefore be abridged; but yet not entirely done away with. Hence resulted the great anxiety of the ancient Egyptians for the preservation of the body; hence the practice of embalming; and hence also the magnificence of their Necropoles, or cities of the dead, compared with the meanness of their private dwellings, which they regarded but as inns. The policy of the sacerdotal caste retained to themselves the purer doctrine of the immortality of the soul: this last dogma they gave to the people, aiming thereby to fix a wandering population by reverence for the places containing the material vehicles of their ancestors. Their policy was successful; and the bustling and crowded cities of Egypt rose in the neighbourhood of the silent cities of the dead.

We have thus endeavoured, in such space as our narrow limits afford, to convey to our readers some idea of the contents of the first volume of the profound and elaborate work of Mr. Creuzer, elucidated and improved by the labours of his learned and elegant translator. Three more volumes, which will continue the subject, and unfold, in a similar manner, the mythologies of Minor Asia, Greece, and Italy, remain to be published, and we look forward

with some impatience for their appearance. Highly as we prize the original of Mr. Creuzer, we cannot but regard as superior the French translation of M. Guignaut; and this latter we therefore recommend in preference, to those who take an interest in such studies. It may indeed be asked in what the utility of such works and such studies consists, and we must confess that in the view of political economy they are of little consequence, their influence on production is nought, and on consumption not considerable. But there is a hunger of the mind which demands gratification as well as that of the body; and while the literature and monuments of Greece and Rome exist, while the temples and tombs of Egypt attract the curiosity of the traveller, and the caverns of Ellora and Salsette, and the mythological poetry of India, fill the European mind with amazement, so long will a craving continue for some consistent explanation of all these strange and various appearances, and so long will works like the present, the produce of deep thought and extensive learning, be hailed by the philosophical enquirer, who traces, with feelings of interest, the history of the origin, the progress, and the development of his species. For such minds Mr. Creuzer's volumes are intended. The pursuits of men are various; and subjects which are entirely devoid of interest for one will excite the liveliest emotions in the breast of another.

Ann. VI. *Lettres Physiologiques et Morales sur le Magnétisme Animal, contenant l'Exposé Critique des Expériences les plus récentes, et une Nouvelle Théorie sur les Causes, les Phénomènes, et les Applications à la Médecine.* Par J. Amédée Dupau, Docteur en Médecine, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 248. 7s. 6d. Paris, Gabon; et Treuttel et Wurtz, à Londres. 1826.

WE had thought that the vulgar delusion of animal magnetism had been exploded long since from cultivated countries. But we were mistaken: for at Paris, the cradle of this spurious science, it has been lately revived, and now boldly challenges the highest legitimate sanction. Scarcely half a century has passed away since the doctrine of animal magnetism was first broached (as it was afterwards regularly practised) by Mesmer, a German physician, of too sanguine a character to be contented with the ordinary methods of attacking disease. He met the fate of most prophets; obtained little credit in his own country, and he went to Paris, where he set himself assiduously to propagate his new opinions.

The foundation of his doctrine was the assumption that there exists throughout nature an universal fluid, by means of which bodies may be made to influence each other mutually; and that living bodies were endowed with properties similar to those of the magnet, and could receive and give out this fluid. Here, there-

fore, was a method of universal application, of healing and preserving mankind. Mesmer, however, laboured in vain for a while; and it is probable that this, one of the most mischievous heresies which science has yet had to deplore, would have fallen to decay almost at its birth, had it not been for the accession of a proselyte to the new doctrine in the person of a royal physician. From that moment influence, honours, and riches accumulated on Mesmer. He performed the most wonderful cures; and the court of France offered him a magnificent establishment, if he would impart the secret of his art to physicians of its appointment.

Mesmer, it must be allowed, bore his victories meekly; he declined those brilliant offers, and seemed to be satisfied (as well he might) with the fruits of that enthusiasm which he had excited in his favour amongst all classes. There are instances of educated men disposing of their effects, and renouncing their ordinary callings, in order to be at liberty to apply themselves more devotedly to the study of magnetism. The Academy of Sciences and the Society of Medicine were constrained to give the subject a formal consideration, and they appointed commissioners, of which the illustrious Franklin, Lavoisier, and La Place were three, to enquire into the nature of animal magnetism and its effects. In due time, they deliberately reported that it had undoubtedly produced a variety of nervous phenomena, but that these effects were to be ascribed solely to the influence exercised on the imaginations of the patients by external means. This learned judgment, together with some unfavorable accidents, drove Mesmer from France, where, however, he left some very ardent disciples.

As might naturally be expected in such a case, the pupils became masters themselves, and each sect had its special improvement. The most eminent of these teachers was the Marquis Puységur, who undertook to reform altogether the old method of magnetising. The apparatus used by Mesmer consisted of a bucket or tub four or five feet in diameter, and one foot in depth. It was covered by a lid, which had two holes for the admission of iron rods to the interior of the vessel, so that whilst one end of the rod was inserted in the lid, and in contact with the contents of the tub, the other might be brought to touch the patient in any part of the body. On the bottom of this tub, bottles filled with water and well corked, were arranged with their necks pointing towards the centre so as to resemble so many converging rays, whilst at the centre other bottles were placed in an opposite form, so as to be like diverging rays. Water was then poured in till the bottles were covered, and sometimes iron-dust and broken glass were added. Around this mystic tub the patients formed a ring holding each other by the hand, and being sometimes encircled by a cord.

The Marquis Puységur, who operated chiefly in the country, rejected these instruments, and performed the magnetic operation by means of an elm-tree, which he first magnetised, and

then caused the patients to stand round it in a circle as before. To magnetise a tree, all that was necessary to be done was for the operator to approach it, and by repeatedly opening the hand towards it he accumulated the magnetic fluid within it. To magnetise a bottle of water it was sufficient to hold it with one hand, and pass the other up and down along the same side for two or three minutes. It will easily be believed, that with this enchanted tree the Marquis performed wonders amongst the simple peasantry of his neighbourhood. Convulsions, ecstasies, epilepsies, and all sorts of nervous crises were the ordinary effects of the process; and it was during one of his experiments that he made the grand discovery of magnetic somnambulism or lucid sleep, which is now boasted to be the most decisive proof of the reality of animal magnetism.

The power of producing somnambulism at discretion by magnetism alone, is the foundation on which its supporters now seek to obtain the sanction of the Academy of Medicine at Paris, for their art. A short time since a proposition was made to this scientific body by M. Foissac, to be allowed to perform some experiments before them, as a preliminary measure to justify them in afterwards entering upon the formal enquiry on the subject. Those members of the Academy who are most celebrated for their scientific knowledge, such as Magendie, have urged the Society to take the magnetisers at their word, being convinced that the result of the application of such a test must be to expose delusions and to set aside pretensions which are not revived without doing a great deal of injury. The learned body, however, chooses to fret itself with discussing the previous question, whether or not the subject should be entertained by them, — a debate which at present promises to be as interminable as it is likely to prove ineffectual.

There cannot be the least doubt but some very extraordinary effects have been produced by persons affecting to have the command of the magnetic fluid as they call it. But there is not one of the phenomena which have yet resulted from the process of magnetism that cannot be accounted for by causes entirely natural. Doctor Petetin, a famous magnetiser, states the case of a young woman, who after violent convulsions became perfectly insensible, — she was motionless, — her eyes closed, — but she continued singing in the most enthusiastic manner. Every means of resuscitation were tried in vain, until by accident the Doctor placed his hand upon her stomach, saying, at the moment, "What a pity it is that I cannot prevent this woman from singing!" The patient instantly replied, "Don't be angry Doctor, I'll sing no more." The Doctor took away his hand, the patient was instantly insensible again, he replaced it, and as long as it remained there she heard and spoke as if in perfect health. The conclusion drawn by the magnetisers from this case was, that the girl heard by her stomach. But this is not the fact; for pathological enquiry has

proved that parts of the body, the epigastric region for instance, may have their sensitiveness so inordinately quickened that they shall for a time become the sole medium of sensation. The celebrated Van-Helmont relates, that the sensitiveness of the organs of his own stomach was so excited by a dose of narcotic poison, that he appeared to himself to perform the functions of hearing; seeing, and what is more extraordinary, of thinking by his stomach. Professor Fouquet gives an account of a young woman, who, during a fit of catalepsy to which she was subject, thought she spoke and heard by her stomach. The Professor placed a piece of cake on the stomach, and she immediately began to move her jaws, and believed, at the moment, that she was really chewing sweet cake. Such are the phenomena which the investigations of science have shown to be perfectly in accordance with natural operations.

The slightest acquaintance with the true history of animal magnetism will show, that its influence has been chiefly exercised on a certain class of patients, and that with respect to others, it is comparatively inefficient. All its wonderful effects have been confined to those who are afflicted with nervous disorders, principally young women, whose constitution, naturally weak, is still more enfeebled by suffering, and in whom, from the nature of their malady, the influence of the imagination is rendered unusually predominant. Hence it is that the most remarkable cases of the power of animal magnetism are those in which hysterical women were the patients.

The great sources, then, of the success of this delusive system we may venture to state to be, first, the existence of nervous disorders, or a tendency thereto, and, in the next place, a credulous imagination. This explains why magnetisers have agreed upon a ritual for performing the ceremony, and why it is that an imposing manner, mysterious words, solemn tones, apparatus of different sorts, significant gestures, and, in some cases, soft music, are deemed necessary to the accomplishment of the process. The person who operates must be of respectable, nay, attractive appearance; advanced in life; it is desirable that the person should be of superior rank to the patient, and of a different sex. The process is thus performed:—The patient and doctor place themselves opposite each other, so that their knees and feet are in close contact. The doctor takes the patient by her thumbs, and holds them till they are as hot as his hand, he next places both his hands upon her shoulders, and after keeping them there a few minutes, he draws them along the arm, and resumes his former hold of the thumbs. This manœuvre is repeated three or four times. He then places his hands on her stomach, until she perceives the communication of heat, when he draws his hands down as far as the knees, and back again outside her dress. During all this time the doctor is addressing his patient in the most endearing manner.

The tones of the magnetiser have been sometimes so affected and fantastic as to excite uncontrollable laughter. The following is a sample of the tender discourses which are used on these occasions. It is given by M. Dupau, on the best authority :

“ Be of good cheer, my child ; — do not take it so to heart ; — one moment, and you will feel the sweet and soothing influence which Heaven is sending to you : — you are just going to be plunged in an ocean of ideas, the delicious influence of which will effect a happy change. Complete health will be the blessed result of those unutterable raptures of your soul. Think of nothing now but the inexpressible happiness you are going to enjoy. There, there, my dear friend, — proceed, — raise yourself in spirit to attain the blessing of a cure. Nothing, I promise you, can hinder it now, &c.

Need we wonder that prodigies have been wrought by such an imposing ceremony as this over a worn-out frame and a susceptible imagination ? And is it necessary to suppose the existence or the communication of some subtle power, in order to account for the changes which are effected upon such patients by such agency ?

We have said that the faculty of producing somnambulism, which the magnetisers boast of possessing, is their strong hold. Here, too, the force of the imagination accounts for a great deal. Instances are of daily occurrence, where persons of a weakly state of body are thrown into an imperfect sleep by artificial means. But it is well known, that there is such a thing as natural somnambulism ; and during the existence of the fit (if it may be so called) all those phenomena which are said to be peculiar to magnetic somnambulism have notoriously taken place. We will relate a case, which not long since occurred in the parish of Lambeth. A butcher's lad, about sixteen years old, one evening as he was sitting in his chair, bent forward his head on his hands, and after being in that position perfectly asleep for ten minutes, suddenly started up, went for his whip and spur, and asked for the saddle. He mounted the horse, but was prevented from going farther by the people about him ; he was brought into the house, and he supposed that he was detained at the turnpike-gate ; he took out sixpence, and insisted on his change. He occasionally joined in the conversation that was going on : his questions and answers were as intelligent as usual. The eyes were completely closed during the whole time : he was bled and physicked, and after having been for one hour in this state, he awoke, and had not the slightest recollection of what had passed ! Instances of a similar description to this might be adduced in considerable numbers.

The magnetisers tell us, that the somnambulists of their manufacture differ widely from the natural ones. They pretend that, between the operator and the sleeping patient, there prevails a secret relation, which enables the latter to be cognisant of the thoughts and intentions of the doctor. Of the truth of this assertion no proof

whatever has been given. They further ascribe to those persons during the access of the fit the faculty of reading a book, or a sealed letter, with their eyes shut; nay, it is said, that they foresee events; that they have intuitively a knowledge of the nature of their own diseases, as well as the means of curing them; and it has been lately found out that these somnambulists can see exactly the nature of the disorder, and the remedies that are suitable to it, of any person who may be put in magnetic relation to them!

But why should the munificence of these doctors stop short here? The somnambulist has it now in his power to perform an imaginary journey during the magical sleep; can bring home intelligence of persons in the remotest regions, or, if nothing better offer, can make scientific discoveries in those distant quarters. A trip to the West or East Indies is accomplished with as much facility as an excursion into a neighbouring province. There is no case scarcely of the successful application of animal magnetism which has been published that does not contain an interesting voyage by the patient in pursuance of this wonderful property.

The lengths to which these impostors would go in attempting to practise on the public credulity is almost beyond belief. One of the least irrational of the craft very gravely relates the account of an experiment which he made on one of his somnambulists. He held a watch at the back of the patient's head, a few inches from the occiput. The patient, not without an effort of her wonderful power, which seemed to put her to intense pain, was able at last to tell the hour exactly, the watch still being held in a position completely inaccessible to the natural organs of vision! But even this piece of extravagance is outdone. We have the solemn assurance of a magnetiser, that a respectable somnambulist of his own made a spiritual voyage to the moon, where she found inhabitants like ourselves, brought into the world, and leaving it in the same way that the men of earth are produced and die; but she complained that the bodies of the lunar beings were flattened, and that they moved by crawling.

The excesses which are committed under the name of Animal Magnetism would be a fit subject for laughter, or amusing speculation, if it were not that they were the source of a great deal of mischief, morally as well as physically, to the community, where they are permitted to take place. Magnetisers do not affect to eradicate disease, particularly disease of that species over which their fascinations have the greatest controul. In all such disorders, they can do no more than keep off the paroxysm, and that is effected by their being enabled to substitute one sort of nervous affection for another. A girl, subject to epilepsy, will postpone the fit, by being plunged into that imperfect sleep which is called somnambulism. This is done by her own imagination as soon as the magnetiser approaches, to whom she, in her simplicity, ascribes the power. If this operation is not frequently repeated, epilepsy returns in a more aggravated

shape, the necessity for the artificial application increases on itself, and complete exhaustion if not new disorders are the result.

Instances are numerous in which paralysis has succeeded the repetition of the process of magnetism in cases of catalepsy. Even before the fatal consummation has had time to arrive, the patient who is habitually subjected to magnetism exhibits in her languid, squalid, and emaciated frame, the best proofs of the strong hostility which subsist between those nervous concussions (whatever be their origin) and the natural constitution of man. Another objection rises to the practice of magnetism, which derives accumulated force from the discovery of the inefficiency of that art as a remedy in disorders, — we mean the moral ascendancy which it gives to the operator over his patient. We need not here dwell upon the various revolting uses to which that extraordinary influence may be perverted. It will be sufficient to state that so completely subjugated do the generality of patients become, that one of those doctors has boasted that they follow him as a dog follows its master.

It would be impossible to do justice to the able and scientific manner in which M. Dupau, the author of the letters at the head of this paper, has detected the impositions of the band of quacks who have ventured to make use of the language of science and reasoning to give a colour of propriety to their absurdities. He has convicted them of ignorance and of fraud, and we think has established to the satisfaction of every well regulated mind, that they are likely, if allowed to go on unchecked, to prove a very mischievous race. It has seldom fallen to our lot to meet with a work like this, which so firmly resting on established truths so conclusively exposes error, which, drawing its materials from the depths of science has, by lucid arrangement and simple expression, placed them under the command of minds the most uninformed.

ART. VII. *De l'Ordre Légal en France, et des Abus d'Autorité.* Par M. Duvergier de Hauranne, ancien Membre de la Chambre des Députés. 8vo. pp. 341. Paris. 1826. Treuttel and Wurtz, London.

WE fully agree with M. Duvergier de Hauranne, the intelligent and patriotic author of this work, that at a period like the present, when men's minds are in a state of excitation in the two worlds, and the nations are in search of new institutions, adapted to the degree of civilisation at which they are arrived, it is an immense advantage for France that she is in possession of a Charter securing at least some of the privileges and immunities of which other countries are still in expectation. That Charter, such as it is, compensates the French, in some measure, for thirty years of intestine dissensions and foreign war; and we believe that any attempt

to annul it, or openly to violate any one of its principal articles, would be attended with the most serious consequences.

Yet no Englishman, at least, would say, and we apprehend no enlightened Frenchman, living beyond the influence of the court and the ministers, imagines that the Charter granted by Louis XVIII., even if acted upon with the most perfect good faith, is sufficiently extensive in its provisions for the rights and liberties of the people. Our own great charter was an improvement of a previous one, and even then how imperfect were its stipulations! How frequently were they trodden under foot by the sovereign! How often were they renewed and enlarged! What an indomitable love of freedom, rising far beyond that proportion of it which they inspired, was necessary for their defence, and for the transmission of the noble spirit that gave them birth down to our own days!

The Charter is indeed a valuable possession to the French, but still they have much to effect in order to obtain and secure their liberties. The true importance of that document is, that it is a rallying point, it is a tangible and acknowledged authority, from which the people may set out in a career of freedom, without exposing the country to new revolutions. By developing the principles recognised in the Charter, and by providing institutions for the maintenance and the practical application of those principles, the French have it in their power to erect, by degrees, a constitution as perfect as they can desire. The preservation of the franchises which they already possess, and the acquisition of those which they have still to attain, must, however, be the results of perseverance, firmness, remonstrance, and, above all, the diffusion of sound knowledge through the community. Violent impatience, disaffection, and open hostility, can but tend to frustrate their hopes, and even to render them unfit to exercise the privileges which, we trust, they are still destined to enjoy.

We are aware of no work that has appeared in France, since the Restoration, which points out the defects of the Charter, and the means by which they may be remedied, with so much perspicuity and such dignified moderation as the volume now before us. It is such an essay as De Lolme might have written, if he had lived in our time. The source to which M. Duvergier de Hauranne uniformly appeals is our own constitution, that perennial fountain of liberty, which but becomes more pure and more abundant as new nations arise to drink from its expanding stream. His plan is to investigate the nature of the institutions secured to France by the Charter, to define the improvements of which they are susceptible, and to ascertain how far the reign of law is, or is not, substituted for the arbitrary will of the government. Looking to things rather than to persons, he is more desirous of discovering the means for preventing the abuses of authority than of enumerating those abuses too minutely. When his argument requires it, he does not scruple to censure the acts of the ministry, and to warn

them of the consequences of their misconduct; but he is manifestly more anxious that they should be taught to execute their high functions under the guidance and the control of law, than that they should be visited by any sweeping sentence of condemnation.

It is, he premises, the defence of our new social order that I undertake. We constantly hear it said that the Revolution reduced every thing to dust, and that the Restoration has left every thing in this unpleasant situation; that we have no longer an aristocracy; that the throne is without support amidst a vast democracy, and, in a word, that we are in a state of complete anarchy. The authors of these assertions are like those physicians who imagine a disease in order that they might have an opportunity of applying their own remedies; and it may be observed that they are by no means unanimous among themselves. Some wish to separate us again into different classes, and propose the re-establishment of the privileges of the noblesse, the rights of primogeniture, entails, and the old corporations; while others, acknowledging the impossibility of restoring the ancient aristocracy, endeavour to subject us to the sacerdotal power, to place us under a theocracy, for which the nation feels an insurmountable aversion. Let us reject these rash and fatal councils! Let us not follow those guides who look upon the Charter only as the frame of a provisional social state (*le cadre d'un état social provisoire* *); they would urge the monarchy to a precipice.

It is, besides, incorrect to say that there is no aristocracy in France. We have the constitutional aristocracy of the Chamber of Peers, to which it would be easy, if it were seriously desired, to give the dignity, the independence, and the lustre of which it stands in need. The mass of the nation forms, it is true, a great democracy, but it includes within it a natural aristocracy, composed of persons who are eminent for their talents, their opulence, their public services, and the antiquity of their families. Among these eminent individuals, may be distinguished members of the old and the new nobility, whose influence is very extensive, and who possess, in the civil code, more than sufficient means to preserve to their families the rank which they occupy in society. Our aristocracy is the only one adapted to our condition; it derives its source from the nation, and has the great advantage of being invested with no privileges which wound the pride of the people, or are burdensome to itself. The evil with which we are affrighted does not exist; and if there be any degree of anarchy amongst us, it is in a great measure the work of the very persons who point it out; it is the result of their propositions, of the pretensions which they revive, and the alarm which the public feel in consequence of them. Add to this the application, under a constitutional régime, of laws which were made for the empire, the frequent illegality of the acts of the government, and the subjection of the ministry to a secret congregation which, under the pretext of promoting religion, mingles in all the affairs of the state, and covers France with spies. These are our real evils, and for these a remedy should be found. — *Avertissement*, pp. v—viii.

Hence it may be seen that M. Duvergier de Hauranne does not belong to either of the two extreme parties who are now contend-

ing for ascendancy in France. He takes the Charter for his guide, and his only object is to have its provisions practically enforced, and, as far as possible, improved. In the first chapter of his work he gives a concise sketch of the history of the Restoration, and contends that those who consider that event as a counter-revolution, as the re-establishment of the sacred principles of legitimacy, and of the peerage and noblesse, are mistaken equally with those who view it as the accomplishment of the political reform solicited in 1789, and as a recognition of the principles of the Revolution. He treats the Restoration as the commencement of a new social order, of which the author of the Charter was the founder, combining a happy mixture of ancient and modern principles and institutions, adapted to the new manners and wants of society, and substituting the reign of law for that of personal discretion. The author then proceeds to examine the leading provisions of the Charter in detail, beginning with the legislative power, which differs in some material points from the parliament of England.

There are in France two modes of making a law. The King proposes, the two Chambers freely discuss, amend, and adopt, and then the King, if he approve the amendments, gives his final sanction. Or the Chambers may propose the form of a law, a right which they have very rarely exercised, but they propose it, as was formerly the case with our House of Commons, by way of petition or supplication. Here, however, the resemblance ceases. With us the crown adopted at once or rejected, whereas in France the King, if in the main he approve the supplicatory propositions, appropriates them to himself, sends them down to both Chambers as emanating from his own wisdom, unaltered or modified as he thinks fit, and requires those two bodies to deliberate upon them anew as if they had never seen them before; and when they have discussed them they return them to His Majesty for his sanction in the usual manner. There is, in this mode of proceeding, an essential limitation of the powers of the two Chambers in France, which places them far below our Houses of Lords and Commons in the scheme of the constitution. The Charter, at least, should have given the King the power of either sanctioning the supplicatory propositions in the first instance, and thus rendering them into law, or of sending them back with alterations to the two Chambers. At present, even if he have nothing to alter, in order to save his originating prerogative, he must send them to the two Chambers, and sanction them again in the last instance. And thus a great deal of time is most unnecessarily expended.

There is another remarkable instance of clumsiness in the constitution of the Chambers. When one of them adopts, with or without alteration, a proposition submitted to it by the King, His Majesty is officially informed of it, and then his ministers carry it in his name and by his order to the Chamber that has not yet deliberated. The ministers are, in fact, the only means of com-

munication between the two Chambers: they are the messengers of both, acting under the King's special orders. Besides the restraints which this practice imposes on the freedom of the Chambers, it is attended with this consequence, that the King is called upon to pronounce separately upon any alterations that may be made in his propositions by either of the Chambers, and to approve or to reject them, if we may use the expression, in an interlocutory manner. There can be no good reason why the Chambers should not communicate with each other by messengers of their own, as is the case with us; and when they are agreed upon a project of law, then, and not till then, it should go to the King.

The debates of the Chamber of Peers are open to the public, but they are not reported in the periodical journals. From time to time, indeed, individual peers publish their speeches in the *Moniteur*; but, without their authority, no newspaper can report more than the mere minutes of their proceedings, which are printed officially. According to our notions, it would be a great step towards a better state of things in France, if the debates of the Upper Chamber were reported at least as fully and as regularly as those of the Chamber of Deputies. Our author complains, with justice, of the unfair construction of the 19th and 20th articles of the Charter, by which addresses to the throne are put on the same footing as supplicatory propositions, which are directed to be discussed in private committees. Such a construction of these articles is most unjust: they refer solely to supplicatory projects of law; and the closing of the doors of the Chambers, when addresses to the throne are under discussion, is so manifest a violation of the Charter that we wonder how it is tolerated.

Nothing is more common or much more useful in the forms of our Parliament than the facility with which members may obtain official returns from all the departments of the state upon simple motion. There is no regulation of this sort in France. If a member desire a return of the most indifferent description, he must make it the subject of a solemn proposition; it must go to the bureaux, and to a commission authorised to report upon it, as if it were a question of the most complicated and important nature. The consequence of this is, that the debates of the Chambers are often carried on under great disadvantage to those members who are not in office, and who have no ready means of attaining all the information necessary to an enlightened and a just view of the matter under deliberation. There are many other defects in the legislature of France, upon which our author would probably have dwelt, if he had been more intimately conversant with the constitution of the British Parliament; but as we are restrained within his limits, we must proceed with him to his observations 'on the Executive Power.'

No abuse of power has been lately perpetrated in France that is more enormous than the frequent promulgation of *ordonnances*, in matters upon which the legislature alone should have decided.

France is, in this respect, nearly in the situation to which England was reduced under Henry VIII., when the King's proclamations were invested with the force of law, and no limit was placed to his power of issuing them. According to the 14th article of the Charter, the King of France may issue such "regulations and ordonnances as are necessary for the execution of the laws and the safety of the state." The extraordinary case of "the safety of the state" necessarily requires in the head of every government extraordinary powers, which should be resorted to only whenever the emergency arises; and this case being thus provided for, the King has no authority under the Charter to issue regulations or ordonnances, except as the chief executive magistrate, in providing for the due administration of the law. It is obvious that in performing this office, he has no power to make a new law; his business is only to carry the law already made by the legislature, or laid down by the Charter, into effect. Yet, since the Restoration, the ministers have confounded all distinctions between ordonnances and laws; and whenever they have found it more convenient, they have had recourse to the former, in preference to the latter. There is no subject whatever upon which, according to their doctrine and practice, the King may not issue an ordonnance; and hence we have seen him, not long since, prescribing, by his own authority, a plan of education for the whole kingdom. Any person who reads the *Moniteur* may see in it, even while the Chambers are sitting, ordonnances upon the most important concerns of the country; and these, too, be it remembered, not subject to registration, and consequently not liable to be remonstrated against, as was the case previous to the French Revolution. This is a shocking usurpation of the functions of the legislature; and unless it be resisted and destroyed, the Chambers might as well at once shut up their doors.

In the 13th article of the Charter it is declared that the ministers are "responsible;" but there are no legal means provided by which this responsibility may be enforced, except in the two cases of high treason and peculation. In these cases, the Chamber of Deputies is authorised, by the 55th and 56th articles of the Charter, to impeach the ministers before the Chamber of Peers, who alone can judge them; but for any misdeeds short of these high crimes, no authority, competent to accuse, or at least to try, the ministers, exists under the Charter; and the consequence is, that unless they are guilty of high treason or peculation, they are actually free from legal responsibility. Further, it is provided by article 114. of the Penal Code, that every functionary who can show that he has acted under the direction of his superior shall be exempted from punishment: the result of which is, that no officer of the state is responsible to the public, unless he be guilty of the two crimes already specified, or has acted without sufficient authority from those above him. This is a state of things so absurd and dangerous, that it could not con-

tinue a moment if the people of France would bestir themselves a little for the preservation of their rights.

The author devotes two chapters to the organisation of the two Chambers, and offers several sensible suggestions respecting them, which are well-deserving of the attention of his countrymen. It is, we think, an extremely objectionable qualification for a deputy, that he must be at least forty years of age before he can enter the Chamber. It is a period a great deal too late in life to commence a public career. A statesman should have all his principles settled in his mind before that age; and he never can look upon them as settled, or matured to any satisfactory degree, until they shall have undergone the severe ordeal of repeated public discussions. It is scarcely possible for a deputy, under the present system, ever to arrive at any thing like that facility of speech, that readiness of attack and reply, which give so much animation to our parliamentary debates. Hence the members of both Chambers in France are obliged to have recourse to written speeches, than which nothing can be more fatiguing, or more incompatible with the objects of legislative deliberation. How often does it happen that in our Parliament a member will qualify his assertions, and even distrust opinions which he had before entertained, in consequence of the arguments that may have been urged, or the information that may have been afforded, by a preceding speaker. But if all came to the House with their opinions stated at full length in writing, they would, as the French deputies uniformly do, adhere to them to the very letter, sooner than give up their right of reading them through from the beginning to the end. Such discourses lead to any thing but practical utility. They are generally long, laboured as to the style, and occupied more with theories and general reflections than with real matters of business. It must be owned, that in this respect, and in every thing relating to the order of their proceedings, the two Chambers of France are a century at least behind the Parliament of England.

The right of election forms the subject of the sixth chapter. The admission to this franchise is granted by the Charter to every Frenchman enjoying his civil and political rights, who pays 300 francs a-year in direct taxes, and has possessed his property, or exercised an industrious profession, a full year. He must, moreover, be thirty years of age. These conditions are the only ones required by the Charter; yet the elective franchise is practically very much restricted in France. The law of the 5th of February, 1817, authorised all the electors of each department to assemble in one electoral college; the law of the 29th of June, 1820, distributed them again into district colleges, where all the electors were assembled, and into departmental colleges, composed of those who paid the greatest proportion of taxes, and consisting of a number equal to one-fourth of the whole of the electors of all the districts in each department. Those who paid the highest taxes voted twice; first, in their district college,

and next in the college of the department — an exorbitant privilege, that seems directly opposed to the spirit of the Charter. But this is not the only evil of the system. As the electoral colleges are at present constituted, they are to such an extent under the control of the Minister, that the Chamber of Deputies is any thing but an assembly representing the people of France. M. Duvergier de Hauranne points out all the defects of the electoral body with his usual moderation and perspicuity, and exhibits, in their proper colours, the scandalous means which were resorted to at the last election by the Ministers and their agents, in order to secure the return of deputies of their own party. The simple fact, that in a population of thirty millions there are only eighty thousand electors, and that the Ministers have at least seven hundred thousand appointments of various descriptions under their control, must be sufficient to convince the most incredulous that in France a general election is a mere farce.

The author treats in the seventh chapter of ‘Centralisation,’ by which he means the prevalence of a system which places the destinies of vast numbers of Frenchmen in the hands of government, and, in a great measure, destroys the independence of the professions. This arises from the existence of several laws, which prevent certain professions and trades from being exercised without the King’s license. A baker, for instance, cannot open a shop without permission from the mayor, and even a reading room cannot be established without authority from the police. This system extends to notaries, money-brokers, printers, booksellers, and to all the principal professions, directly or indirectly. It is one of the remains of the imperial system; and until it be done away altogether, it is in vain to think that Frenchmen can be free.

This is a subject calling particularly for legislative enquiry; but, as the author remarks, a committee of enquiry, though of everyday occurrence in the British Parliament, is unknown to the legislature of France. He devotes the eighth chapter to this defect in the practice of the Chambers, and clearly shows, that such committees are not only conformable to the principles of the constitution, but absolutely necessary in order to enable the Chambers to fulfil some of their highest functions.

The ninth chapter treats of the legal guarantees which exist in the Chambers, and in the tribunals, for the people against the abuses of power; but such is the general insensibility to lawless and oppressive acts, that although these guarantees may be appealed to they are never even thought of by the mass of Frenchmen. The right of petition (which forms the subject of the tenth chapter) is also productive of very little effect in France, in consequence of the manner in which it is exercised. Petitions instead of being entrusted to a member, as with us, are sent directly to the President of either Chamber, are announced by one of the Secretaries without the least indication of their purport, and then referred, as a

matter of course, to a standing committee which registers them, and is bound to report upon them once a week according to the order of their registration. The consequence of this is, that the wishes of the petitioners are tardily made known, and sometimes not made known at all to the Chambers; for at the end of the session it often happens that a great number of petitions remain without its coming to their turn to be reported. As to the petitions that are brought under the notice of the Chambers, they receive but a very small portion of the attention which is due to them; and from the manner in which they are generally disposed of, it would appear that the Chambers are desirous of limiting and discountenancing the right of petition as much as possible. The observations of our author on this subject are forcible and happy, and he deserves great commendation for the manly principles which he endeavours to inculcate upon it.

The succeeding chapters to the fifteenth inclusively treat of the clergy, the religious congregations, the Jesuits, education, and the distinctions between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities. They are well written, and derive considerable importance from their connection with discussions that are at this moment pending in France, and likely to occupy public attention there for some time. The length to which we have already extended our analysis prevents us from doing more than referring the reader generally to them, as well as to the five remaining chapters, in which the judicial system, the functions of the council of state, the interpretation of the laws, the organisation of the departments and the municipalities, and the prerogatives of the King under the Charter, are discussed in detail, and a great mass of practical information is collected, such as we have not seen in any other modern French publication. Upon the whole, the volume may be considered as a commentary upon the constitution of France; and as its object is to promote the cause of national freedom, we doubt not that it will be received in this country with all the favour which it, so well deserves.

ART. VIII. *Archives des Découvertes et des Inventions Nouvelles, faites dans les Sciences, les Arts, et les Manufactures, tant en France que dans les Pays étrangers, pendant l'Année, 1825.* 8vo. pp. 579. 10s. 6d. Paris, 1826. Treuttel and Wurtz, London.

OUT of the numerous forms of scientific journals with which we are acquainted, this is one of the most convenient, as it is the most comprehensive. It is no small advantage to find the labours and discoveries of a considerable period (of a whole year, as it is here somewhat inaccurately professed,) comprised within one volume, and it is still more convenient to find the facts classed, as is here done, according to the sciences or heads under which they naturally

rank. In our own monthly and quarterly publications, we are presented generally with a crowded and slovenly appendix, without arrangement, where the facts are seldom more than mere notices, and where, while the half makes no impression, the brevity and carelessness of the details render the greater part useless. If, in the present volume, the limited space compels many of the abstracts to be similarly brief, there is at any rate a reference to the originals, for the satisfaction of those who may desire to plunge deeper into the particular subject; while, in general, the abstracts are in themselves satisfactory; to all those at least whose previous information enables them to read with advantage. If, as we just remarked, the promise of the title-page is not rigidly kept, inasmuch as many of the abstracts appertain to dates anterior to 1825, this is not a subject for complaint, as the editors have thus comprised some valuable facts, which a too rigid adherence to their declaration would have compelled them to omit. On the whole, we must bestow on it our approbation; and we should not be displeased to see a similar work established among ourselves.*

The first division comprises Geology, but in truth most of this portion of the work is worthless, either from native inherent dullness, or from culpable brevity of abridgment. In the department of Zoology we find nothing that we can well extract for our general readers, what occurs being either technical or tedious. The account of a wild man found in Bohemia may, perhaps, lead others to suspect what many have suspected before,—that of all the odious and hopeless brutes in the creation, the Yahoo, pure, animal man, is the worst. What trouble it has required to make him what he is, in such places as the House of Commons, let philosophers tell; and what more trouble it may cost to make him better than he is even there, still remains to be seen.

We must pass by the head of Botany for the same reasons, that it contains nothing of general interest. This, by-the-bye, happens to be an unfortunate truth, in general, as to “the lovely science;” so successful have its cultivators been in forgetting, or affecting to despise, all that is so eminently calculated to render it what nature has done, one of the most attractive, assuredly the most obviously engaging, branches of natural history. Catalogue and classification, genera regenerated, trifling and disputation, names which even Mithridates could not remember or assign, of such, and such, is

* While this sheet was passing through the press, a copy was placed in our hands of the prospectus of such a work. It is to be called “The Metropolitan Annual Encyclopædia,” its object being “to collect the scattered materials of intellectual labour and genius, and to exhibit every year, in alphabetical order, whatever may have been added to the circle of human knowledge during that period.” In other words, it will form an annual supplement to all the Encyclopædias already in existence. A work which certainly has been long wanted, and, if well executed, can hardly fail of success.

botany. Thus must it be, and thus must all natural history be, when it is the resort of all the triflers, the resource, the ladder of fame to all these whose capacity might be contained in the corolla of a Forget-me-not, or sheltered under the scale of an Earwig's wings; and who, had they not found this happy resource, would have become collectors of franks, autographs, visiting cards, and turnpike-tickets.

In Mineralogy, there is somewhat more of solidity, — a bullion compared to the paper-currency of the preceding department; and yet, here too, the same sort of personages are intruding, and overwhelming plain innocent men, with seconds, and degrees, and angles, and other such trifling; and coining hard names from denominations unspeakably Gothic, that each may confer the crown of lithic immortality on him, whom he delighteth to honour. Why will such people not be content with brick-bats, and brass farthings, and epitaphs, and with columns in *The Gentleman's Magazine*? But let us note one or two of the most interesting matters recorded here.

Suif de Montagne. This curious mineral was discovered in 1736, it is said, in Finland, and again in one of the lakes of Sweden, by Mr. Hermstadt. If “M. le Professeur Jameson” has found any “suif” in Scotland, it has probably been a piece of a tallow candle, — possibly adipocire, as it is not unlikely to be the fact as to this Finland mineral. The editors have not noticed, or not known, an indisputable, and not less singular mineral of this character, discovered some time since in the centre of iron-stone in South Wales, yet much more resembling spermaceti than tallow. “How it got there” is a matter still remaining for mineralogists to settle.

The formation of crystallised oxyde of copper on a vessel of that metal which had been exposed to the fire of a burning-house is an interesting confirmation of some similar facts discovered in Pompeii; and, coupled with other arguments and facts, which we have not room to detail, goes far to prove the real origin in heat of these metallic minerals at least, and of many more which occupy mineral veins. To some new minerals here noticed we do not yet attach a vast deal of faith; and as to Dr. Brewster and his *Wichamite* we really are very particularly suspicious.

In the first article of the “*Sciences Physiques*,” the speculations of M. Savart leave the question of the human voice in the same state exactly as it has remained since the creation of the *Pomum Adami* of Adam himself. How long further will it be that the science of acoustics shall be satisfied with words instead of ideas? Will philosophy never take this interesting subject in hand, and examine it by the only road of real science, by careful experiments, and a rigid mathematical analysis? The bottom is not sound: there is no foundation; and without this it is in vain that even Euler labours. The sound of an organ-pipe is said to be produced by the vibrations of a definite column of air. Who knows this to be a fact,

who knows how sound is either produced or communicated? By the undulations of the air it is communicated, as it is produced by its vibrations. Thus say acoustics; forgetting to answer why it is communicated faster, better, stronger, by water and wood, and iron and stone, by bodies that do not undulate. It is produced by the vibrations of a column of air, in a pipe of definite length. What does this explain? Will it explain the scale of the flute or hautboy, or of any other perforated pipe? Will it explain the differences of tone produced by different mouth-pieces, the very foundation of all wind music? Will it explain the tuning of a diapason-pipe, by altering the issuing orifice; of a flute-pipe, by altering the cheeks; of a reed-pipe, by changing the length and number of vibrations of the reed? Will any system of acoustics explain the sound of a violin, the effect of a sound box, of a bridge, of even a sound post; will they even give us a true and an intelligible theory of the Jew's harp? No; and till philosophers shall seriously turn their attention to this most disgracefully neglected department of physical science, till the tide of fashion, which has so long set upon astronomy, which is now setting on chemistry and magnetism, shall turn in this direction, that and much more, matter for a treatise *De Ignorantia* in Sound under all its modes and causes, will remain what it now is; — darkness, words, philosophy fit for the age of Aristotelism and talk.

M. Legmuth's experiment on the compression of sulphur opens a valuable hint as to a wide field, likely to be attended by interesting results. The general question is a highly important one, since it involves the probable nature of the interior and deeper parts of the earth. That water in any state can exist at great depths has been questioned, and with reason; but the whole is an untried region of investigation.

The remarks of M. Cheuvreusse on charcoal are important; but he must not be allowed to claim as his own discovery, even as it relates to the application of this substance to gunpowder, a train of facts long since investigated and explained by the chemist of the Ordnance in our own country. Nor, should we judge by the abstract before us, does he appear very clear in his subject; and as little does he seem to have attended to the philosophy of it, or to some parallel questions as to plumbago, of great value as they relate to the uses of this substance. To state the general fact in a popular form, it appears, that in proportion to the heat to which charcoal becomes exposed, it loses in combustibility, or rather in the power of rapid combustion; while it acquires a degree of hardness which seems to bring it near to the condition of diamond, since it thus becomes capable of scratching glass. The philosopher to whom we allude, Dr. Macculloch, has for these reasons condemned the use of retorts in charring wood for the powder-manufactories, as in these it is always in danger of being overheated; though we do not know whether his recommendation in favour of

the common mode, or of far more care in heating the retorts, has been adopted or not.

The editors, under the head of Hygrometers, were bound to notice Mr. Daniell's invention, which they appear to have overlooked; and though we did not say so before, we must here remark, that there are many omissions of discoveries that ought to have here found a place, considering that they have noticed others of far anterior dates. We might almost suspect that they are not intimately acquainted with our periodical works and Transactions; as we will not imagine that any national feeling has induced them to give us a lower place in the scale of scientific industry and discovery than we deserve. Thus also, when it is mentioned that a cray-fish may be stupified or paralysed by pressure on the back, it was the duty of the editors to notice a paper in the Quarterly Journal, explaining, for the first time, the singular process by which this class of animals disengages its claws by a voluntary effort. And, similarly, they have passed over without notice the discoveries of the same writer as to the naturalisation of marine fishes in fresh water, though equally new and important, and falling also rigidly within the professed dates of their compilation. There are many more such omissions, but we shall be content with noting these as a hint to the editors, should our Review meet their eyes before the appearance of the next volume.

If the effects of the Paragrele are really what are here stated, it forms a most important agricultural discovery for those southern countries, in which whole crops are sometimes destroyed in a few hours by hail-storms; though, to our more fortunate country in this respect, of no practical value. This is the application of simple but numerous conductors made of straw-ropes attached to poles; and it does really appear, that by altering the electrical condition of the clouds, they prevent the formation of hail; having in one instance converted that, within the exact range of their action, into snow, and in others causing the clouds to pass on or disperse.

We find nothing else very important in this division. In that of Chemistry, a long paper from Berzelius, on the fluoric acid, does not admit of abridgment, and the same may be said of a notice on uranium from Arfvedson. The remarks of Colin on fermentation add nothing to our still imperfect knowledge of this obscure subject, and we do not derive much more from those of Doebereiner and Schweigger on the same process. M. Braconnot's new acid is but one of a catalogue which we have no doubt will be widely extended whenever chemists shall choose to bestow their time on such ungrateful subjects.

To pass over some less interesting matters, we must notice the experiments of Marcet on the action of poisons on vegetables, to which we attach more importance than our contemporaries appear to have done. To us, this proves, in the first place, that vegetables possess a nervous system, and, consequently, that they are susceptible of pleasure and pain; since one or other, or both, of these, are

implied in sensation. We do not, however, mean that this, to some, startling assertion, is established by the facts in question alone; yet we think that it can be proved by an induction from this and other phenomena, so rigid, that we do not see how it can be evaded.

M. Brandes furnishes a notice on what are called the Vegetable Alkalies, the importance of which is now but beginning to be known. We wish that chemists would agree to appropriate a distinct name to these essential salts of vegetables, as the present term is inconvenient and unsatisfactory. It is singular, that modern chemistry, following the legitimate road of experiment, should have confirmed the anticipations, if we may so call them, of the ancient chemists on this subject, proving that every vegetable of marked properties does really owe its virtue to a single and specific ingredient, to an essential salt. If any of our non-chemical readers desire to see an essential salt, without trouble, they may find one prepared to their hands, very often at least, in the fissure, or between the cotyledons of a Tonquin bean, — a brilliant white crystal.

The remarks of M. Pelletan, on the poisonous qualities of the essential oil of the potatoe, which is procured or formed during the process of distilling spirit from that root, are important to those who use it for that purpose, or rather to the consumers. We are in want of parallel experiments on those which similarly belong to brandy, rum, and the other spirits in common use; being convinced that the quality, of some of those at least, is poisonous or injurious; and that it is one cause of the sufferings of professed spirit-drinkers, in whose breath the effects of brandy and rum, at least, become, after a time, abundantly sensible.

Under Electricity and Galvanism, the two first papers are too long and too technical for abridgment. As to the method of preserving the copper of ships by the application of iron, a discovery, as it is called, of Sir H. Davy's, it is remarked, very justly, that it is not a discovery, but merely the application of a common principle, long acted on. It is Proust who has such merit as attaches to this discovery; since it was he who first ascertained and explained, that as long as any portion of tin, however small, remained on a copper vessel, the copper was not acted on: while the practice has been long in use among the scarlet dyers, who, by placing a piece of tin merely into an ordinary kettle, gain their ends as effectually as if the whole vessel had been made of tin. The remainder of this division presents only detached facts, which, in the present unsettled state of magnetic science, do not admit of a satisfactory analysis.

In the department of Optics, there is an attempt made, by M. Roget, to explain a phenomenon proposed as a difficulty in Brande's Journal some years ago. In the first place, the solution is not the true one; or rather it is false in the second place, while the facts themselves are not correctly stated. The wheel does not require a "movement of translation combined with one of rotation;" for the curvature of the spokes takes place equally, if the wheel be caused

to revolve, without change of horizontal situation, behind the bars. M. Roget must try again; but we do not know why an explanation which is not a solution was admitted into our Philosophical Transactions. The remainder of the department of optics is meagre; and that of Meteorology contains nothing but records of occurrences of this nature, more or less remarkable.

In Medicine, M. Formey supplies an article which professes to be useful to medical persons, to military surgeons in particular, by enabling them to detect fictitious diseases through the pulse. We doubt: but more in as far as the test is positive, rather than negative. There is nothing so common as a febrile state, which renders the patient utterly incapable of exertion, without the slightest indication through the pulse; and this, in the army, is extremely common, because it occurs in those who have suffered severely from marsh fevers, and the intermittents of hot climates. We know that much cruelty is thus occasionally exercised in regiments. As to the simulation of disease, it is quite easy, by attention and practice, to acquire a command over the heart, and the pulse of course; and though this is not generally known to skulkers in the army and navy, they are not quite so ignorant of it as is supposed. The truth is, that if a soldier has perseverance and ingenuity, he can foil any medical man. Acupuncture occupies four paragraphs; yet not much light is thrown on the action in this still mysterious process. We need not abridge them; but we lay no stress on the galvanic theory, as the results take place equally where no apparent action of this nature is found on the needle. A proposal from M. Serres, to prevent the formation of scars from the small-pox, by the use of lunar caustic, would have been more valuable thirty years ago than it is likely to be at present. If the acetate of ammonia in small doses does really cure the effects of drinking, or remove drunkenness, it is among the "secrets worth knowing." We have had no opportunity of trying it.

M. Desportes supplies an article on the inflammation of the spinal marrow. We are incredulous; and suspect that he has mistaken his pathology. At least the disease that we do know would be very improperly designated by this term; and chiefly because it would lead to an injurious mode of treatment. That disease is analogous to the sciatica: it is the same affection of the greatest of nerves, whatever that be. Rare it certainly is, though we have seen it. On the treatment we cannot here enter; but we are sure that the serious injury or destruction of the patient would follow any attempt to treat it as an active inflammation. The whole subject of the affections of the nerves is a crying disgrace to the present state of medicine; and there is none that requires so much to be reviewed, to be absolutely built up from the very foundation. But this will not be done by the medical armies of the day; who, for ever employed in writing books upon books, are but transcribing their predecessors, or filling the world with nonsensical theories.

M. Moreau de Jonnés sets forth to prove that the yellow fever of Saint Augustin was an imported disease. It is an important paper; but we have no room to extract it, or to state the question as it deserves.

An article from the same pen, on the cholera, equally claims attention, as, indeed, do many other articles in this division, which is a very long and crowded one. We may add one testimony, respecting the value of lettuce-opium as a soporific. Narcotics and soporifics are very different things, though medical men seem to have paid little attention to the distinction; and as to opium itself, we much doubt whether it possesses any soporific virtue, otherwise than as it may remove an irritation preventing sleep. But we do believe that the juice of lettuce is a real soporific, and are somewhat surprised that it should, even yet, be so little known, that it is seldom to be procured in London.

In the division Astronomy there is not much that admits of abridgment. As to Professor Leslie's theory of the light of the moon we do not attach much value to it. Did we judge by our eye alone, we should rather attribute the light which it reflects to snow, which we can almost fancy we distinguish; brighter, as might be expected, on the loftiest mountains. This implies an atmosphere, of course, the non-existence of which is by no means proved; while its limited extent would account for the permanence of the cold and its consequences, notwithstanding exposure to the sun. The argument derived from the nature of the moon's rays as to polarisation is not sufficient to establish the Professor's theory of phosphorescence; nor are the others, to our thinking, of much value.

There are many notices, of moderate or trifling importance, relating to the fine arts, as well as to the mechanical ones. Many of them are transcripts from our own periodical works, and they comprise the usual proportion of useless or idle inventions, and of rediscovered discoveries. The Highland Society, among others, has here indicated the profundity of its knowledge by announcing the common pedometer as a new and valuable invention. Mr. Palmer's new railway appears to be the most important and original invention which the editors have borrowed from us in this department. Mr. Cecil's engine seems to promise a failure. The foreign gentleman, Mr. Hartmann, who has invented a new saddle containing a clock, deserved a place with the cork-screw-philosopher in the *Rake's Progress*: a portable kitchen would have been of more use, particularly for a Tartar regiment. We find that our neighbours are nearly as fertile as ourselves in useless or impracticable inventions, among some trifling improvements.

We doubted before that the editors were men of science, and we doubt it still more when we find them assigning to Mr. Faraday the invention of chlore, or rather its application to the purposes of fumigation, for the destruction of the miasmata at Milbank.

Why ! it is nearly thirty years since this process was proposed and used by their own countryman, Berthollet, and it has been in use, both in hospitals and in private practice, in numerous hands, for more than twenty years. Mr. Faraday might as well claim the invention of bread. As to Milbank Penitentiary, that learned personage might equally hope to cure the Pontine marshes by fumigations of chlore. The "miasma" is not within the building, but in the surrounding atmosphere; and if this was not proved during the investigation, however those who did not choose to see it might shut their eyes to the evidence, we do not well know what can be proved on such a subject. We do not say that the building ought to be abandoned or pulled down, considering the money it has cost; but the land around it must be altered in some way, or the maismata will remain, in spite of all the fumigations that ever were invented.

We do not attach much value to Colonel Eyvain's scheme for cutting and perforating iron by means of sulphur. The fact itself is sufficiently vulgar and notorious; but there is nothing of this nature wanted that could not be executed in even less time by the ordinary methods, and without the hazard, the certainty we may say, of deteriorating a portion of the iron at the edges of the parts thus converted into sulphuret.

If we may judge by the praise bestowed on a cast-iron table, for the purpose of running looking-glasses on, made by M. Thiebault, the French are much behind us in iron-casting; as, indeed, we know full well already to be the fact. Still, with the usual perseverance in commercial folly from which we, here, are but now for the first time attempting to free ourselves, France still perseveres, not only in this detail, but in every branch of the iron manufactory, in paying a double price for every thing, even for bad articles of this metal, and in misdirecting that industry which might be so much more usefully and profitably employed in many other ways.

Though every thing in this work is not so new as we should infer from the nature of the title-page, it is, however, justice to say, that what is not new is often useful. Thus it is, in fact, in many parts, a kind of receipt-book, or a collection of processes and inventions, which must otherwise have been sought through numerous volumes. And yet, here also, it displays a species of defect; because these very matters are selected with a good deal of caprice, and there is, consequently, much omitted which might advantageously have found a place, and which, indeed, it was incumbent on the editors to add, if this formed a part of their plan. Let us hope that the next volume will be better *redigé*; but, in the mean time, we may notice a few of these useful paragraphs.

Such are all those which relate to iron and steel, with little exception, including the mode of softening, and again hardening, steel plates for engraving; that of cementing cast-iron so as to render it malleable; and other analogous inventions. Thus, though

old enough by almost a century to have been excluded from the plan, is the method of making files a paper of importance. In this department, also, we have the composition of the cement used for fabricating mill-stones in Greece, a compound of plaster and rosin; the mode of making paper from straw; that of sizing paper; and many more, for which we would recommend the work itself to be consulted.

A method given for preserving water on board of ships does, however, deserve a word or two, because of the continued ignorance, or obstinacy, or both, which have so long been displayed on this important subject. M. Varfusée's plan is to cover the interior of the *fidailles* with a varnish or cement, composed of oil, rosin, and brick-dust; but the passage is so obscurely expressed, that we cannot ascertain whether these *fidailles* are made of wood or iron, since the virtues of the cement, as protecting iron, are discussed in it. If to be applied to wood, we doubt very much whether this cement would exclude long the access of the water to it, in which case it would be useless; and as to iron vessels or tanks, it is superfluous, since the action of water on iron is trifling in this case, and is at least in no way injurious to the quality of the water itself. Were cast iron sufficiently tenacious to be hazarded for water tanks, the rusting of them would be totally unworthy of consideration. The circumstance, however, which we are chiefly desirous to remark, is the ignorance as to the real cause of the spoiling of water, which still prevails, not merely among naval men, but among those whom even the slenderest acquaintance with chemistry ought to enlighten. It is not the water, in any case, that corrupts and decomposes, scarcely at least in any case of ordinary water, but the wood of the casks. This is the real putrefaction. It is nearly thirty years since this was first demonstrated, and since that very expedient was recommended which was resisted for nearly twenty, and which at last found its way into the navy in the shape of iron tanks, we know not well how. It offers one proof, out of many, of that combination of ignorance, or neglect, and obstinacy, which are too frequently to be found in our public departments. But to pass by this, let us remark, that the self-purification of Thames water, or of any water, by putrefaction, is a vulgar error; it is nothing more than that all the soluble parts of the wood of the cask have been extracted, when, in consequence of the disengagement of the carburetted hydrogen and the deposition of the solid matters, the water reverts to its original state; and thus, in an analogous way, the reputed virtues of Bristol water would be found in any water which should be bottled in the same manner. It is the vessel, not the water, which is the seat of the virtue.

To return to our receipts. There is one for porcelain by M. Desprez. It is of little moment as to the philosophy of this beautiful art, since it is purely empirical, and can be practised only by those who possess the native earths in question. We are yet in

want of principles on this subject; of a set of compositions which will produce good porcelain in any country, founded on an accurate knowledge, and by means of an easy analysis of the earths, wherever they occur, that are necessary to its composition. As yet, little has been even attempted on this subject; though it is, in truth, said to be an abundantly easy problem.

Moveable razor-blades form an invention rather ancient among ourselves; and we suppose M. Charles has borrowed from us, *en revanche* of the numerous French inventions which our patent-hunters are so active in appropriating out of the public journals, while the Attorney-General is, without much difficulty, satisfied that they are "the communications of a learned foreigner residing abroad."

A propos to this subject of patents, since we believe that there is nothing to prevent us from giving our opinion, as well as the Attorney-General. If, among a host of laws, there are many requiring alterations corresponding to the altered state of society and knowledge, there are not a great number that more imperiously demand revision than the patent-right Act. It is not now merely nugatory, but worse than nugatory; since it secures nothing, while it is the cause, in the first instance, of an expense which is most serious, and not seldom prohibitory, and while the ulterior results are law-suits, and perhaps ruin; in the best cases, the defeating of the very object which is professed to be attained, — the security and the reward of the ingenious. It is not for us, here, to propose the obvious alterations or reformations required: it would be no very difficult task to render such a law what common sense as well as justice tell us it ought to be, and what the original legislators doubtless intended, however completely their objects have been defeated.

ART. IX. *Briefe aus Sizilien von Justus Tommasini.* 1 Vol. 12mo. Berlin und Stettin. 1825. Treuttel and Wurtz, London.

MR. TOMMASINI, as we may collect from the volume before us, entered Italy on foot just at the commencement of winter, in what year he says not; but on the 22d of April, 1822, we find him at Naples, preparing, with two other Germans with whom he got acquainted at Rome, to go on board the royal packet *Il Leone*, bound for Palermo. The regulations in this vessel he thinks, and with reason, extremely inconvenient for persons of the middle class, to which he belonged. The fare in the cabin is 27 Neapolitan ducats, for which each person has a separate little cabin, and a good breakfast and dinner at the common table; passengers of an inferior class pay four ducats, and have merely a place to lie in, in the corridor, or upper part of the hold: they are obliged to bring cold victuals with them, for they can neither for love or money get any cooking done on board.

The packet was a three-masted vessel, with eight pieces of cannon: all the cabins were taken, the hold crammed full, and the decks not empty. The principal passengers were a Sicilian *Principessa* and *Principe*, a *Marchese*, the chief of the police in Palermo, a pretty young woman with a child, an immensely fat woman, some Austrian officers, and several English, 'of whom there is never a scarcity in Italy, presented their nothing-saying countenances, and wearied the ear with the horrible tones of their odious language.' On the deck was quartered a party of Austrian Chasseurs, and the hold was filled with men, women, and children, who kept up such a continual talking, bawling, and crying, that 'one might think the second circle of hell was beneath.'

Calms and unfavourable winds kept them at sea till the fourth day, when, after undergoing the usual examination from the Board of Health and the police, they got on shore, and settled themselves to their satisfaction at *The Prince of Wallis's Hotel*, kept by *Master Page*.

The first impression of Palermo on our traveller was very advantageous; the character of the country, the mode of building, the manner of living of the inhabitants quite different from those of Italy, and every thing bearing a more southern aspect, and combining to convince him that he was in another region, and among another people. The following description of a day in Palermo is not without interest. We have, however, abridged it very much.

'Early in the morning, before sunrise, you step out on the balcony, and look down the street of Toledo. All is still, except here and there a porter or labourer who is getting ready for his day's work, and occasionally a door opens on some balcony, and a female steps out in the greatest *négligé* to breathe a little of the cool morning air.

'Matins now sound. Old women from custom, and young ones not to lose the opportunity of a *rendezvous*, go to mass with a white veil on their head; and if you wish to make agreeable acquaintances throw your *tabarro* about you and go to mass also, and fear not the grim faces of some old duennas, for it is no difficult matter to make them shut not one but both eyes.

'It is now broad day-light. The goatherds come with their flocks into the town. *Latte frisco! Chi vuol buon latte di crapa (capra)?* A maid in her shift and petticoat comes out at the street-door with a vessel; the goatherd sets it under one of the goats, and milks her into it, taking good care to raise a sufficient froth on the milk to make the quantity appear the greater. Those who live on the fourth and fifth floors, to save themselves the trouble of going down to the street, let down the milk-vessel, with the money in it, in a little basket by a cord from the balcony, and when it is filled draw it up carefully in the same way.

'Country people, both men and women, now drive in asses, each laden with two large panniers full of vegetables. *Carote, carote! Oh che belle carote! Lattuca! bella, bella lattuca!* &c. Then comes a gardener with his loaded ass, crying, *Muluni di Tavola! Puma d'amuri!* These all drive for some time up and down the street, and then take

their post in the little root-market, or in the street itself, and endeavour, by incessant bawling, to attract customers.

The coffee-houses are now all open, seats are placed before the doors for those who wish to drink their coffee in the open air, and water is sprinkled on the street to create a coolness, agreeable even in the morning. Without any distinction, the *Marchese*, the *Colonello*, the *Abbate*, and the *Facchino*, sit down side by side, and takes his cup of coffee, for which he pays four or five *grani*. The rest of the shops now gradually open, and the street fills.

You now come down to take a walk, but instantly the driver of a *fiacre*, who is on his stand near the Toledo, and lying in ambush for a fare like a spider for a fly, espying a well-dressed person on foot, whips his horses and is by your side in an instant; a ragged boy or the driver himself opens the door, and asks *Signore, Signore dove vuol andare?* Meantime another is at your other side with a similar invitation. You protest against all coaching, and beg to be let proceed quietly on foot, when another drives up and gets right in front of you. You get now vexed, and endeavour to play the fellow a trick, so you step into the carriage, intending to step out at the other side, when the boy claps too the door, the coachman whips his horses, and away you are whirled and driven up and down the Toledo, the driver all the time, proud of having caught a prize, shouting lustily, *Luogo! Luogo! Badino pure.*

Brokers of different kinds now expose their wares, and the beggars appear and besiege the coffee-houses. The water-sellers set up their showy booths, provided with glasses, bottles of Geneva and citron-juice, citrons and water-melons, and the *acquajuolo* bawls, without ceasing, *Acqua Signori! Acqua fresca! Chi beve acqua con limoni?*

The sun now is on the street. The awnings are let down before the coffee-houses and warehouses, merchants, brokers, and ship-captains sit under them and transact their business. People collect at the lottery-offices to buy or enquire the fate of numbers. Others haunt the offices of the notaries, state their cases, get the notary's opinion (almost always in their favour). Writers sit in the open street and write letters and accounts for those who cannot do it for themselves; tradesmen are at their work, and as each trade gets together, you may see the shoemakers ranged at one side, and perhaps the tailors opposite them. Coaches, laden mules, and asses, crowd the middle of the street; drivers, porters, sellers, all shout and bawl most lustily. No imagination of the north can conceive the bawl of a Neapolitan or Palermitan orange-seller, when he bends his knees and body, lays his hands on each side of his head, and yells out his *portogalli! Oh che belli portogalli!*

It is noon. Every one now thinks of the mid-day meal and of the *siesta*. All the shops are shut; the streets are empty; only a few water-sellers proceed silently along them. At four o'clock the noise again commences, as they rise and resume their business. In the evening all proceed along the Toledo to the *Passeggiata* or the sea-shore. The bells ring out the Ave-Maria, and all return to the town, where the shops and coffee-houses are lighted up most brilliantly. In the fish-market the bawling is still kept up: women sing before the image of a saint, and mandolins and melancholy voices occasionally break the silence of the night.

After spending about ten days in Palermo, and visiting the grotto of St. Rosalia and other places worthy of notice, our author and his companions, having hired mules and a good muleteer, set out on the 10th of May for Alcamo. The road through the plain of Palermo was beautiful. As they ascended the mountain, they had charming views of the plain and of the coast. In the valley at the other side they met rich cultivation, hedges of the India fig and aloes lining the road, and oleanders growing along the stream; while the light of day, now mellowed, had assumed a lovely hue of red; and mountains, fields, and sky, glowed with a rich, mild radiance only to be met in Sicily.

From Alcamo they proceeded next day to Trapani, the ancient Drepanum, a distance of thirty Italian miles. On the way they visited the temple of Segeste, of which there are only the columns standing, and which Mr. Tommasini thinks never was completed, because the ground, both inside and outside of the columns, appears never to have been levelled, and the natural rock rises above the space on which the pillars stand. He thus expresses his sensations at the sight of this temple:

‘An extraordinary feeling came over me when I beheld this first undoubted Grecian building. I could not conceal from myself that I had expected something altogether different. Mine eye had been accustomed to the slender Corinthian columns in the Roman Forum, which, notwithstanding their massiveness, rise extremely light, like palms. I had, therefore, expected to find here more elegance, and could not but feel greatly disappointed when I beheld these thick, I might almost say clumsy, masses, so closely crowded together. Meantime, this impression did not continue long; and while I viewed and examined the edifice, both near and at a distance, its simple majesty and greatness failed not to make on me the most agreeable and, at the same time, the most powerful impression.’

The view from the temple is not very interesting: the eye beholds nothing but fertile land indifferently cultivated, and in some parts left entirely to nature, who has covered it with a carpet of flowers, but no where a human being, and still less a human habitation, and only here and there the ruins of houses. Trapani is a tolerable town, and has a pretty good trade, especially in sea-salt and coral; but the inns, as almost every where in Sicily, are wretched.

At Marsala, the next town where they stopped, they were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Woodhouse, an Englishman settled at that place. This industrious man had arrived at Malta, about twenty years before, a poor journeyman cooper, and having some knowledge of the wine business, and hearing that there was in Sicily great abundance of most excellent wine, but that no one there understood the management of it, he determined to go there. He settled at Marsala, and having but little capital, he was at first able to do but little; but by continued activity and industry, he gradually

got on, and at that time was considered worth upwards of a million of piastres. His wealth he employed with the greatest liberality, and receives all strangers with true English hospitality.

At Mr. Woodhouse's they met a Maltese, from whom they had the following judicious observations on the character of the Sicilians :

“ The Sicilians,” he observed, “ are a lazy people, quite devoid of industry. *Siamo ridotti al estremo della miseria* is their eternal cry, and their haggard and ragged appearance does not belie the assertion. Yet, when we search into the cause of this wretchedness, we find it entirely attributable to their indolence. A man, indeed, to see them run bawling and shouting through the streets and markets, would be apt to suppose that there was not a more industrious people living ; and one who has only seen the great towns might suppose that the misery was not so great, as in them the very lowest class, notwithstanding their laziness, find means to earn a few grani. But go to the small towns, especially in the interior, where there is no trade, and nothing to be made by running about, but where every one to live must work regularly some hours every day, and you will soon be satisfied that the Sicilians would sooner starve than work.

“ The government, by its injudicious system of taxation, is no doubt greatly to blame ; but to be convinced that it is not the chief and original cause of this misery, you have only to look at Naples, where the same system prevails, and yet how does agriculture flourish ! Along the entire road from Terracina to Naples, and thence to Salerno and through Calabria, you may see every spot of ground, even among the rocks, tilled and tended with the greatest care. All the beggars in the country have collected on this road, and yet how few are they ! In the small towns one sees no idlers, and in Naples itself very few ; all are employed : even children of four and five years go about with asses collecting bits of dung, or they gather the orange-peels, and wash and dry them in the sun, to be sent to Genoa for candying. Hence they are all comfortable in their way, and are cheerful and happy in their dispositions. In Sicily nothing of this kind is to be met. They bawl and make noise enough ; and if people could earn their bread in this way, there would be no people more industrious than they ; but this is mere waste of time. The peasant lives in the little town, (for there are no villages in Sicily, except in the region of *Ætna*.) frequently several miles from his farm. He every week goes there for two or three days to work at it, and spends the night in a hut on the ground. The remainder of the week he is in the town, and employed in *far nulla*. In such a state of things how can agriculture thrive ?”

In another place our traveller says, that though he perfectly agrees with what the Maltese had said of the superior industry of the Neapolitans, yet that, with this single exception, their national character is many degrees below the Sicilian ; he pronounces them the most corrupted people in Europe, and affirms that from the highest to the lowest they are nothing but finished *lazzaroni*.

The next town was Mazzara, where the inn was so bad they were forced to use a letter of recommendation given them by the Archbishop of Palermo, and addressed to all the convents in the island. They were well received by the monks, but the cells they

got were so richly stocked with fleas, that all sleep was out of the question. They proceeded next day through Campobello, passed the quarries from which the materials for the buildings of Selinunt were extracted, and afterwards the ruins of that town, and in the evening arrived at Castelveterano. While here deliberating about entering a wretched inn a fellow came up and asked if they had not a letter from the Principe to the keeper of the Palazzo? On their denying it, he said it made no difference, he knew the Castellan, and would arrange every thing with him. They entered, and were shown several good rooms, but no signs of furniture of any kind. Chairs, tables, beds, &c. were, however, borrowed in the neighbourhood.

' This morning we got up early, but found a crowd of people already collected, who wished us a good journey, and each took care to remind us how much he had contributed to make our excellenzas comfortable while we had stayed. One had furnished the plates, another the beds, a third the forks, a fourth the knives, a fifth had run over the whole town to procure us the most stupendous meat, a sixth had laid the cloth, a seventh had looked on while we were eating; all, in short, had done a great deal, and all strongly commended themselves to our *generosità*. We were only wondering how the Castellan, who had naturally himself provided the few things that were necessary, had been able to collect such a crowd so early in the morning: they were probably his whole kindred. Each of them got something, and no one was contented; that, however, gave us very little trouble. At last came the fellow who had served as cook, butler, chamberlain, and *boots*, and who had also offered his services in every other way, which offer had been, however, declined; he got what he had a right to. He thanked us, and was contented, probably, because he saw that the others got nothing more by their discontent.'

At Sciacca, a small town prettily situated on a promontory, they took a boat, and proceeded by water to Girgenti, the ancient Agrigentum. They here saw two tolerable collections of antiquities found in that neighbourhood, the one belonging to the *Ciantro Panittieri*, the other to a Syracusan architect named Politi, who was settled at Girgenti. On a sarcophagus in the cathedral Politi directed their attention to four bas-reliefs representing the story of Hippolytus and Phædra. On the first, Hippolytus is seen when, just as he is setting out for the chase, a letter from Phædra is handed to him; then Phædra, surrounded by her maids, who seek to divert her melancholy by their songs and instruments; next Hippolytus on horseback, with his companions, killing a wild boar; lastly, he appears lying dead under his chariot, and dragged along by his horses. The whole is extremely well executed. The ruins of Agrigentum are well known, and there is nothing particularly deserving of notice in what our traveller says of them.

The travellers remarked to one of the inhabitants how few young women were to be seen in the streets; and he informed them that it arose from a custom of the place that when two young persons wished to marry they had only *personally* to give notice of their

intention to the parish priest, and if he should refuse his consent, the notice was sufficient to constitute a lawful marriage. Such a proceeding was formerly punishable, and the man was confined in prison for several years, and the woman shut up in a nunnery. The custom was, however, on the whole, productive of good rather than of evil consequences; and of late years the government, to encourage population, had done away with the penalty, so that parents had now no way to preserve their daughters from fortune-hunters but to keep them closely confined in the Oriental fashion.

Being tired of going along the coast, our travellers determined to strike into the interior of the island, and pursued their way through a region of uniform fertility, covered with rich corn-fields, to Caltanissetta, a very pretty town, with a tolerable inn, at least, for a Sicilian one.

At Castrogiovanni, the ancient Enna, of which no traces are remaining, M. Tommasini and his companions were obliged to force an entrance into a monastery. When they presented the Archbishop's letter, they were told there was no room for them: they pretended not to understand, and thanked the padre Rettore, in broken Italian, for his kindness, and made the vetturino unload. The padre repeated his denial, and they their thanks; brought their things up the steps, and asked to be shown their chamber; the monks still persisted, and the travellers went on praising the Sicilian convents, and telling what good entertainment they had got at Mazzara, and finally succeeded in making a lodgment in the convent.

On the road to Catalagirone, where they made their next halt, they met a gentleman and lady travelling in the only species of vehicle besides the backs of horses, mules, and asses, known in the interior of the island: this is a sedan-chair borne by mules, the poles being fastened to the saddles at either side: a man with a stick in his hand runs beside it to drive the mules, and, to gratify the Sicilians' love of noise, from twelve to twenty tolerably sized bells are arranged in rows on the saddles of the mules. They passed a small lake, which though not very picturesque, yet, being embosomed in hills, and solitary, produced rather an agreeable impression. It is surrounded by bare hills, through which there are but two openings: the wind has hardly access to move its surface; and only a few flowers grow here and there on its banks, while a death-like silence ever reigns over the whole scene. To the classical mind of Tommasini it was the very lake on whose banks the lovely Proserpine was gathering flowers, when she was forcibly carried off by the grim Aidoneus, the monarch of the nether world. No part of the island will convey a higher idea of the fertility of Sicily than that through which our travellers passed this day. On every side were to be seen luxuriant corn-fields, aloes, hedges, and vineyards ascending the sides of the hills.

They met on the same day a young German painter, whom they had known at Rome. He travelled on foot, and had an ass which he had hired at Messina to carry his luggage, and a lad to attend to himself and the ass. This mode of travelling Tommasini does not approve of; for he observes, that 'if you go on foot you are always worse treated at the inns, and yet made to pay the same price as if you journeyed in a more respectable manner; the heat, moreover, is extremely oppressive, and water scarce, and mostly heated by the sun; and it is frequently necessary for you to make too long a day's journey in order to reach an inn before night, and your hurry and fatigue prevents you enjoying the scenery.' He recommends, on the contrary, to hire a horse or mule, which, with the vetturino, will cost him from eight to ten Carlini a-day. He enters into a comparison of the separate advantages of the horse and the mule, and appears, with reason, to give the preference to the latter.

The dangers which the traveller is often told he has to encounter in the interior of Sicily appear to be quite imaginary: those formidable bandits that we read of in Brydone it would seem no longer exist; and though the people at Palermo had been terrifying Tommasini and his friends, and advising them to take some *Campieci* as an escort, they could give no instance of any traveller having met with any misfortune for many years, except Professor Schweigger, who was robbed and murdered by his vetturino on the road from Girgenti to Palermo. The Professor, however, appears to have acted with great imprudence and ignorance of the character of the people.

On the road between Modica and Spaceafarno, they passed through the Troglodyte town of the valley of Ipsara. This town, which contains several thousand inhabitants, is made entirely out of one piece, consisting of a vast number of dwellings, of several stories, all hewn out of the solid rock along one side of the valley. These dwellings consist of tolerably sized apartments, to which there is a very narrow entrance; and the communication between the several floors is by a kind of well through which the inmates must climb like chimney-sweepers. These caverns are of great antiquity; and history makes no mention of the period at which they were wrought.

Through an uninteresting country, where they had no guide, and could only direct their course by the map and the sun, they proceeded next day to Cape Passaro (the old Pachynum), the southern extremity of the island, and were obliged to take up their quarters in the police-office of the little town of Pachino, from which, through, if possible, a still more bare and uninteresting country than they had passed through on the preceding day, they directed their course to Noto, a rather handsome town, and the following day they arrived at Syracuse.

As a classical scholar, our traveller could not fail to be highly gratified with Syracuse. Every object that met his view recalled

some poetic or historic incident to his recollection. He visited the fountain of Arethusa in the island of Ortygia; saw the Latomæ and the Ear of Dionysius, read Livy's narrative of the siege of the town by the Romans under Metellus, with all the places mentioned in that noble piece of composition lying full before him. Syracuse, though sadly degenerated from its ancient magnificence, has still, according to our traveller, three of its former boasts in full perfection. It still retains the luxuriant vegetation and brilliant colours that clothed its fields; still its wine is genuine nectar, a drink for gods; and still its lovely girls bear away the palm of beauty, and, unlike the females in other parts of the island, they hide not their charms beneath the covert of the black veil, but allow the eye of the stranger to admire their elegant appearance.

In one of his walks, while at Syracuse, Mr. Tommasini made the acquaintance of a respectable ecclesiastic, who gave him a good deal of interesting information on the subject of religion and education in Sicily. We will lay the conversation before our readers, as such passages are of more real value than mere descriptions of places which many have visited before.

‘He asked me, first, what I thought of the public worship and religious festivals of the Sicilians, and threw me, by this question, into no small degree of embarrassment; for if I were to speak the truth, I could not avoid, though in the softest terms, expressing to him my dissatisfaction at the mode of celebrating the service of the Deity; not that I regarded this as unsuitable to the Sicilians in their present state, but I blamed the clergy, who degraded so much both themselves and their religion, and who did not think of giving the people something better than those comedies, which may indeed occupy the outer, but certainly neither edify nor reform the inner man.

‘To my no small surprise, my Abbate was perfectly agreed with me on this point, and blamed, but in still stronger terms than I had done, the gaudy and pompous processions that may be seen almost every day going through the streets, and lamented that they only sought to operate by way of amusement. But, continued he, how can this be otherwise? Is not a great portion of the instruction of youth committed to ignorant monks, whose natural stupidity which destined them for such a state is certainly not diminished by this vegetating in cages which is the death of all intellect; and these monks are, without doubt, not the men to kindle a light in the heads of their pupils. Are there not also many of the secular clergy, from whom one might expect more information, who know almost nothing of the sciences, and absolutely nothing of what is useful and necessary to the future citizen, and who yet devote themselves exclusively to the instruction of youth? Can such men, even supposing them to be well meaning and free from all hypocrisy, teach any thing but what they know, think, and believe? Can they communicate to their pupils any knowledge of the world, of men, or of social relations, that they do not possess themselves? Must not the entire of education, therefore, be confined to grafting into the young minds such stupid piety as soul-less monks may possess? Thus the children grow up without any good instruction, nay, some which is, however,

scarcely worse, without any instruction at all, and have, moreover, the example of their parents, and of other equally besotted people before their eyes. It would be, indeed, a miracle, if when they grew up they should become suddenly enlightened, and could recognise and endeavour to make their own the pure ideas of a genuine divine worship, which the holy Catholic church teaches in so beautiful and so convincing a manner. It is much more natural, as daily experience testifies, that, without either thinking or reasoning, they should follow the firm and durable impressions of early youth, and, like all the rest, think to show their reverence for God, the Virgin, and the saints, by firing of cannon, beating of drums, fireworks, and shouting of *Vivas*.

‘ Still it not unfrequently happens, that some, excited and guided by a superior mind, endeavour to free themselves from these fetters; but we then have only an additional proof of how melancholy a circumstance it is, that no firm foundation has been laid in them for genuine internal religion, for they generally run now to the other extreme, regard all external religion as useless, call themselves Deists, and are no better than Atheists, and at length, when an opportunity offers, fall back, worse than ever, into their early errors.

‘ To the wretched education of youth it may also be ascribed that Ignorance has spread her banner over our unfortunate county, and though I am of the common opinion, that we possess many learned men, who will easily bear a comparison with those of other countries, I must still confess, that these men are but as solitary stars in a dark night, and that by far the greatest part of those from whom learning might be expected possess none. We may be in some degree excused, as we are insular, not merely in geography but in literature, and as every book that comes from the Continent is subjected to a strict censorship, and is usually confiscated; even if a book should be so fortunate as to pass free from the hands of the censors, yet a volume of any size can only be had on payment of three Carlini duty. Notwithstanding this, the greater portion of the blame lies on the Sicilians themselves; for if we would study, we should get books in spite of prohibitions and censorships.’

This liberal and sensible priest had a very respectable collection of books, Latin, Italian, and Sicilian. From one of the latter, a translation of Horace, which he lent our author, we shall extract some lines as a specimen of the Sicilian dialect. It is the fourth ode of book i.

“ Zefiru e primavera in duci gara
Sciogghinu l'aspru 'nvernu, e già straseina
La palanga li navi all' unna amara.
Non cchiù l'armentu a li capanni inclina,
Ne cerca focu lu lavuraturi:
Li prati 'un cchiù bianchianu d'acquazzina.
Ballanu di la luna a lu chiaruri
L'onesti Grazj e Ninfi in cumpagnia;
Reggi lu ballu la Dea di l'amuri.”

As the ultimate object of the travellers was *Ætna*, they, after a short stay, set out from Syracuse for Catania, where they arrived on the 4th of June. They lost no time in ascending the mountain,

and there enjoyed the magnificent prospect so well described by Brydone. As they had already seen Vesuvius, it only remained for them to visit Stromboli, which they sailed for, after having seen Messina : they then visited Reggio, and the coast of Calabria, returned to Catania and Syracuse, where Mr. Tommasini quits us, and embarks for Malta.

These Letters are, on the whole, agreeable : they contain the observations and reflections of a young man, who is neither painter, sculptor, architect, or musician, and without any pretensions to connoisseurship in any of these arts. He is merely, like his countrymen in general, well read in the classics. He has a Homer and Theocritus always in his pocket ; and he has all that longing after, and strong enjoyment of, the sea, and the rich vegetation and brilliant lights of the south, which we believe to be stronger in the bosom of the German than of any other people of Europe. Politics he meddles little with ; he directs, indeed, some railery at the absurd admiration for the rudeness and ruggedness of ancient German manners, prevalent among a certain class of his countrymen, yet he animadverts in proper terms on the vile and wretched system of government under which this noble island languishes.

ART. X. *Chinese Courtship.* In Verse. To which is added an Appendix, treating of the Revenue of China, &c. By Peter Perring Thoms. 8vo. pp. 339. 12s. Boards.. London, Parbury and Co. Macao, China : printed at the Honourable East India Company's Press. 1824.

IN no country is literature so strenuously encouraged and so splendidly rewarded as in China. It is not only a passport to fame among a people exceedingly vain of intellectual superiority, but it leads to rank and to office. Every three years public examinations are held throughout the provinces ; and the students who signalise themselves by the greatest display of talents and acquirements, are appointed by the government to such situations as are vacant, or kept in reserve, as a separate and exalted rank in the state, for the performance of such duties as the Emperor may think fit to confide to them. This system has prevailed for many centuries in China, though it has not been uniformly carried into effect in the spirit of its original institution ; for, at the close of the Han dynasty, a considerable revenue was derived from the open sale of situations under the government ; an abuse that was continued under the reigning family until 1822, when, in consequence of a strong remonstrance of the principal ministers, it was thoroughly reformed. Originally, even the permission to purchase public appointments was intended for the consolation and support of those literary candidates who were conspicuous for merit, and had failed to obtain the highest prizes at the triennial examinations. But other persons, not addicted to literary pursuits, soon availed themselves of their

wealth, in order to acquire rank and office; and to such an extent did this corrupt practice prevail, that thousands of students who had won the first distinctions were left for years without any employment in the state, and many were consigned to utter neglect.

Not only, however, has this grievance been removed under the present reign, but several regulations requiring certificates of honourable lineage, which were deemed rigorous, as they interfered with the claims of personal merit, have been modified; and, at this moment, literature stands restored in China to more than her former honours. Seeing the important consequences to which it led at all times in that country, we shall not be surprised to find that it has been, and continues to be, cultivated there, as a sort of profession, more extensively than in any other part of the world. How far the Chinese have succeeded in raising its character, is a question that we can hardly decide, as our associations and models of excellence are wholly different from theirs. But in every rank of life, in almost every province of that vast empire, it appears that individuals devoted to study and to the practice of literary composition are to be found. Even young ladies aim at applause in this way, without subjecting themselves to the charge of *blueism*. The Chinese have a collection of celebrated songs written by "a hundred beautiful women;" a double triumph, of which few other nations, we apprehend, can boast.

The following account of the progress of Chinese poetry is given in the preface to the Tang-she-hô-keae, a collection of short stanzas, for the use of literary students:

"Poetry did not commence with the writers of the odes which form the work called She-king, for the Tëen-mô, a work on poetry, existed much earlier. From that period, the writers of poetry continued to improve till the publication of the She-king, which Confucius denominated a King, or Classical Work, a standard for succeeding ages. In the order of succession, the works of Le-saou, formed a new era in Chinese poetry, which lasted till the Han dynasty, when the poets Loo and Le introduced the metre of five monosyllables. From the reign of Hëen-te, (close of the three contending nations,) A. D. 552, names of celebrity arose, when every one adopted his own metre. From the dynasty Chin, to the end of the dynasty Suy, (during an interval of about 70 years,) no regard was paid to ancient laws laid down for poetry. At the commencement of the Tang dynasty, poetry made nearer approaches to perfection, and the poets Ching and Sung, who concealed under a plain style its beauties, laid aside the bombast. Their odes when sung had an agreeable effect. When the dynasty Tang was in its splendour, poetry was very generally cultivated, and may be compared to a tree. The three hundred odes (the She-king), its roots; the poetical productions of Loo and Le, its tender sprouts; the compositions during the reign of Hëen-te, its branches; during the six dynasties, its leaves; when, from Lang and downwards, its pendant branches bore delicate and beautiful flowers." Preface, p. x. xi.

The work, of which we have both the original and the translation now before us, is said to be the production of 'two persons of Canton,

who had acquired high literary honours.' It is longer than Chinese poems usually are, being composed of about seventeen hundred lines. It is written in a colloquial style, said to be peculiar to the province of Kwang-tung, and is very popular. It relates, with great simplicity, the story of a young student, named Leang, who, at an early age, fell violently in love with a maid still younger than himself. The scenes of their courtship are described with great minuteness, and afford, so far as they go, an intimate knowledge of Chinese manners. In the course of his literary career, Leang acquires such distinction that a prudent father, who witnesses his rising fame, offers the student his daughter in marriage, and they are betrothed. Leang next becomes a soldier at the time of a serious rebellion, and receives "golden honours" from his sovereign. His first thought, when he reached the pinnacle of his fortune, was to marry the woman of his earliest choice; to which he was the more readily inclined, as it was reported that the maid to whom he had been betrothed was numbered with the dead. But, behold! the morning after his marriage it turns out that his plighted lover was still alive, and disposed to insist on the performance of his promise. The difficulty is easily removed in China. The King declares it to be 'his will that Leang should marry again, and consider the two wives as one!' He obeys the royal mandate; and the poem concludes with declaring that the two wives lived in perfect harmony together, and that if all the pleasure they enjoyed were narrated, 'it would of itself fill a volume.'

The English reader who looks for much of the Asiatic genius in this poem will be disappointed. The figurative illustrations of the narrative are few and remarkably chaste; and, indeed, with the exception of the measure and rhyme of the original, there is little to raise it beyond the ordinary level of prose-composition. The translation by Mr. Thoms certainly does not tend to exalt the poetical merit of the work. But it would be doing him great injustice not to observe that his object seems to have been to give a literal and readable version of the original, without meaning to claim for his lines the character of verse, although they wear the appearance of it. We shall present a single specimen, which may gratify the curiosity of the reader, and at the same time place the merits of the translator in their most favourable light. The name of the fair lady is Yaou-séen, and we shall present her at that interesting stage of the story when she first begins to feel that Leang is not altogether indifferent to her. The scene is entitled, 'The Mistress and Servants looking at the Moon.'

'In company with her servants, she went on the terrace to gaze at the moon,

For its globular reflection in the water was beautiful to behold.
As breeze after breeze of the pure wind entered the silken doors,
The shadow of the flowers appeared to dance on the wall:

'Yaou-séen, while conversing with Yun-heang, said,
"Each season of the year has its particular beauties;

Since autumn commenced, half a month has elapsed,
Yet a cloud, to the distance of ten thousand lee has not obscured the
bright moon.

“ In the stream, during autumn, the moon appears as if contending
with the water,
While the mist, by the western cold wind, plays with the tops of the
willows.”

Pih-yuë, on approaching her mistress' side, thus addressed her,
“ The splendour of the various seasons urge men to pass year after year.

“ Ere long the northern cold breeze will enter your room ;
When the stranger will be desirous of adding to the number of his clothes.
The flowers from season to season continue to bloom and fade,
So the bright moon, in the course of the year, repeatedly arrives at her
full.

“ Man, on passing the bloom of spring, soon becomes old,
And the gray hairs, ascending from the sides of the head, hasten to the
crown.

On calling to recollection what passed on the first of the present year,
The sun seems, in the twinkling of an eye, to have shone for more than
half a year.

“ Some time has elapsed, since I planted a row of silken willows,
Though small they were then green and reached to the top of my
shoulders.

I perceive to-day, the branches have grown long and stout ;
Let me count with my fingers, how many years have elapsed.

“ The western wind, having of late blown for several days,
I perceive they are blighted, and are stripped of their blooming hue.
I think mankind, in general, resemble those delicate willows,
For on attaining manhood their autumn commences.

“ When autumn is passed, the human trunk becomes weak and casts
its leaves,
Who has compassion on it when it appears withered and decayed ?
The blighted willows will again experience the return of spring,
But man, as yet, when old has never become young.”

Yun-heang, when Pih-yuë had finished speaking, thus spoke,
“ Such thoughts we should discard, as the wind disperses the evening's
clouds.
Let it not be said, that the revolutions of the moon and year make us
old :
But let us converse respecting this evening's beautiful moon.

“ You say that its splendour illumines every part of the globe,
And that men, by its light, play in concert on the musical strings.
That the lovers of mirth are by it incessantly delighted,
And are drawn by its allurements, as though by the gods.

“ Still there are persons whose grief is incessant, and who know of
no relief,
Who moan from anguish, and look towards the goddess Shen-keun.

While those from distant parts, when they think of their native village,
Vexed, would gladly destroy the shadow of the full moon." * —

' Yaou-sëen, on hearing what the two servants said,
Gave vent to the grief of her heart, but *dained* not a reply.

' From that moment, ten thousand seeds of love shot forth,
When she called to the servants to exclude the light of the moon.
On their closing the gauze windows, she entered her room,
Where she disrobed herself, and placed her ornaments in the toilet.

' On repairing alone within the curtains of her bed,
She lay her head the whole night on the pillow without taking rest.
During the silence of night, she thought on what had occurred that
evening ;

And whether what Pih-yuë and Yun-heang had said, were true or false.

' " Sixteen splendid springs," said she, "*has* already passed in vain,
And my black hair and handsome appearance cannot last long.
Leang-sang from love to me is become emaciated ;
His solitary study is comfortless, and his dreams make him mad.

' " I know he is a person who is constant in his affections,
Young, handsome, and also a person of talent.
Could I have my wish, I would be married to him,
To him I would be united without the least compulsion."

' The coverlid remaining cold, she was restless and unable to sleep,
Thus distressed she spent the whole night till the dawn of day.'

Mr. Thoms, from his long residence in China, seems to have forgotten somewhat of the construction and orthography of his native tongue. We must, however, commend him for the labour which he seems to have bestowed on this poem, a labour that none can sufficiently appreciate who have never attempted to acquire the Chinese language. The Appendix contains biographical sketches of Chinese ladies, distinguished for their literary accomplishments, none of which, however, possess much interest. There are also attached to the work, by what process of association we know not, some details concerning the revenue of the Chinese empire, which differ materially from the accounts given to us on that subject by other writers. Mr. Thoms states that his information is chiefly taken from official documents ; but we are inclined to think that it would find a more appropriate place in his forthcoming History of China, than in an appendix to a story of ' Chinese Courtship.'

* The idea conveyed by the full moon, is, that as the moon wanes and waxes, so does man ; he is never at his full, at the height of happiness, till married. Being separated from his partner, he would efface the moon's shadow from regret.

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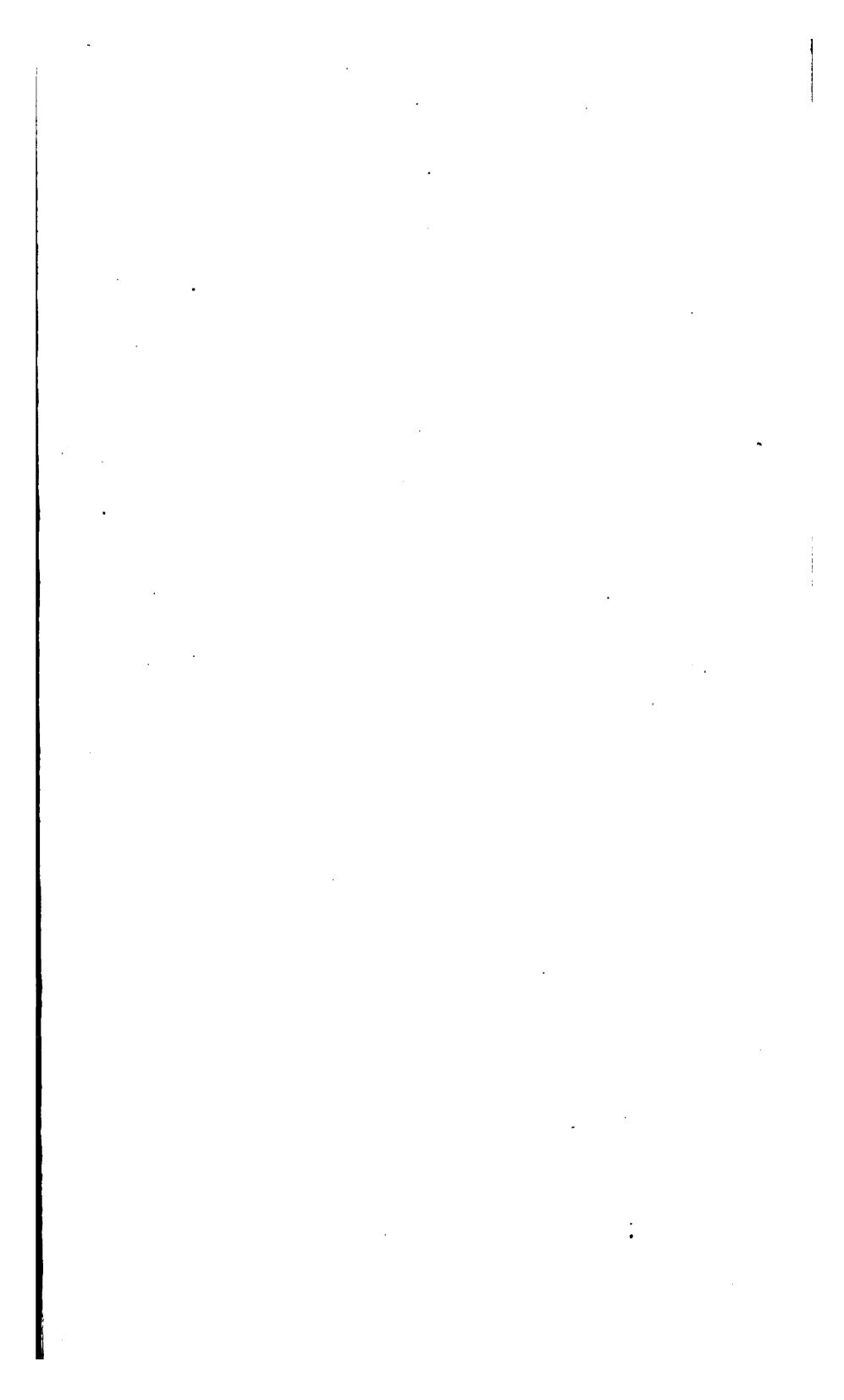
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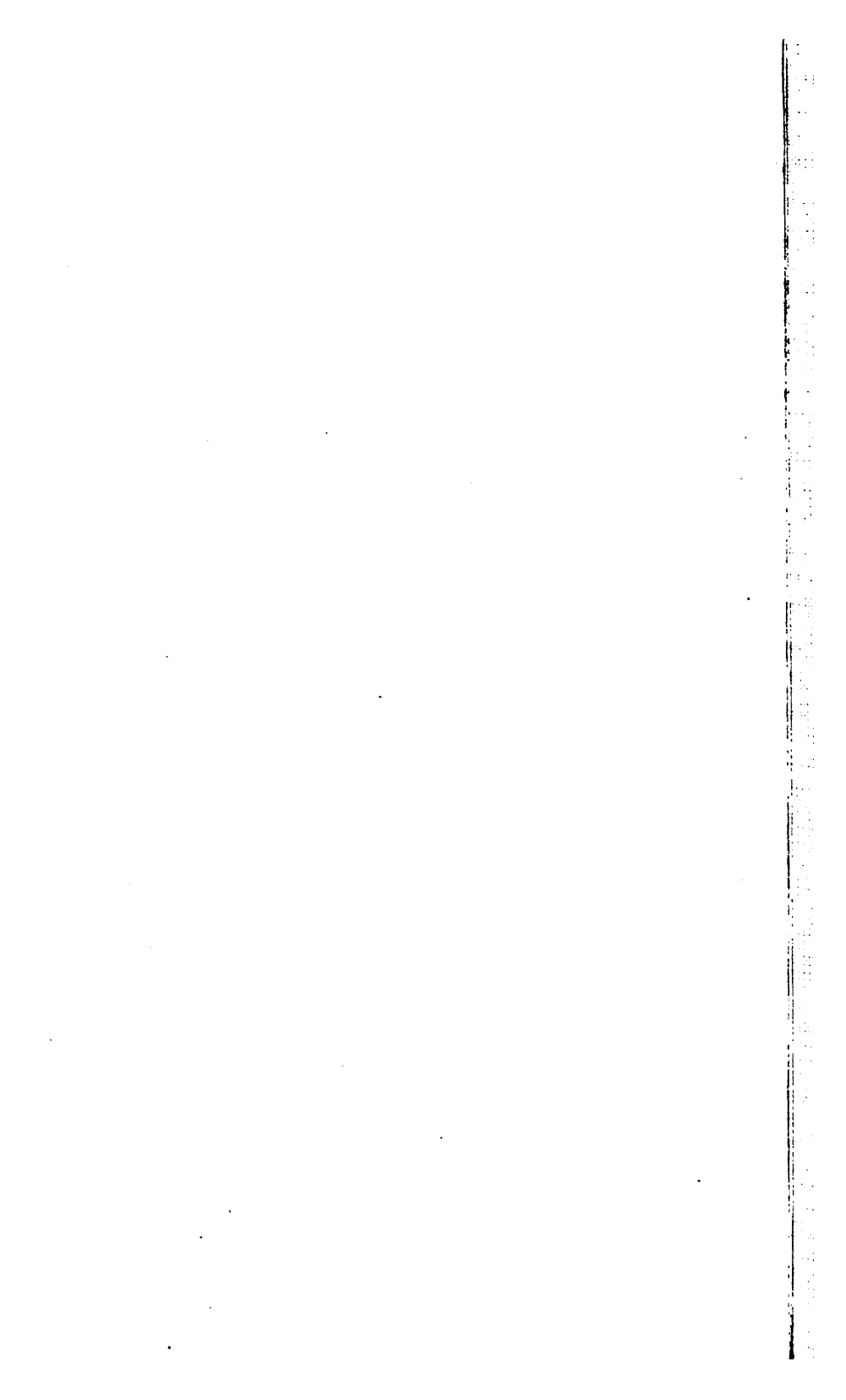
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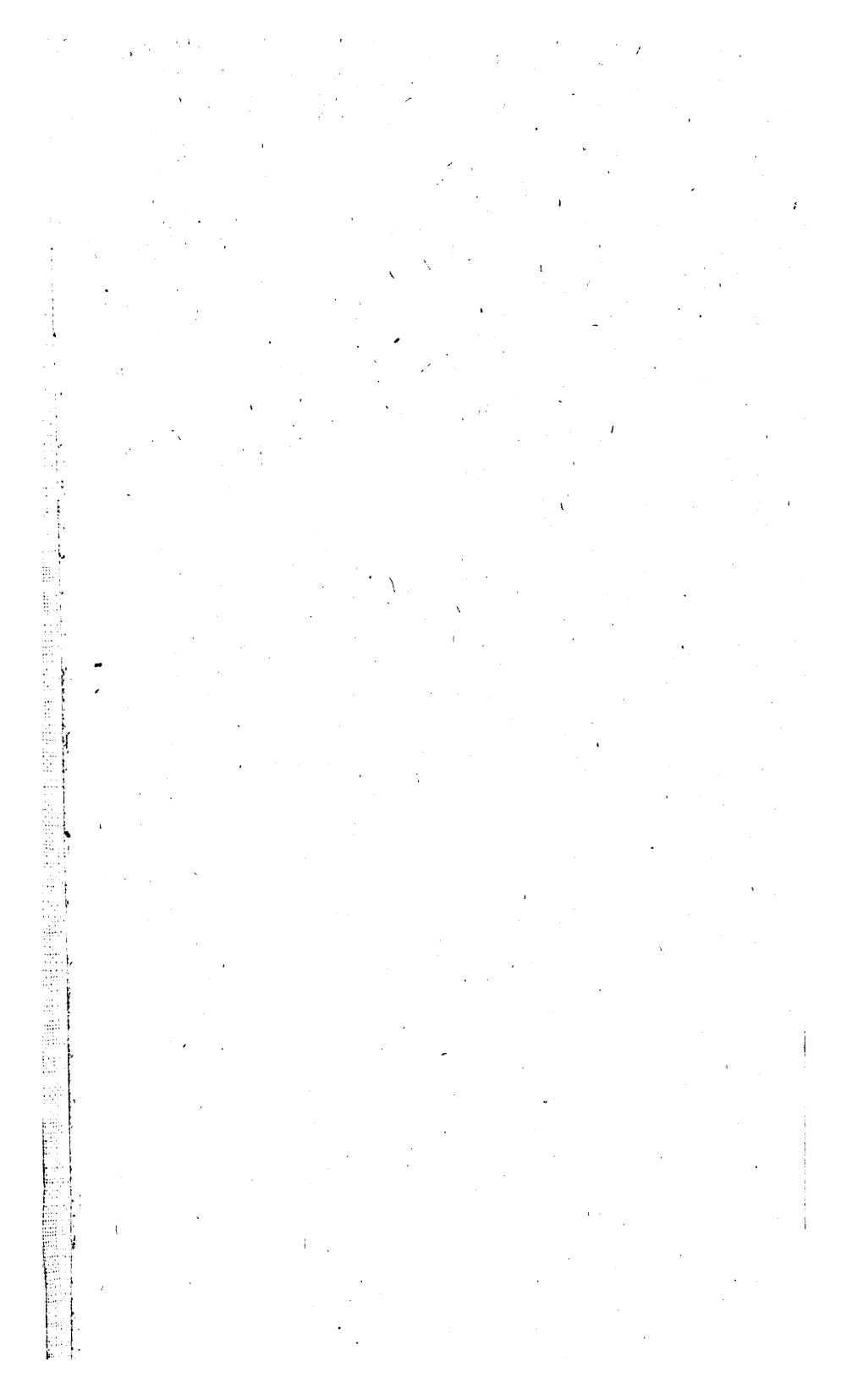
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